

A
COLLECTION
OF MUCH-ESTEEMED
DRAMATIC PIECES,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL,
DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

CONTAINING

The HEIRESS,	MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
RICHARD COEUR DE LION,	KING HENRY V.
FALSE APPEARANCES,	ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
The LITTLE HUNCHBACK,	WELL,
The TEMPEST,	JUST IN TIME, and
Island of ST. MARGUERITE,	The FUGITIVE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DRUMM LANE and CONVENT GARDEN.



has sent a reply

The Fourth

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE
HEIRESS:

A
COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGoyNE.

Spectatores, ad pudicos mores facta hæc fabula est:
Qui pudicitiz esse vultis præmium, plausum date.

FLAUTUS.

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TO

THE EARL OF DERBY.

MY DEAR LORD,

OUR connection and friendship, as well as the partiality I know you will entertain in favour of any attempt at regulated Drama, mark you as the person to whom, with the most propriety and inclination, I can inscribe the Comedy of the Heiress.

It also comes to your Lordship's hand with a secondary claim to your acceptance, as owing its existence to the leisure and tranquillity I enjoyed during the two last summers at Knowsley.

I long intended, as your Lordship can witness, to keep the name of the author concealed. After the success with which the Play has been honoured, I must expect that the change of my design will be imputed by many to vanity: I shall submit, without murmuring, to that belief, if I may obtain equal credit for the sincerity of another pride which this discovery gratifies—that of testifying, in the most public manner, the respect and affection with which I have the honour to be,

MY DEAR LORD,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

J. BURGOYNE.

HERTFORD STREET,
Feb. 1, 1786.

PREFACE.

THE approbation the following Comedy has received upon the stage, and the candour with which every criticism that has come to the author's knowledge has been accompanied, might encourage him to trust it to the closet without any other preface than an acknowledgement of his gratitude to the Public for the honours done to him: and if he detains the reader a few moments more, it is not to disavow what has been hinted at in some of the daily prints as a species of plagiarism, but to plead it in behalf of dramatic writing in general, against rules that, if carried to the extent they lead to, would fix shackles upon genius, and give a very undue limitation to variety.

In point of fable, for instance — Is it a reproach to borrow?

Surely the dramatist, like the architect, brings his talents equally to the test, whether he builds upon another man's ground or his own: and if, instead of small and detached parts, the writer of the *Heirefs* had taken the complete plot of his play from a novel, he would have imitated the examples (the only imitation to which he has any pretence) of the best dramatic poets of every age.

In point of originality of characters — It is humbly hoped this comedy is not without it. But, present instances apart, it is submitted to the judicious, whether such an exaction of novelty as would make a resemblance to any thing ever seen upon the stage before unacceptable, might not materially vitiate the public taste, carry the major part of writers beyond the scope of nature and probability, and deprive the spectator of that pleasing and infinite diversity of shape and colouring that the leading passions, vices, and follies of civilised life, admit. — Love, avarice, misanthropy, &c., &c., if drawn a thousand and a thousand times with new shades, and in different points of view, will do as much credit to invention, and have as
just

just an effect in exhibition, as if Moliere or Congreve had never touched the subjects. It is not whether there may not be personages in the Heirefs in whom we may discover family features, that is asked, but whether they are not still individuals with whom we have been hitherto unacquainted — a question not for the author to determine.

Original thought — It has been observed that there is an image in a speech of Lord Gayville copied closely from Rousseau. Very possibly it may be so. The author of the Heirefs certainly has read that elegant writer; and to shew how easily invention may be deceived, he will quote another writer (in his estimation still more elegant) who thus accounts and apologises for unconscious plagiarism — “ Faded ideas,” says Mr. Sheridan, “ float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.”

More sentiments and expressions, due to the imagination of others, may possibly be challenged, though they are equally out of the recollection of the author. He would only wish the candid to admit the probability, that while he believed them his own, he thought them his best.

Many of the scenes now submitted to perusal have been shortened in representation, and a few words have been altered occasionally to preserve connection — a circumstance necessary to be known, lest the performers should be suspected of negligence, when, on the contrary, too much cannot be said of their attention and zeal. When all have been eminent, it would be unnecessary, if not invidious, to particularise any: there is, nevertheless, a lady, to whom, by her standing separately and individually in one part of the performance, the author, without departing from his maxim, may express his more than ordinary obligation. Miss Farren, by her inimitable manner of delivering the Epilogue, has made a better apology to the Public than any his pen could have produced for a composition which, from an accident, was much too hastily written in some parts, and in others pieced together with a like insufficiency of time.

The Epilogue excepted, no defects in the following sheets can be covered by the excuse of hurry: they cannot be so, consistently with truth, nor indeed with inclination; for the author had rather be thought incapable of pleasing, after his greatest cares, than wanting in the attention and respect which every man who ventures to publish a production of this nature owes to the world and to himself—not to let it pass from his hands without frequent revisal, and the best-considered finish his abilities can give.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

AS sprightly sunbeams gild the face of day,
 When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,
 So when the Poet's dark horizon clears,
 Array'd in smiles, the Epilogue appears.
 She, of that house the lively emblem still,
 Whose brilliant speakers start what themes they will,
 Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes
 From all the follies of these fruitful times,
 Uncheck'd by forms, with slipshod hand may cull,
 Prologues, like Peers, by privilege are dull.
 In solemn strain address th' assembled Pit,
 The legal judges of dramatic wit,
 Confining still, with dignified decorum,
 Their observations to the Play before 'em.

Now when each bachelor a helpmate lacks,
 (That sweet exemption from a double tax)
 When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
 Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
 And Hymen adds one solid comfort more
 To all those comforts he conferr'd before,
 To smoothe the rough, laborious road to fame
 Our bard has chosen — an alluring name.
 As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
 The imperfections of a homely bride,
 This tempting title he perhaps expects
 May heighten beauties, and conceal defects:
 Thus sixty's wrinkles, view'd through Fortune's glass,
 The rosy dimples of sixteen surpass:
 The modern suitor grasps his fair one's hand,
 O'erlooks her person, and adores — her land;

*Leers on her houses with an ogling eye ;
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh ;
His heartfelt pangs through groves of timber vents,
And runs distracted for — her three per cents.*

*Will thus the Poet's mimic Heiress find
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,
The Lady's portion paid in sterling wit ?
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
Depends our Heiress for her whole estate :
Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town ;
A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown :
Oh ! may a verdict, giv'n in your applause,
Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,
Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
And prove her Heiress of — the Public Favour !*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Clement Flint, Mr. KING.
Clifford, Mr. SMITH.
Lord Gayville, Mr. PALMER.
Alscip, Mr. PARSONS.
Chignon, Mr. BADDELEY.
Mr. Blandish, Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Prompt, Mr. R. PALMER.
Mr. Rightly, Mr. AICKIN.

Chairman, Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

Lady Emily, Miss FARREN.
Miss Alscip, Miss POPE.
Miss Alton, Mrs. CROUCH.
Mrs. Sagely, Mrs. BOOTH.
Tiffany, Miss TIDSWELL.
Mrs. Blandish, Mrs. WILSON.

THE HEIRESS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Lady's Apartment.*

Mr. Blandish and Mrs. Letitia Blandish discovered writing: letters folded up, and message cards, scattered upon the table.

Mrs. Blandish.

(Leans upon her elbows as meditating; writes as pleased with her thought; lays down the pen.)

THERE it is, complete—*(reads conceitedly.)*

“Adieu, my charming friend, my amiable, my all-accomplished sociate! Conceive the ardour of your lovers united with your own sensibility—still will the compound be but faintly expressive of the truth and tenderness of your

LETITIA BLANDISH.”

There's praise—there's a period—match it if you can.

Blandish. Not I indeed: I am working upon a quite different plan: but you are as welcome to my cast off style, as you shou'd be to my old embroidery. Pick out the gold if it be of any use.

Mrs. Blandish. Cast-off style! Excellent assurance! And pray, Sir, to whom are you indebted for the very elements of wheedling, and all that has attended its progress, from the plaything in your nursery, to the brilliant upon your finger?

Blandish. For the elements, my honour'd sister, and partner, I confess the obligation; but for the proficiency, I have attain'd the sublime of the science, while you with more experience are still a novice; like a Miss at her stut-

tering harpsichord, with a nimble finger, but no ear : you keep in tune, 'tis true, for that is the merit of the instrument ; but you are continually out of time, and always thrumming the same key.

Mrs. Blandish. Which in plain English is as much as to say —

Blandish. That human vanity is an instrument of such ease and compass, the most unskilful can play something upon it : but to touch it to the true purpose —

Mrs. Blandish. Well, Sir, and look round you pray ; these apartments were not furnished from the interest of two miserable thousand pounds in the three per cents, any more than our table and equipage have been maintained by *your* patrimony — A land estate at three hundred a year, out of repair, and mortgaged for nearly its value. I believe I have stated our original family circumstances pretty accurately.

Blandish. They wanted improvement, it must be acknowledged. But before we bring our industry to a comparison, in the name of the old father of flattery, to whom is that perfect praise address'd ?

Mrs. Blandish. To one worth the pains, I can tell you — Miss Alscrip.

Blandish. What, sensibility to Miss Alscrip ! My dear sister, this is too much, even in your own way : had you run changes upon her fortune, stocks, bonds, and mortgages ; upon Lord Gayville's coronet at her feet, or forty other coronets, to make footballs of if she pleased, it would have been plausible ; but the quality you have selected —

Mrs. Blandish. Is one she has no pretensions to, therefore the flattery is more persuasive — that's my maxim.

Blandish. And mine also, but I don't try it quite so high — Sensibility to Miss Alscrip ! you might as well have applied it to her Uncle's pig-iron, from which she derives her first fifty thousand ; or the harder heart of the old Usurer, her father, from whom she expects the second. But come (*rings*) to the business of the morning.

Enter Prompt (the Valet de Chambre.)

Here Prompt — send out the chaimen with the billets and cards. — Have you any orders, Madam ?

Mrs.

Mrs. Blandish. (*delivering her letter*) This to Miss Alscrip, with my impatient enquires after her last night's rest, and that she shall have my personal salute in half an hour.—You take care to send to all the lying-in ladies?

Prompt. At their doors, Madam, before the first load of straw.

Blandish. And to all great men that keep the house—Whether for their own disorders, or those of the nation?

Prompt. To all, Sir—their secretaries, and principal clerks.

Blandish. (*aside to Prompt*) How goes on the business you have undertaken for Lord Gayville?

Prompt. I have convey'd his letter, and expect this morning to get an answer.

Blandish. He does not think me in the secret?

Prompt. Mercy forbid you should be! (*archly.*)

Blandish. I should never forgive your meddling.—

Prompt. Oh! never, never!

Blandish. (*aloud*) Well, dispatch.—

Mrs. Blandish. Hold!—apropos, to the lying-in list—at Mrs. Barbara Winterbloom's to enquire after the Angola kittens, and the last hatch of Java sparrows.

Prompt. (*Reading his memorandum as he goes out*) Ladies in the straw—Ministers, &c.—Old maids, cats, and sparrows; never had a better list of how d'ye's since I had the honour to collect for the Blandish family. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Blandish. These are the attentions that establish valuable friendships in female life. By adapting myself to the whims of one, submitting to be the jest of another, assisting the little plots of a third, and taking part against the husbands with all, I am become an absolute essential in the polite world; the very soul of every fashionable party in town or country.

Blandish. The country! pshaw! time thrown away.

Mrs. Blandish. Time thrown away! As if women of fashion left London, to turn freckled shepherdesses.—No, no; cards, cards and backgammon, are the delights of rural life; and slightly as you may think of my skill, at the year's end I am no inconsiderable sharer in the pin-money of my society.

Blandish. A paltry resource——Gambling is a damn'd trade, and I have done with it.

Mrs. Blandish. Indeed!

Blandish. Yes, 'twas high time.—The women don't pay.—And as for the men, the age grows circumspect in proportion to its poverty: it's odds but one loses a character to establish a debt, and must fight a duel to obtain the payment. I have a thousand better plans, but two principal ones.—And I am only at a loss which to chuse.

Mrs. Blandish. Out with them, I beseech you.

Blandish. Whether I shall marry my friend's intended bride, or his sister.

Mrs. Blandish. Marry his intended bride?—What, pig-iron and usury?—Your opinion of her must advance your addresses admirably.

Blandish. My Lord's opinion of her will advance them; he can't bear the sight of her, and in defiance of his uncle, Sir Clement Flint's eagerness for the match, is running mad after an adventure, which I, who am his confidant shall keep going till I determine.—There's news for you.

Mrs. Blandish. And his sister, Lady Emily, the alternative! The first match in England in beauty, wit, and accomplishment.

Blandish. Pooh! A fig for her personal charms, she will bring me connexion that wou'd soon supply fortune; the other wou'd bring fortune enough to make connexion unnecessary.

Mrs. Blandish. And as to the certainty of success with the one or the other.——

Blandish. Success! Are they not women? Why even you can cajole them—What then must I do who have advantage of sex, and am equally ready to adore every feature of the face, or to fall incorporeally in love with the mind?—But no more of theory, I must away to practice. And first for Gayville, and his fellow student Clifford, who is come home with a wise face, and a conceited confidence in his old ascendancy over his Lordship; but thanks to the accident that kept him two months behind; Mr. Monitor will find himself mistaken.

Mrs. Blandish. Beware of the Monitor, notwithstanding, in another quarter. Lady Emily and he were acquainted at the age of first impressions.

Blandish. I dare say he always meant to be the complete friend of the family, though without a single talent for the

the purpose. I question whether he ever made a compliment in his life.

Mrs. Blandish. Oh, the brute.

Blandish. His game, I find, has been to work upon Lord Gayville's understanding. He thinks he must finally establish himself in his esteem, by inexorably opposing all his follies — Poor simpleton! — Now my touch of opposition goes only to enhance the value of my acquiescence. So adieu for the morning — You to Miss Alscip, with an unction of flattery fit for a house-painter's brush; I to Sir Clement, and his family, with a composition as delicate as æther, and to be applied with the point of a feather.

[*Going.*]

Mrs. Blandish. Hark you, Blandish, a good wish before you go: to make your success complete, may you find but half your own vanity in those you have to work on!

Blandish. Thank you, my dear Letty; this is not the only *tap* you have hit me to-day, and you are right; for if you and I did not sometimes speak truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Lord Gayville's Apartment.*

Enter Lord Gayville and Mr. Clifford.

Lord Gayville. My dear Clifford, urge me no more. How can a man of your liberality of sentiment descend to be the advocate of my uncle's family avarice?

Clifford. My Lord, you do not live for yourself. You have an ancient name and title to support.

Lord Gayville. Preposterous policy! Whenever the father builds, games, or electioneers, the heir and title must go to market. Oh the happy families Sir Clement Flint will enumerate, where this practice has prevail'd for centuries; and the estate been improved in every generation, tho' specifically spent by each individual!

Clifford. But you thought with him a month ago, and wrote with transport of the match — “ Whenever I think of Miss Alscip, visions of equipage and splendor,
“ villas,

“ villas and hotels, the delights of independance and profuseness, dance in my imagination.”

Lord Gayville. It is true, I was that dissipated, fashionable wretch.

Clifford. Come, this reserve betrays a consciousness of having acted wrong: you wou'd not hide what wou'd give me pleasure: but I'll not be officious.

Lord Gayville. Hear me without severity, and I'll tell you all. Such a woman, such an assemblage of all that's lovely in the sex! —

Clifford. Well but — the who, the how, the where?

Lord Gayville. I met her walking, and alone; and indeed so humbly circumstanced as to carry a parcel in her own hand.

Clifford. I cannot but smile at this opening of your adventure — how many such charmers have we met in our former excursions from Cambridge! I warrant she had a smart hat, and a drawn-up petticoat, like a curtain in festoons, to discover a new buckle, and a neat ancle.

Lord Gayville. No, Clifford, her dress was such as a judicious painter wou'd chuse to characterize modesty. But natural grace and elegance stole upon the observation, and, through the simplicity of a Quaker, shew'd all we cou'd conceive of a Goddess. I gazed, and turn'd idolater.

Clifford. (Smiling) You may as well finish the description in poetry at once; you are on the very verge of it.

Lord Gayville. She was under the persecution of one of those beings peculiar to this town, who assume the name of gentleman, upon the sole credentials of a boot, a switch, and round hat — The *things* that escape from counters and writing desks to disturb public places, insult foreigners, and put decent women out of countenance. I had no difficulty in the rescue.

Clifford. And having silenced the dragon, in the true spirit of chivalry, you conducted the damsel to her castle.

Lord Gayville. The utmost I could obtain was leave to put her into a hackney coach, which I followed unperceived, and lodged her in the house of an obscure milliner in a bye-street.

Clifford. The sweet Cyprian retreat! Such a priestess
of

of your goddess, I dare say, did not refuse access to the shrine.

Lord Gayville. It is true, a few guineas made the milliner my own. I almost liv'd in the house; and often, when I was not suspected to be there, passed whole hours list'ning to a voice, that wou'd have captivated my very soul, tho' it had been her only attraction. At last——

Clifford. What is to follow!

Lord Gayville. By the persuasions of the woman who laugh'd at my scruples with an unknown girl, a lodger upon a second floor, I hid myself in the closet of her apartment. And the practiced trader assured me I had nothing to fear from the interruption of the family.

Clifford. Oh for shame, my Lord: whatever may be the end of your adventure, such means were very much below you.

Lord Gayville. I confess it, and have been punish'd. Upon the discovery of me, fear, indignation and resolution agitated the whole frame of the sweet girl by turns——I should as soon have committed sacrilege as have offered an affront to her person——Confused——overpower'd——I stammer'd out a few incoherent words——Interest in her fortune——respect——entreaty of forgiveness——and left her, to detest me.

Clifford. You need go no farther. I meant to rally you, but your proceedings and emotion alarm me for your peace and honour. If this girl is an adventurer, which I suspect, you are making yourself ridiculous——If she is strictly innocent, upon what ground dare a man of your principle think farther of her? you are on a double precipice; on one side impell'd by folly, on the other——

Lord Gayville. Hold, Clifford, I am not prepar'd for so much admonition. Your tone is changed since our separation; you seem to drop the companion and assume the governor.

Clifford. No, my Lord, I scorn the sycophant, and assert the friend.

Enter Servant, followed by Blandish.

Servant. My Lord, Mr. Blandish.

[*Exit.*

Clifford. (*significantly*) I hope every man will do the same.

Blandish.

Blandish. Mr. Clifford, do not let me drive you away; I want to learn *your* power to gain and to preserve dear Lord Gayville's esteem.

Clifford. (*with a seeming effort to withdraw his hand, which he holds*) Sir, you are quite accomplished to be an example.

Blandish. I have been at your apartment to look for you — we have been talking of you with Sir Clement — Lady Emily threw in her word. —

Clifford. (*disengaging his hand*) Oh, Sir, you make me too proud. (*aside*) Practiced parasite! [Exit.]

Blandish. (*aside*) Sneering puppy — (*to Lord Gayville.*) My Lord, you seem disconcerted; has any thing new occurred?

Lord Gayville. No, for there is nothing new in being disappointed in a friend.

Blandish. Have you told your story to Mr. Clifford?

Lord Gayville. I have, and I might as well have told it to the cynic, my uncle: he cou'd not have discourag'd or condemn'd me more.

Blandish. They are both in the right. I see things exactly as they do — but I have less fortitude, or more attachment than others: — the inclinations of a man I love, are spells upon my opposition.

Lord Gayville. Kind Blandish! you are the confidant I want.

Blandish. What has happen'd since your discovery in the closet?

Lord Gayville. The lovely wanderer left her lodgings the next morning — but I have again found her — she is in a house of equal retirement, but of very different character in the city, and inaccessible. I have wrote to her, and knowing her to be distress'd, I have enclos'd bank bills for two hundred pounds, the acceptance of which I have urged with all the delicacy I am master of, and by heaven without a purpose of corruption.

Blandish. Two hundred pounds, and Lord Gayville's name —

Lord Gayville. She has never known me, but by the name of Mr. Heartly. Since my ambition has been to be loved for my own sake, I have been jealous of my title.

Blandish.

Blandish. And prithee by what diligence or chance, did Mr. Heartly trace his fugitive?

Lord Gayville. By the acuteness of Mr. Prompt, your Valet de Chambre. You must pardon me for pressing into my service for this occasion, the fellow in the world fittest for it.

Blandish. You know I am incapable of being angry with you,—but that dog to practice upon my weakness, and engage without my consent!

Lord Gayville. The blame is all mine. He is now waiting an answer to my letter—how my heart palpitates at the delay.

Enter Prompt.

Prompt. Are you alone, my Lord? (*Starts at seeing his master.*)

Lord Gayville. Don't be afraid, Prompt—your peace is made.

Prompt. Then there is my return for your Lordship's goodness. (*Giving the letter*) This letter was just now brought to the place appointed, by a porter.

Lord Gayville. By a Cupid, honest Prompt, and these characters were engraved by the point of his arrow! (*kissing the superscription*) "To — Heartly, Esq." Blandish, did you ever see any thing like it?

Blandish. If her style be equal to her hand-writing —

Lord Gayville. If it be equal!—Infidel! you shall have proof directly. (*opens the letter precipitately*) Hey day! what the devil's here? my bills again, and no line — not a word — Death and disappointment, what's this?

Prompt. Gad it's well if she is not off again — faith I never ask'd where the letter came from.

Lord Gayville. Should you know the messenger again?

Prompt. I believe I should, my Lord. For a Cupid he was somewhat in years, about six feet high, and a nose rather given to purple.

Lord Gayville. Spare your wit, Sir, till you find him.

Prompt. I have a shorter way — my life upon it I start her myself.

Blandish. And what is your device, firrah!

Prompt. Lord, Sir, nothing so easy as to bring every living creature in this town to the window: a tame bear,
or

or a mad ox; two men, or two dogs fighting; a balloon in the air—(or tied up to the ceiling 'tis the same thing) make but noise enough, and out they come, first and second childhood, and every thing between—I am sure I shall know her by inspiration.

Lord Gayville. Shall I describe her to you?

Prompt. No, my Lord, time is too precious—I'll be at her last lodgings, and afterwards half the town over, before your Lordship will travel from her forehead to her chin.

Lord Gayville. Away, then, my good fellow.—He cannot mistake her; for when she was form'd nature broke the mould. [Exit Prompt.]

Blandish. Now, for the blood of me, cannot I call that fellow back: it is absolute infatuation—Ah! I see how this will end.

Lord Gayville. What are your apprehensions?

Blandish. That my ferret yonder will do his part completely; that I shall set all your uncle's doctrine at nought, and thus lend myself to this wild intrigue till the girl is put into your arms.

Lord Gayville. Propitious be the thought, my best friend—My uncle's doctrine!—But, advise me, how shall I keep my secret from him for the present? He is suspicion personified: the eye of Sir Clement is a very probe to the mind.

Blandish. (*aside.*) Yes, and it sometimes gives one a cursed deal of pain before he is convinced of touching a sound part.—(*To Lord Gayville.*) Your best chance would be to double your assiduities to Miss Alscrip. But then dissimulation is so mean a vice.

Lord Gayville. It is so indeed; and if I give into it for a moment, it is upon the determination of never being her husband. I may despise and offend a woman; but disgust wou'd be no excuse for betraying her. Adieu! *Blandish.* If you see Prompt first, I trust to you for the quickest communication of intelligence.

Blandish. I am afraid you may—I cannot resist you.—(*Exit Lord Gayville.*)—Ah! wrong—wrong—wrong: I hope that exclamation is not lost. A blind compliance with a young man's passions is a poor plot upon his affections. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III. *Mrs. Sagely's House.**Enter Mrs. Sagely and Miss Alton.*

Mrs. Sagely. Indeed, Miss Alton, (since you are resolved to continue that name) you may bless yourself for finding me out in this wilderness. — Wilderness! this town is ten times more dangerous to youth and innocence: every man you meet is a wolf.

Miss Alton. Dear Madam, I see you dwell upon my indiscretion in flying to London; but remember the safeguard I expected to find here. How cruel was the disappointment! How dangerous have been the consequences! — I thought the chance happy that threw a retired lodging in my way: I was upon my guard against the other sex, but for my own to be treacherous to an unfortunate — cou'd I expect it?

Mrs. Sagely. Suspect every body, if you wou'd be safe; but most of all suspect yourself. — Ah! my pretty truant, the heart that is so violent in its aversions, is in sad danger of being the same in its affections, depend upon it.

Miss Alton. Let them spring from a just esteem, and you will absolve me: my aversion was to the character of the wretch I was threaten'd with — Can you reprove me?

Mrs. Sagely. And tell me truly, now — do you feel the same detestation for this worse character you have made acquaintance with? This rake — this abominable Heartly? — Ah! child, your look is suspicious.

Miss Alton. Madam, I have not a thought that I will not sincerely lay open to you. — Mr. Heartly is made to please, and to be avoided; I desire never to see him more — his discovery of me here; his letters, his offers, have greatly alarmed me. — I conjure you lose not an hour in placing me under the sort of protection I solicited.

Mrs. Sagely. If you are resolved, I believe I can serve you. — Miss Alscip, the great Heiress, (you may have heard of the name in your family) has been enquiring among decay'd gentry for a companion. She is too fine a lady to bear to be alone, and perhaps does not look to
a hus-

a husband's company as a certain dependance. Your musical talent will be a great recommendation. She is already apprised, and a line from me will introduce you.

Miss Alton. I will avail myself of your kindness immediately.

Prompt. (without.) I tell you I have business with Mrs. Sagely—I must come in.

Mrs. Sagely. As I live here is an impudent fellow forcing himself into the passage.

Miss Alton. O heaven! if Mr. Heartly shou'd be behind!

Mrs. Sagely. Get into the back parlour: be he who he will, I'll warrant I protect you. *[Exit Miss Alton.]*

Enter Prompt (looking about.)

Mrs. Sagely. Who are you, Sir? What are you looking for?

Prompt. Madam, I was looking——I was looking——for you.

Mrs. Sagely. Well, Sir, and what do you want?

Prompt. (still prying about.) Madam, I want——I want——I want——

Mrs. Sagely. To rob the house, perhaps.

Prompt. Just the contrary, Madam—to see that all is safe within it——You have a treasure in your possession that I wou'd not have lost for the world—A young lady.

Mrs. Sagely. Indeed!——begone about your business, friend——there are no young ladies to be spoke with here.

Prompt. Lord, Madam, I don't desire to speak with her——My attentions go to ladies of the elder sort——I come to make proposals to you alone.

Mrs. Sagely. You make proposals to me? Did you know my late husband, Sir?

Prompt. Husband! My good Mrs. Sagely——be at ease——I have no more views upon you, that way, than upon my grandmother——My proposals are of a quite different nature.

Mrs. Sagely. Of a different nature! Why you audacious varlet! Here, call a constable——

Prompt. Dear Madam, how you continue to misunderstand me—I have a respect for you, that will set at nought all the personal temptations about you, depend upon it, powerful

powerful as they are—And as for the young lady, my purpose is only that you shall guard her safe.—I wou'd offer you a pretty snug house in a pleasant quarter of the town, where you two wou'd be much more commodiously lodg'd—the furniture new, and in the prettiest taste—A neat little sideboard of plate—a black boy, with a turban, to wait upon you.

Mrs. Sagely. And for what purpose am I to be bribed? I am above it, sirrah. I have but a pittance, 'tis true, and heavy outgoings—My husband's decayed book-keeper to maintain, and poor old Smiler, that so many years together drew our whole family in a chaise.—Heavy charges—but by cutting off my luxuries, and stopping up a few windows, I can jog on, and scorn to be beholden to you, or him that sent you. (*Prompt tries at the door, and peeps through the key hole.*) What wou'd the impertinent fellow be at now? Keep the door bolted, and don't stand in fight.

Prompt. (aside) Oh! oh!—She is here I find, and that's enough—My good Mrs. Sagely—your humble servant—I wou'd fain be better acquainted with you—in a modest way—but must wait, I see, a more happy hour. (*aside, going out*) When honesty and poverty *do* happen to meet, they grow so fond of each other's company, it is labour lost to try to separate them. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sagely. Shut the street door after him, and never let him in again.

Enter Miss Alton from the inner room.

Miss Alton. For mercy, Madam, let me be gone immediately. I am very uneasy—I am certain Mr. Heartly is at the bottom of this.

Mrs. Sagely. I believe it, my dear, and now see the necessity of your removal. I'll write your letter—and heaven protect you. Remember my warning, suspect yourself. [*Exit.*]

Miss Alton. (sola) In truth I will. I'll forget the forbearance of this profligate, and remember only his intentions. And is gratitude then suspicious? Painful lesson! A woman must not think herself secure because she has no bad impulse to fear: she must be upon her guard, lest her very best should betray her. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An apartment in Sir Clement Flint's House.*

Lady Emily Gayville and Clifford at Chess.

Sir Clement sitting at a distance pretending to read a parchment, but slyly observing them.

Lady Emily.

CHECK—If you do not take care, you are gone the next move.

Clifford. I confess, Lady Emily, you are on the point of compleat victory.

Lady Emily. Pooh, I wou'd not give a farthing for victory without a more spirited defence.

Clifford. Then you must engage with those (if those there are) that do not find you irresistible.

Lady Emily. I cou'd find a thousand such; but I'll engage with none whose triumph I cou'd not submit to with pleasure.

Sir Clement. (apart) Pretty significant on both sides. I wonder how much farther it will go.

Lady Emily. Uncle, did you speak?

Sir Clement. (reading to himself) “And the parties to this indenture do farther covenant and agree, that all and every the said lands, tenements, and hereditaments—um—um”——How useful sometimes is ambiguity! (*loud enough to be heard.*)

Clifford. A very natural observation of Sir Clement's upon that long parchment. (*pauses again upon the chess board.*)

[*Lady Emily looking pensively at his face.*]

Clifford. To what a dilemma have you reduc'd me, Lady Emily. If I advance, I perish by my temerity; and it is out of my power to retreat.

Sir Clement. (apart) Better and better!—To talk in cypher is a curious faculty.

Clifford. Sir?

Sir Clement. (*still reading*) "In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto interchangeably set their hands and seals this—um—um—day of um—um—"

Lady Emily. (*resuming an air of vivacity*) Come, I trifle with you too long—There's your coup de grace—Uncle, I have conquer'd. (*both rising from the table*)

Sir Clement. Niece, I do not doubt it—and in the style of the great proficients, without looking upon the board. Clifford, was not your mother's name Charlton? (*folding up the parchment, and rising.*)

Clifford. It was, Sir.

Sir Clement. In looking over the writings Alscrip has sent me, perparatory to his daughter's settlement, I find mention of a conveyance from a Sir William Charlton of Devonshire. Was he a relation?

Clifford. My grandfather, Sir: the plunder of his fortune was one of the first materials for raising that of Mr. Alscrip, who was steward to Sir William's estate, then manager of his difficulties, and lastly his sole creditor.

Sir Clement. And no better monopoly than that of a man's distresses. Alscrip has had twenty such, or I should not have singled out his daughter to be Lord Gayville's wife.

Clifford. It is a compensation for my family losses, that in the event they will conduce to the interest of the man I most love.

Sir Clement. Hey day, Clifford!—take care, don't trench upon the Blandish—*Your* cue, you know, is sincerity.

Clifford. You seem to think, Sir, there is no such quality. I doubt whether you believe there is an honest man in the world.

Sir Clement. You do me great injustice—several—several—and upon the old principle that—"honesty is the best policy."—Self-interest is the great end of life, says human nature—Honesty is a better agent than craft—says proverb.

Clifford. But as for ingenuous, or purely disinterested motives—

Sir Clement. Clifford, do you mean to laugh at me?

Clifford. What is your opinion, Lady Emily?

Lady Emily. (*endeavouring again at vivacity*) That there may

may be such : but it's odds they are troublesome or insipid. Pure ingenuoufness, I take it, is a rugged sort of thing, which scarcely will bear the polish of common civility ; and for disinterestedness—young people sometimes set out with it ; but it is like travelling upon a broken spring—one is glad to get it mended at the next stage.

Sir Clement. Emily, I protest you seem to study after me ; proceed, child, and we will read together every character that comes in our way.

Lady Emily. Read one's acquaintance——delightful ! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination ! Our young men are flimsy essays ; old ones, political pamphlets ; coquets, fugitive pieces ; and *fashionable beauties*, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew.—Lord, I should now and then tho' turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

Clifford. How so ?

Lady Emily. Lest one should pop unaware upon something one should *not*, like a naughty speech in an old comedy ; but it is only skipping what wou'd make one blush.

Sir Clement. Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads *by* herself and *to* herself, there are wicked philosophers who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

Lady Emily. (*to Sir Clement*) Do you know now that for that speech of yours——and for that saucy smile of yours, (*to Clifford*) I am strongly tempted to read you both aloud !

Sir Clement. Come try——I'll be the first to open the book.

Lady Emily. A treatise of the Houyhnhnms, after the manner of Swift, tending to make us odious to ourselves, and to extract morose mirth from our imperfections—(*turning to Clifford*) Contrasted with an exposition of ancient morality address'd to the moderns : a chimerical attempt upon an obsolete subject.

Sir Clement. Clifford, we must double down that page. And now we'll have a specimen of her Ladyship.

Lady Emily. I'll give it you myself, and with justice ; which is more than either of you wou'd.

Sir Clement. And without skipping.

Lady Emily. Thus then; a light, airy, fantastic sketch of genteel manners as they are; with a little endeavour at what they ought to be—rather entertaining than instructive, not without art, but sparing in the use of it——

Sir Clement. But the passions, Emily. Do not forget what should stand in the foreground of a female treatise.

Lady Emily. They abound: but mixed and blended cleverly enough to prevent any from predominating; like the colours of a shot lutestring, that change as you look at it sideways or full: they are sometimes brighten'd by vivacity, and now and then subject to a shade of caprice—but meaning no ill—not afraid of a critical review: and thus, gentlemen, I present myself to you fresh from the press, and I hope not inelegantly bound.

Sir Clement. Altogether making a perfectly desirable companion for the closet: I am sure, Clifford, you will agree with me. Gad we are got into such a pleasant freedom with each other, it is a pity to separate while any curiosity remains in the company. Prithee, Clifford, satisfy me a little as to your history. Old Lord Hardacre, if I am rightly informed, disinherited your father, his second son.

Clifford. For the very marriage we have been speaking of. The little fortune my father could call his own was sunk before his death, as a provision for my mother; upon an idea that whatever resentment he might personally have incurred, it would not be extended to an innocent offspring.

Sir Clement. A very silly confidence. How readily now, should you and I, Emily, have discover'd in a sensible old man, the irreconcilable offence of a marriage of the passions—You understand me?

Lady Emily. Perfectly! (*aside*) Old Petrification, your hints always speak forcibly.

Sir Clement. But your uncle, the present Lord, made amends?

Clifford. Amply. He offer'd to send me from Cambridge to an academy in Germany, to fit me for foreign service: well judging that a cannon ball was a fair and quick provision for a poor relation.

Sir Clement. Upon my word I have known uncles less considerate.

Clifford. When Lord Gayville's friendship, and your indulgence, made me the companion of his travels, Lord Hardacre's *undivided* cares delved upon my sister; whose whole independant possession at my mother's death, was five hundred pounds.—All our education had permitted that unhappy parent to lay by.

Lady Emily. Oh, for an act of justice and benevolence to reconcile me to the odious man! Tell me this instant what did he do for Miss Clifford?

Clifford. He bestow'd upon her forty pounds a year, upon condition that she resided with a family of his dependants in a remote county, to save the family from disgrace; and that allowance, when I heard last from her, he had threaten'd to withdraw, upon her refusing a detestable match he had endeavour'd to force upon her.

Lady Emily. Poor girl;

Sir Clement. Upon my word an interesting story, and told with pathetic effect.—Emily, you look grave, child.

Lady Emily. (*aside*) I shall not own it however. (*To him*) For once, my dear uncle, you want your spectacles. My thoughts are on a diverting subject—My first visit to Miss Alcrip; to take a near view of that collection of charms destined to my happy brother.

Sir Clement. You need not go out of the room for that purpose. The schedule of an Heiress's fortune is a compendium of her metits, and the true security for marriage happiness.

Lady Emily. I am sure I guess at your system—*That* union must be most wise which has wealth to support it, and no affections to disturb it.

Sir Clement. Right.

Lady Emily. That makes a divorce the first promise of wedlock; and widowhood, the best blessing of life; that separates the interest of husband, wife and child——

Sir Clement. To establish the independant comfort of all——

Lady Emily. Upon the broad basis of family hatred. Excellent, my dear uncle, excellent indeed; and upon that principle, tho' the lady is likely to be your niece, and my
1
sister,

sister, I am sure you will have no objection to my laughing at her a little.

Sir Clement. You'll be puzzled to make her more ridiculous than I think her. What is your plan?

Lady Emily. Why tho' her pride is to be thought a leader in fashions, she is sometimes a servile copyist. Blandish tells me I am her principal model; and what is most provoking, she is intent upon catching my manner as well as my dress, which she exaggerates to an excess that vexes me. Now if she WILL take me in shade, I'll give her a new outline, I am resolved; and if I do not make her a caricature for a printshop—

Clifford. Will all this be strictly consistent with your good nature, Lady Emily?

Lady Emily. No, nor I don't know when I shall do any thing consistent with it again, except leaving you two critics to a better subject than your humble servant.

[Curtseys, and exit with a lively air.]

Sir Clement. Well, Clifford! What do you think of her?

Clifford. That when she professes ill-temper, she is a very awkward counterfeit.

Sir Clement. But her beauty, her wit, her improvement since you went abroad? I expected from a man of your age and taste, something more than a cold compliment upon her temper. Could not you, compatibly with the immaculate sincerity you profess, venture as far as admiration?

Clifford. I admire her, Sir, as I do a bright star in the firmament, and consider the distance of both as equally immeasurable.

Sir Clement. (*aside*) Specious rogue! (*To him*) Well, leave Emily then to be winked at through telescopes; and now to a matter of nearer observation—What is Gayville doing?

Clifford. Every thing you desire, Sir, I trust; but you know I have been at home only three days, and have hardly seen him since I came.

Sir Clement. Nor I neither; but I find he has profited wonderfully by foreign experience. After rambling half the world over without harm, he is caught, like a travell'd woodcock, at his landing.

Clifford. If you suspect Lord Gayville of indiscretion, why do you not put him candidly to the test? I'll be bound for his ingenuoufness not to withhold any confession you may require.

Sir Clement. You may be right, but he'll confess more to you in an hour, than to me in a month, for all that; come, Clifford, look as you ought to do at your interest—Sift him—Watch him—You cannot guess how much you will make me your friend, and how grateful I may be if you will discover—

Clifford. Sir, you mistake the footing upon which Lord Gayville and I live—I am often the partner of his thoughts, but never a spy upon his actions. [*Bow and exit.*]

Sir Clement. (alone) Well play'd, Clifford! Good air and emphasis, and well suited to the trick of the scene—He wou'd do, if the practical part of deceit were as easy at his age, as discernment of it is at mine. Gayville and Emily, if they had not a vigilant guard, would be his sure prey; for they are examples of the generous affections coming to maturity with their stature; while suspicion, art and interest are still dormant in the seed. I must employ Blandish in this business—A rascal of a different cast—Below Clifford in hypocrisy, but greatly above him in the scale of impudence. They shall both forward my ends, while they think they are pursuing their own. I shall ever be sure of a man's endeavours to serve me, while I hold out a lure to his knavery and interest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *An Antichamber.*

Alscrip. (without) Dinner not order'd till seven o'clock—Bid the kitchen-maid get me some eggs and bacon. Plague, what with the time of dining and the French cookery, I am in the land of starvation, with half St. James's-Market upon my weekly bills.

Enter (while speaking the last sentence)

What a change have I made to please my unpleasable daughter? Instead of my regular meal at Furnival's Inn, here am I transported to Berkeley Square, to fast at Alscrip House,

House, till my fine company come from their morning ride two hours after dark—Nay, it's worse, if I am carried among my great neighbours in Miss Alscip's suite, as she calls it. My lady looks over me; my Lord walks over me; and sets me in a little tottering cane chair, at the cold corner of the table—Tho' I have a mortgage upon the house and furniture, and arrears due of the whole interest. It's a pleasure tho' to be well dressed. My daughter maintains all fashions are founded in sense—Icod the tightness of my wig, and the stiffness of my cape, give me the sense of the pillory—Plaguy scanty about the hips too—And the breast something of a merrythought reversed—But there is some sense in *that*, for if one sex pares away in proportion where the other swells, we shall take up no more room in the world than we did before.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Alscip wishes to see you. She is at her toilet.

Alscip. Who is with her?

Servant. Only Mrs. Blandish, Sir,

Alscip. She must content herself with that company till I have had my whet—order up the eggs and bacon. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Miss Alscip discovered at her Toilet. Chignon, (her Valet de Chambre) dressing her Head. Mrs. Blandish sitting by and holding a Box of Diamond Pins.

Miss Alscip. And so, Blandish, you really think that the introduction of Otaheite feathers in my trimming succeeded?

Mrs. Blandish. Oh, with the mixture of those charming Italian flowers, and the knots of pearl that gather'd up the festoons, never any thing had so happy an effect.—It put the whole ball-room out of humour, and that's the surest test of good taste.—Monsieur Chignon, that pin a little more to the front.

Miss Alscip. And what did they say?

Mrs. Blandish. You know it is the first solicitude of my life to see the friend of my heart treated with justice. So when you stood up to dance, I got into the thick of the circle—Monsieur, don't you think this large diamond wou'd be well placed just in the middle?

Chignon. Eh! non, Madame; ça ne releve pas—Dat give no relief to de weight of de curl—Full in de front un gros bouton von great nob of *diamond!* pardie ce seroit un accommodage à la Polyphème; de big eye of de geant in de centre of de forehead.

Miss Alscip. Chignon is right in point of taste, tho' not quite so happy in his allusions as he is sometimes.

Chignon. Ah! Madame, you have done von grande injure to my contrée: You go for von monthe, and bring away all de good taste—At Paris—all von sîde—de diamond—de cap—de glance—de bon mot même—All von sîde, nothing direct à Paris.

Miss Alscip. (*Smiling at Chignon, and then turning to Mrs. Blandish*) Well!—And so—

Mrs. Blandish. So it was all admiration! Elegant, says Lady Spite—It may do very well for Miss Alscip, who never looks at expence. The dress of a bridal princess! cries Mrs. Scanty, and for one night's wear too?

Miss Alscip. Delightful! The very language I wish'd for—Oh, how charmingly apropos was my accident! did you see when my trimming in the passe-pied of a cottillion came luckily in contact with Billy Skim's great shoe buckle—How it ripp'd away?

Mrs. Blandish. Did I see it?

Miss Alscip. One of the great feathers stuck fast on the shoe, and looked for all the world like the heel wing of a Mercury in a pantomime.

Mrs. Blandish. Oh! you witty creature, how you describe!

Miss Alscip. It was a most becoming rent!

Mrs. Blandish. And what a display of indifference; what an example for a woman of fortune did you exhibit in the bustle of picking up the scattered fragments!

Miss Alscip. When the pearls were trundling about, and I insisted upon the company being no longer disturbed, but wou'd leave what remain'd for fairy favours to the maid

who swept the room. He! he! he! Do you think Lady Emily wou'd have done that better?

Mrs. Blandish. Lady Emily? poor girl!—How soon must she submit to be the humble second of the family!

Miss Alscrip. He! he! he! Do you sincerely think so, Blandish? And yet it wou'd be strange if it were otherwise, for I cou'd buy her ten times over.

Chignon. Madame, vat humeure would you wear to-day?

Miss Alscrip. Humour! Chignon? What am I dressed for now?

Chignon. The parfaite amiable, Madame: but by bringing de point of de hair more down to de eyebrow, or adding a littel blowse to de fides, I can give you de look severe, capricieuse—vat you please.

Miss Alscrip. We'll put it off for half an hour, I am not quite decided. I was in the capricieuse yesterday—I believe I shall keep on the perfect amiable. (*Exit Chignon.*) Tiffany, take off my powdering gown—Ah! ho!—How the wench tugs—do you think you are pulling off the coachman's great-coat?

Mrs. Blandish. My dear amiable!—do not let that sweet temper be ruffled—Why will you not employ me in these little offices? Delicacy like yours should be waited upon by the softness of a sylph.

(*During this speech exit Tiffany peewish.*)

Miss Alscrip. I am promised a creature to be about me out of the common way.

Mrs. Blandish. A new woman?

Miss Alscrip. No; something to be raised much higher, and at the same time fitted better to receive one's ill-humour. An humble companion, well born, well educated, and perfectly dependant, is a most useful appurtenance in the best families.

Mrs. Blandish. Well, do not raise her to the rank of a friend, lest I should be jealous.

Miss Alscrip. You may be perfectly secure—I shall take particular care that friendship shall be out of the question on both sides. I had once thought of a restoration of pages to fit in scarlet and silver (as one reads in former times) upon the forepart of the coach, and to hold up one's

train—but I have a new male attendant in a Valet de Chambre, who has possession of my bust—My two women will have the charge from the point of the shoulder to the toe—So my person being provided for—the Countess of Gayville shall have an attendant to wait upon her mind.

Mrs. Blandish. I vow a most elegant and uncommon thought.

Miss Alscip. One that can pen a note, in the familiar, the punctilious, or the witty—It's quite troublesome to be always writing wit for one's self—But above all she is to have a talent for music.

Mrs. Blandish. Aye, your very soul is framed for harmony.

Miss Alscip. I have not quite determin'd what to call her—Governante of the private chamber, keeper of the boudoir, with a silver key at her breast—

Enter Chignon.

Chignon. Madame, a young lady beg to know if you be visible.

Miss Alscip. A young lady—It is not Lady Emily Gayville?

Chignon. Non, Madame; but if you were absente, and I had the adjustment of her head, she wou'd be the most chamante personne I did ever see.

Miss Alscip. Introduce her. (*Exit Chignon*) Who can this be?

Mrs. Blandish. Some woman of taste to enquire your correspondent at Paris—or—

Enter Miss Alton

Miss Alscip curtsying respectfully, *Miss Alton* retiring disconcerted.

Miss Alscip. Of taste indeed by her appearance!—Who's in the anti-chamber? Why did they not open the folding doors?—Chignon, approach a fanteuil for the lady.

Miss Alton. Madam, I come!—

Miss Alscip. Madam, pray be seated—

Miss Alton. Excuse me, Madam—

Miss Alscip. Madam, I must beg—

Miss

Miss Alton. Madam, this letter will inform you how little pretensions I have to the honours you are offering.

Miss Alscrip. (*reads*) “ Miss Alton, the bearer of this, “ is the person I recommended as worthy the honour of “ attending you as a companion (*eyes her scornfully*) She “ is born a gentlewoman, I dare say her talents and good “ qualities will speak more in her favour, than any words “ I could use—I am Madam, your most obedient—um— “ um—.” Blandish, was there ever such a mistake?

Blandish. Oh! you dear, giddy, *absent* creature, what could you be thinking of?

Miss Alscrip. Absent indeed. Chignon, give me the fan-teuil; (*throws herself into it*) young woman, where were you educated?

Miss Alton. Chiefly, Madam, with my parents.

Miss Alscrip. But finish'd, I take it for granted, at a country boarding school; for we have, “ young ladies,” you know, Blandish, “ boarded and educated,” upon blue boards in gold letters in every village; with a strolling player for a dancing master, and a deserter from Dunkirk, to teach the French grammar.

Mrs. Blandish. How that genius of your's does paint! nothing escapes you—I dare say you have anticipated this young lady's story.

Miss Alton. It is very true, Madam, my life can afford nothing to interest the curiosity of you two ladies; it has been too insignificant to merit your concern, and attended with no circumstances to excite your pleasantry.

Miss Alscrip. (*yawning*) I hope, child, it will be attended with such for the future as will add to your own—I cannot bear a mope about me.—I am told you have a talent for music—can you touch that harp—It stands here as a piece of furniture, but I have a notion it is kept in tune by the man who comes to wind-up my clocks.

Miss Alton. Madam, I dare not disobey you. But I have been us'd to perform before a most partial audience; I am afraid strangers will think my talent too humble to be worthy attention.

A SONG.

I.

For tenderness fram'd in life's earliest day,
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way ;
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

II.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
 The warbl'd complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

III.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow—
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know !
 Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 Let reason awaken and govern the flame.

Miss Alscrip. I declare not amiss, Blandish : only a little too plaintive—but I dare say she can play a country dance, when the enlivening is required—So, Miss Alton, you are welcome to my protection ; and indeed I wish you to stay from this hour. My toilette being nearly finish'd, I shall have a horrid vacation till dinner.

Miss Alton. Madam, you do me great honour, and I very readily obey you.

Mrs. Blandish. I wish you joy, Miss Alton, of the most enviable situation a young person of elegant talents could be rais'd to. You and I will vie with each other to prevent our dear countess ever knowing a melancholy hour. She has but one fault to correct—the giving way to the soft effusions of a too tender heart.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, a letter—

Miss Alscrip. It's big enough for a state packet—Oh ! mercy, a petition—for heav'n's sake, Miss Alton, look it over. (*Miss Alton reads*) I should as soon read one of
 Lady

Lady Newchapel's methodist sermons—What does it contain?

Miss Alton. Madam, an uncommon series of calamities, which prudence cou'd neither see, nor prevent: the reverse of a whole family from affluence and content, to misery and imprisonment; and it adds, that the parties have the honour, remotely, to be allied to you.

Miss Alscrip. Remote relations! aye, they always think one's made of money.

Miss Alton. That some years ago—

Enter another servant.

2d. Servant. A messenger, Madam, from the animal repository, with the only puppy of the Peruvians, and the refusal at twenty guineas.

Miss Alscrip. As I live the offspring of the beauteous Aza, who has so long been thought past hopes of continuing his family! Were he to ask fifty I must have him.

Mrs. Blandish (offering to run out.) I vow I'll give him the first kiss.

Miss Alscrip. (stopping her) I'll swear you shan't.

Miss Alton. Madam, I was just finishing the petition.

Miss Alscrip. It's throwing money away—But give him a crown.

[Exit with Mrs. Blandish, striving which shall be first.]

Miss Alton. "The soft effusions of a too tender heart." The proof is excellent. That the covetous should be deaf to the miserable I can conceive; but I should not have believed, if I had not seen, that a taste for profusion did not find its first indulgence in benevolence. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Miss Alscrip's Dressing Room continued.*

Miss Alton.

THANKS to Mrs. Blandish's inexhaustible talent for encomium, I shall be relieved from one part of a companion

panion that my nature revolts at. But who comes here? It's well if I shall not be exposed to impertinences I was not aware of.

Enter Chignon (aside.)

Ma foi, la voila—I will lose no time to pay my addresse—Now for de humble maniere, and de unperplex assurance of my contrée (*bowing with French shrug*) (*Miss Alton turning over music books*) Mademoiselle, est il permis? may I presume to offer you my profounde homage (*Miss Alton not taking notice*) Mademoiselle—if you vill put your head into my hands, I vill give a distinction to your beauty, that shall make you and me de conversation of all de town.

Miss Alton. I request, Mr. Chignon, you will devote your ambition to your own part of the compliment.

Mr. Alscrip (without.) Where is my daughter?

Miss Alton. Is that Mr. Alscrip's voice, Mr. Chignon? It's aukward for me to meet him before I'm introduc'd.

Chignon. Keep a little behind, Mademoiselle; he vill only de passe de room—He vill not see through me.

Enter Alscrip.

Hah, my daughter gone already, but (*sees Chignon*) there's a new specimen of foreign vermin—A lady's valet de chambre—Taste for ever!—Now if I was to give the charge of my person to a waiting maid, they'd say I was indelicate, (*as he crosses the stage, Chignon keeps sideling to intercept his sight, and bowing as he looks towards him*) What the devil is Mounseer at? I thought all his agility lay in his fingers: what anticks is the monkey practising? He twists and doubles himself as if he had a raree-show at his back.

Chignon. (aside) Be gar no raree-show for you, Monsieur Alscrip, if I can help.

Alscrip. (spying Miss Alton) Ah! ah! What have we got there? Monsieur, who is that?

Chignon. Sir, my lady wish to speak to you in her bondoir. She sent me to conduct you, Sir.

Alscrip. (imitating) Yes, Sir, but I will first conduct myself to this lady—Tell me, this minute, who she is?

Chignon. Sir, she come to live here, companion to my lady

lady—Mademoiselle study some musique—she must not be disturb'd.

Alscrip. Get about your business, Monsieur, or I'll disturb every comb in your head—Go tell my daughter to stay till I come to her. I shall give her companion some cautions against saucy Frenchmen, firrah!

Chignon. (*aside*) Cautions! peste! you are subject à cautions yourself—I suspect you to be von old rake, but no ver dangerous rival. [Exit.]

Alscrip. (*to himself, and looking at her with his glass*) The devil is never tired of throwing baits in my way.

(*She comes forward modestly.*)

By all that's delicious I must be better acquainted with her. (*He bows. She curtsies, the music book still in her hand*) But how to begin—My usual way of attacking my daughter's maids will never do.

Miss Alton. (*aside*) My situation is very embarrassing.

Alscrip. Beauteous stranger, give me leave to add my welcome to my daughter's. Since Alscrip House was established, she never brought any thing into it to please me before.

Miss Alton. (*a little confused*) Sir, it is a great additional honour to that Miss Alscrip has done me, to be thought worthy so respectable a protection as your's.

Alscrip. I cou'd furnish you with a better word than respectable. It sounds so distant, and my feelings have so little to do with cold respect—I never had such a desire—to make myself agreeable.

Miss Alton. (*aside*) A very strange old man. (*To him more confused*) Sir, you'll pardon me, I believe Miss Alscrip is waiting.

Alscrip. Don't be afraid, my dear, enchanting diffident—(zounds what a flutter am I in)—don't be afraid—my disposition to be sure is too susceptible; but then it is likewise so dove-like, and so tender, so innocent. Come, play me that tune, and enchant my ear, as you have done my eye.

Miss Alton. Sir, I wish to be excused; indeed it does not deserve your attention.

Alscrip. Not deserve it! I had rather hear you than all the Italians in the Haymarket, even when they sue the managers,

managers, and their purses chink the symphony in Westminster Hall. (*presenting the harp*)

Miss Alton. Sir, it is to avoid the affectation of refusing what is so little worth asking for. (*Takes the harp and plays a few bars of a lively air. Alscrip kisses her fingers with rapture.*)

Alscrip. Oh! the sweet little twiddle-diddles!

Miss Alton. For shame, Sir, what do you mean. - (*Alscrip gets hold of both her hands, and continues kissing her fingers*)

Miss Alton. (*struggling*) Help!

Miss Alscrip. (*entering*) I wonder what my papa is doing all this time? (*starts*) (*a short pause*) *Miss Alscrip surprised. Miss Alton confused. Alscrip puts his hand to his eye.*

Alscrip. Oh, child! I have got something in my eye, that makes me almost mad.—A little midge I believe.—Gad, I caught hold of this young lady's hand in one of my twitches, and her nerves were as much in a flutter as if I had bit her.

Miss Alscrip. (*significantly*) Yes, my dear papa, I perceive you *have* something in your eye, and I'll do my best to take it out immediately—*Miss Alton*, will you do me the favour to walk into the drawing-room?

Miss Alton. I hope, Madam, you will permit me at a proper opportunity, to give my explanation of what has passed. (*retires.*)

Miss Alscrip. There's no occasion—Let it rest among the catalogue of wonders, like the Glastonbury thorn, that blooms at Christmas.—To be serious, papa—Though I carried off your behaviour as well as I cou'd, I am really shocked at it—A man of your years, and of a profession where the opinion of the world is of such consequence.

Alscrip. My dear Molly, have not I quitted the practice of attorney, and turned fine gentleman, to laugh at the world's opinion; or, had I not, do you suppose the kiss of a pretty wench wou'd hurt a lawyer? My dear Molly, if the fraternity had no other reflections to be afraid of!

Miss Alscrip. Oh! hideous, Molly indeed! you ought to have forgot I had a christen'd name long ago: am not I going to be a countess? If you did not stint my fortune,

tune, by squad'ring your's away upon dirty trulls, I might be call'd Your Grace.

Alscrip. Spare your lectures, and you shall be call'd Your Highness, if you please.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, Lady Emily Gayville is in her carriage in the street, will your ladyship be at home?

Miss Alscrip. Yes, shew her into the drawing-room. (*Exit servant*) I entreat, Sir, you will keep a little more guard upon your passions; consider the dignity of your house, and if you must be cooing, buy a French figurante. [*Exit.*]

Alscrip. Well said, my lady countess! well said, quality morals! What am I the better for burying a jealous wife? To be chicken-peck'd is a new persecution, more provoking than the old one—Oh Molly! Molly!—Plague upon the example of an independant heiress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Drawing Room.*

Miss Alton. (alone) What perplexing scenes I already meet with in this house? I ought, however, to be contented in the security it affords against the attempts of Heartly. I *am* contented—But, oh Clifford! It was hard to be left alone to the choice of distresses.

Enter Chignon, introducing Lady Emily.

Chignon. My lady Emily Gayville—Madame no here! Mademoiselle, announce, if you please, my lady.

Lady Emily. (aside) Did my ears deceive me? surely I heard the name of Clifford—and it escaped in an accent! Pray, Sir, who is that? (*to Chignon*)

Chignon. Mademoiselle Alton, confidante of my lady, and next after me in her suite. (*examines her head dress impertinently, Miss Alton with great modesty rises and puts her work together*)

Lady Emily. There seems to be considerable difference in the decorum of her attendants. You need not stay, Sir.

Chignon.

Chignon. (*as he goes out*) Ma foi, sa tête est passable — her head may pass.

Lady Emily. (*aside*) How my heart beats with curiosity! (*Miss Alton having dispos'd her things in her work-bag, is retiring with a curtsy.*) Miss Alton, I am in no haste. On the contrary, I think the occasion fortunate that allows me to begin an acquaintance with a person of so arriable an appearance. I don't know whether that pert foreigner has led me into an error—but without being too inquisitive, may I ask if you make any part of this family?

Miss Alton. Madam, I am under Miss Alscrip's protection: I imagine I am represented as her dependant: I am not ashamed of humble circumstances, that are not the consequences of indiscretion.

Lady Emily. That with such claims to respect, you should be in any circumstances of humiliation, is a disgrace to the age we live in.

Miss Alton. Madam, my humiliation (if such it be) is just. Perhaps I have been too proud, and my heart required this self-correction. A life of retired industry might have been more pleasing to me; but an orphan—a stranger—ignorant and diffident, I prefer'd my present situation as one less exposed to misrepresentation. (*Bell rings*) I can no longer detain Miss Alscrip from the honour of receiving your Ladyship. (*A respectful curtsy and exit.*)

Lady Emily. There is something strangely mysterious and affecting in all this—what delicacy of sentiment—what softness of manners! and how well do these qualities accord with that sigh for Clifford!—she had been proud—proud of what?—of Clifford's love. It is too plain.—But then to account for her present condition?—He has betrayed and abandoned her—too plain again I fear.—She talk'd too of a self-corrected heart—take example, Emily, and recall thine from an object, which it ought more than ever to renounce. But here come the Alscrip and her friend: lud! lud! lud! how shall I recover my spirits! I must attempt it, and if I lose my present thoughts in a trial of extravagance, be it of their's or my own, it will be a happy expedient.

Enter

Enter Miss Alscrip and Mrs. Blandish.

Miss Alscrip runs up to Lady Emily and kisses her forehead.

Lady Emily. I ask your pardon, Madam, for being so awkward, but I confess I did not expect so elevated a salute.

Miss Alscrip. Dear Lady Emily, I had no notion of its not being universal. In France, the touch of the lips, just between the eyebrows, has been adopted for years.

Lady Emily. I perfectly acknowledge the propriety of the custom. It is almost the only spot of the face where the touch wou'd not risk a confusion of complexions.

Miss Alscrip. He! he! he! what a pretty thought!

Mrs. Blandish. How I have long'd for this day!—Come, let me put an end to ceremony, and join the hands of the sweetest pair that ever nature and fortune mark'd for connexion.

(Joins their hands)

Miss Alscrip. Thank you, my good Blandish, tho' I was determined to break the ice, Lady Emily, in the first place I met you. But you were not at Lady Dovecourt's last night.

Lady Emily. (affectedly) No, I went home directly from the Opera: projected the revival of a cap; read a page in the trials of Temper; went to bed and dream'd I was Belinda in the Rape of the Lock.

Mrs. Blandish. Elegant creature.

Miss Alscrip. (aside) I must have that air, if I die for it. *(Imitating)* I too came home early; supped with my old gentleman; made him explain my marriage articles, dower, and heirs entail; read a page in a trial of Divorce, and dream'd of a rose-colour equipage, with emblems of Cupids issuing out of Coronets.

Mrs. Blandish. Oh, you sweet twins of perfection—what equality in every thing! I have thought of a name for you—The Inseparable Inimitables.

Miss Alscrip. I declare I shall like it exceedingly—one sees so few uncopied originals—the thing I cannot bear—

Lady Emily. Is vulgar imitation—I must catch the words from your mouth to shew how we agree.

Miss Alscrip. Exactly. Not that one wishes to be without affectation.

Lady

Lady Emily. Oh! mercy forbid!

Miss Alscrip. But to catch a manner, and weave it, as I may say, into one's own originality.

Mrs. Blandish. Pretty! pretty!

Lady Emily. That's the art—Lord, if one liv'd entirely upon one's own whims, who would not be run out in a twelve-month?

Miss Alscrip. Dear Lady Emily, don't you doat upon folly?

Lady Emily. To ecstasy. I only despair of seeing it well kept up.

Miss Alscrip. I flatter myself there is no great danger of that.

Lady Emily. You are mistaken. We have, 'tis true, some examples of the extravaganza in high life that no other country can match; but withal, many a false sister, that starts, as one would think, in the very hey-day of the fantastic, yet comes to a stand-still in the midst of the course.

Mrs. Blandish. Poor spiritless creatures!

Lady Emily. Do you know there is more than one Duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband—like two doves in a basket, in the print of Conjugal Felicity; and another has been detected! I almost blush to name it.

Mrs. Blandish. Bless us, where? and how? and how?

Lady Emily. In nursing her own child!

Miss Alscrip. Oh! barbarism!——For heaven's sake let us change the subject. You were mentioning a reviv'd cap, Lady Emily; any thing of the Henry quatre?

Lady Emily. Quite different. An English mob under the chin, and artless ringlets in natural colour, that shall restore an admiration for Prior's Nut-brown Maid.

Miss Alscrip. Horrid! shocking!

Lady Emily. Absolutely necessary. To be different from the rest of the world, we must now revert to nature: Make haste, or you have so much to undo, you will be left behind.

Miss Alscrip. I dare say so. But who can vulgarize all at once? What will the French say?

Lady Emily. We are to have an interchange of fashions and follies upon a basis of unequivocal reciprocity.

Miss

Miss Alscip. Fashions and follies—oh, what a promising manufacture!

Lady Emily. Yes, and one, thank heaven, that we may defy the edict of any potentate to prohibit.

Miss Alscip. (*with an affected drop of her lip in her laugh*) He! he! he! he! he! he!

Lady Emily. My dear Miss Alscip, what are you doing? I must correct you as I love you. Sure you must have observed the drop of the under-lip is exploded since Lady Simpermode broke a tooth—(*Sets her mouth affectedly*)—I am preparing the cast of the lips for the ensuing winter—thus—It is to be called the Paphian mimp.

Miss Alscip. (*imitating*) I swear I think it pretty—I must try to get it.

Lady Emily. Nothing so easy. It is done by one cabalistical word like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimini-pimini—the lips cannot fail of taking their plie.

Miss Alscip. Nimini-pimini—imini, mimini—oh, it's delightfully enfantine—and so innocent, to be kissing one's own lips.

Lady Emily. You have it to a charm—does it not become her infinitely, Mrs. Blandish?

Mrs. Blandish. Our friend's features must succeed in every grace; but never so much as in a quick change of extremes.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, Lord Gayville desires to know if you are at home?

Miss Alscip. A strange formality!

Lady Emily. (*aside*) No brother ever came more opportunely to a sister's relief, "I have fool'd it to the top of my bent."

Miss Alscip. Desire Miss Alton to come to me. (*Exit servant*) Lady Emily, you must not blame me; I am supporting the cause of our sex, and must punish a lover for some late inattentions—I shall not see him.

Lady Emily. Oh cruel! (*Sees Miss Alton, who enters*)—Miss Alscip, you have certainly the most elegant companion in the world.

Miss

Miss Alscrip. Dear, do you think so? an ungain, dull sort of a body, in my mind; but we'll try her in the present business. Miss Alton, you must do me a favour.—I want to plague my husband that is to be—you must take my part—you must *double me*, like a second actress at Paris, when the first has the vapours.

Miss Alton. Madam!

Miss Alscrip. Oh never look alarmed——It is only to convey my refusal of his visit, and to set his alarms afloat a little—particularly with jealousy, that's the master torment.

Miss Alton. Really, Madam, the task you wou'd impose upon me——

Miss Alscrip. Will be a great improvement to *you*, and quite right for me. Tease—tease, and tame, is a rule without exception from the keeper of the lions to the teacher of a piping bulfinch.

Mrs. Blandish. But, you hard-hearted thing, will you name any object for his jealousy?

Miss Alscrip. No, keep him there in the dark—Always keep your creature in the dark—That's another secret of taming—Don't be grave, Lady Emily (*whose attention is fixed on Miss Alton*) Your brother's purgatory shall be short, and I'll take the reconciliation scene upon myself.

Lady Emily. (*endeavouring to recover herself*) I cannot but pity him; especially as I am sure, that do what you will, he will always regard you with the same eyes. And so, my sweet sister, I leave him to your mercy, and to that of your representative, whose disposition, if I have any judgment, is ill suited to a task of severity.

Mrs. Blandish. Dear Lady Emily, carry me away with you. When a lover is coming, it shall never be said I am in the way.

Lady Emily. I am at your orders (*looking at Miss Alton*) (*aside*) What a suspense am I to suffer! a moment more and I shall betray myself—adieu, Miss Alscrip.

Miss Alscrip. Call Lady Emily's servants.

Lady Emily. You sha'n't stir——remember nimini-primini. [Exit.]

Mrs. Blandish. (*coming back and squeezing Miss Alscrip's hand, in a half whisper*) She'd give her eyes to be like you. [Exit.]

Miss

Miss Alscrip. Now for it, Miss Alton—Only remember that you are doubling *me*, the woman he adores.

Miss Alton. Indeed, Madam, I am quite incapable of executing your orders to your satisfaction. The utmost I can undertake is a short message.

Miss Alscrip. Never fear. (*knock at the door.*) There he comes—Step aside, and I'll give you your very words.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Gayville, conducted by a Servant.

Lord Gayville. So, now to get through this piece of drudgery. There's a meanness in my proceeding, and my compunction is just. Oh, the dear lost possessor of my heart! lost, irrecoverably lost!

Enter Miss Alton from the bottom of the scene.

Miss Alton. A pretty employment I am sent upon.

Lord Gayville. (*to himself*) Could she but know the sacrifice I am ready to make!

Miss Alton. (*to herself*) The very picture of a lover, if absence of mind marks one. It is unpleasant for me to interrupt a man I never saw, but I shall deliver my message very concisely.—My Lord——

Lord Gayville. (*turning*) Madam. (*both start and stand in surprise*) Astonishment! Miss Alton! my charming fugitive!

Miss Alton. How! Mr. Heartly—Lord Gayville!

Lord Gayville. My joy and my surprise are alike unutterable. But I conjure you, Madam, tell me by what strange circumstance do I meet you here?

Miss Alton. (*aside*) Now assist me, honest pride! assist me, resentment.

Lord Gayville. You spoke to me—Did you know me?

Miss Alton. No otherwise, my Lord, than as Miss Alscrip's lover. I had a message from her to your lordship.

Lord Gayville. For heaven's sake, Madam, in what capacity?

Miss Alton. In one, my Lord, not very much above the class of a servant.

Lord Gayville. Impossible, sure! It is to place the brilliant below the foil—to make the inimitable work of nature secondary to art and defect.

Miss

Miss Alton. It is to take refuge in a situation that offers me security against suspicious obligation; against vile design; against the attempts of a seducer—It is to exercise the patience, that the will, and perhaps the favour of heaven, meant to try.

Lord Gayville. Cruel, cruel to yourself and me— Could I have had a happiness like that of assisting you against the injustice of fortune—and when thus to be degraded was the alternative.

Miss Alton. My Lord, it is fit I should be explicit.— Reflect upon the language you have held to me; view the character in which you present yourself to this family; and then pronounce in whose breast we must look for a sense of degradation.

Lord Gayville. In mine, and mine alone. I confess it—Hear nevertheless my defence—My actions are all the result of love. And culpable as I may seem, my conscience does not reproach me with—

Miss Alton. Oh, my Lord, I readily believe you—You are above its reproaches—qualities that are infamous and fatal, in one class of life, create applause and conscientious satisfaction in another.

Lord Gayville. Infamous and fatal qualities! What means my lovely accuser?

Miss Alton. That to steal or stab is death in common life: but when one of your lordship's degree sets his hard heart upon the destruction of a woman, how glorious is his success! How consummate his triumph! When he can follow the theft of her affections by the murder of her honour.

Miss Alscrip enters softly behind.

Miss Alscrip. I wonder how it goes on.

Lord Gayville. Exalted! Adorable woman!

Miss Alscrip. Adorable! Aye, I thought how 'twou'd be!

Lord Gayville. Hear me! I conjure you—

Miss Alscrip. Not a word, if she knows her business.

Miss Alton. My Lord! I have heard too much.

Miss Alscrip. Brava. I cou'd not have play'd it better myself.

Lord

Lord Gayville. Oh! Still more charming than severe.

[*Kneels.*

Miss Alscip. Humph! I hope he means me though.

Lord Gayville. The character in which you see me here makes me appear more odious to myself, if possible, than I am to you.

Miss Alscip. (behind) By all that's treacherous I doubt it.

Miss Alton. Desist, my Lord——Miss Alscip has a claim.

Miss Alscip. Aye, now for it.

Lord Gayville. By heav'n, she is my aversion. It is my family on whom I am dependant that has betray'd me into these cursed addresses—Accept my contrition—pity a wretch struggling with the complicated torments of passion, shame, penitence and despair.

Miss Alscip. (comes forward) (all silent and confused) I never saw a part better doubled in my life!

Lord Gayville. Confusion! What a light do I appear in to them both. How shall I redeem myself, even in my own opinion!

Miss Alscip. (looking at Lord Gayville) Expressive dignity! (*looking at Miss Alton*) Sweet simplicity! Amiable diffidence!——“ She should execute my commands most awkwardly.”

Lord Gayville. (aside) There is but one way.—(*to Miss Alscip*)—Madam, your sudden entrance has effected a discovery which with shame I confess ought to have been made before—The lady who stands there is in possession of my heart. If it is a crime to adore her, I am the most guilty wretch on earth—Pardon me if you can; my sincerity is painful to me—But in this crisis it is the only atonement I can offer. (*Bows and exit.*)

Miss Alscip. (after a pause) Admirable!—Perfect! The most finish'd declaration, I am convinc'd, that ever was made from beggarly nobility to the woman who was to make his fortune—the Lady who stands there—the lady—Madam—I am in patient expectation for the sincerity of your ladyship's atonement.

Miss Alton. I am confounded at the strange occurrences that have happen'd; but be assured you see in me an innocent, and most *unwilling* rival.

Miss

Miss Alscrip. Rival! better and better!—You—you give me uneasiness! You moppet—you coquet of the side table to catch the gawkey heir of the family, when he comes from school at Christmas—You—you—you vile seducer of my good old honour'd father! (*cries*) (*in a passion again*) What, is my lady dumb? Hussy! Have you the insolence to hold your tongue?

Miss Alton. Madam, I just now offer'd to justify this scene; I thought it the part of duty to myself, and respect to you. But your behaviour has now left but one sentiment upon my mind.

Miss Alscrip. And what is that, Madam?

Miss Alton. (*With pointed expression*) Scorn.

[*Exit.*

Miss Alscrip. Was there ever any thing like this before?—and to a woman of my fortune?—I to be robb'd of a lover—and that a poor Lord too—I'll have the act reviv'd against witchcraft; I'll have the minx tried—I'll—I'll—I'll verify the proverb of the tragedy—

Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Alscrip's Room of Business.

Alscrip and Rightly.

Rightly. Upon all these matters, Mr. Alscrip, I am authorized by my client, Sir Clement Flint, to agree.—There remains nothing but your favouring me with the inspection of the Charlton title-deeds, and your daughter's settlements may be engrossed.

Alscrip. I cannot conceive, my friend Rightly, any such inspection to be requisite. Have not I been in constant quiet possession?

Rightly. Sir Clement insists upon it.

Alscrip. A client insist! and you, an old practitioner, suffer such a demur to your infallibility!—Ah! in my practice I had the sure means of disappointing such dabblers and divers into their own cases.

Rightly. How, pray?

Alscrip. I read his writings to him myself—I was the best reader in Chancery-lane for setting the understanding

at

at defiance—Drew breath but once in a quarter of an hour, always in the wrong place, and made a single sentence of six skins of parchment—Shall I give you a specimen?

Rightly, (smiling) I have no doubt of your talent.

Alscrip. Then return to Sir Clement, and follow my example.

Rightly. No, Mr. Alscrip, tho' I acknowledge your skill, I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

Alscrip. Law understood! Zounds! wou'd you destroy the profession?

Rightly. No, I wou'd raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the *theory*, to which he is competent, the practice wou'd revert to the purity of its institution, maintain the *rights*, and not promote the knavery of mankind.

Alscrip. (aside) Plaguy odd maxims.—Sure he means to try me.—*(to him)* Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone—I have lock'd the door. *(in a half whisper)*

Rightly. A very useless precaution. I have not a principle nor a proceeding that I wou'd not proclaim at Charing Cross.

Alscrip. (aside) No! then I'll pronounce you the most silly, or the most impudent fellow of the fraternity.

Rightly. But where are these writings? You can have no difficulty in laying your hand upon them, for I perceive you keep things in a distinguish'd regularity.

Alscrip. Yes, I have distinct repositories for all papers, and especially title deeds—Some in drawers—Some in closets—*(aside)* and a few under ground.

Miss Alscrip. (rattling at the door) What makes you lock the door, Sir? I must speak to you this instant.

Alscrip. One moment, child, and I'll be ready for you. *(Turning again to Rightly as to dissuade him.)*

Miss Alscrip. (still rattling at the door) Don't tell me of moments—let me in.

Alscrip. Wheugh! What impatient devil possesses the girl—Stay a moment It ell you—*(turns again to Rightly.)*

Rightly. (coolly) If the thoughts of the wedding-day make any part of the young lady's impatience, you take a bad way, Mr. Alscrip, to satisfy it; for I tell you plainly our business cannot be completed till I see these writings.

Alscrip. (aside) Confound the old hound—how he sticks to his scent.

Miss Alscrip still at the door.

Alscrip. I am coming I tell you. *(opens a bureau in a confused hurry, shuffles papers about, puts one into Rightly's hand)* There, if this whim must be indulged, step into the next room—You who know the material parts of a parchment lie in a nutshell, will look it over in ten minutes. *(Puts him into another room.)*

Miss Alscrip. I won't wait another instant whatever you are about—Let me in.

Alscrip. (opening the door) Sex, and vehemence! What is the matter now?

Enter Miss Alscrip in the most violent emotion.

Miss Alscrip. So, Sir; yes, Sir; you have done finely by me indeed; you are a pattern for fathers—a precious match you had provided. *(walking about)*

Alscrip. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Alscrip. (running on) I that with 50,000 independent pounds left myself in a father's hands—a thing unheard of, and waited for a husband with unparalleled patience till I was of age—

Alscrip. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Alscrip. (following him about) I that at fourteen might have married a French Marquis, my governess told me he was—for all he was her brother—

Alscrip. Gad a mercy, governess—

Miss Alscrip. And as for commoners, had not I the choice of the market? And the handsome Irish Colonel at Bath, that had carried off six heiresses before, for himself and friends, and wou'd have found his way to Gretna-green blindfold!

Alscrip. (aside) Gad I wish you were there now with all my heart—What the devil is at the bottom of all his?

Miss

Miss Alscrip. Why Lord Gayville is at the bottom—And your hussy that you were so sweet upon this morning, is at the bottom! a treacherous minx!—I sent her only for a little innocent diversion as my double——

Alscrip. Your what?

Miss Alscrip. Why, my double, to vex him.

Alscrip. Double! this is the most useless attendant you have had yet—Gad I'll start you single handed in the art of vexation against any ten women in England.

Miss Alscrip. I caught them, just as I did you.

Alscrip. Is that all? Gad I don't see much in that.

Miss Alscrip. Not much? what, a woman of my fortune and accomplishments turn'd off——rejected——renounc'd——

Alscrip. How! renounc'd? has he broke the contract!——Will you prove he has broke the contract?

Miss Alscrip. Aye. Now my dear papa, you take a tone that becomes you; now the blood of the Alscrips rises;—rises as it ought; you mean to fight him directly, don't you?

Alscrip. Oh yes, I'm his man—I'll shew you a lawyer's challenge, sticks and staves, guns, swords, daggers, poniards, knives, scissars and bodkins. I'll put more weapons into a bit of paper, six inches square, than wou'd stock the armory of the Tower.

Miss Alscrip. Pistols!—Don't talk to me of any thing but pistols:—my dear papa, who shall be your second?

Alscrip. I'll have two——John Doe, and Richard Roe——as pretty fellows as any in England to see fair play, and as us'd to the differences of good company.——They shall greet him with their *feri facias*——so don't be cast down, Molly, I'll answer for damages to indemnify our loss of temper and reputation—he shall have a *fi-fa* before to-morrow night.

Miss Alscrip. Fiery faces and damages—What does your Westminster-hall gibberish mean?—Are a woman's feelings to be satisfied with a *fi-fa*—you old insensible—you have no sense of family honour—no tender affections.

Alscrip. Gad you have enough for us both, when you want your father to be shot through the head—but stand out of the way, here's a species of family honour more necessary to be taken care of——If we were to go to law,

this wou'd be a precious set-off against us. (*Takes up the deed as if to lock it up*) This—why what the devil—I hope I don't see clear—Curse and confusion, I have given the wrong one—Here's fine work—Here's a blunder—Here's the effect of a woman's impetuosity.

Miss Alscrip. Lord, what a fuss you are in; what is in the old trumpery scroll?

Miss Alscrip. Plague and parchment, old Rightly will find what's in it, if I don't interrupt him—Mr. Rightly—Mr. Rightly—Mr. Rightly—(*going to the door Rightly went out at.*)

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Rightly is gone.

Alscrip. Gone! whither?

Servant. Home, I believe, Sir—He came out at the door into the hall, and bade me tell your honour you might depend upon his reading over the deed with particular care.

Alscrip. Fire and fury, my hat and cane—(*Exit servant.*) Here, my hat and cane (*flamps about.*)

Miss Alscrip. Sir, I expect, before you come home—

Alscrip. Death and devils, expect to be ruin'd—this comes of list'ning to you—The sex hold the power of mischief by prescription—Zounds!—Mischief—Mischief—is the common law of womankind. [*Exit in a rage.*]

Miss Alscrip. Mercy on us—I never saw him more provok'd, even when my mother was alive. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Alscrip's Room.

Chignon.

QUE diable veut dire tout ça—vat devil, all dis mean?—Monsieur Alscrip enragé—Mademoiselle Alscrip fly about like de dancing fury at de Opera—My littel musicienne, shut up, and in de absence of Madame, I keep

keep de key of de littel Bastile——By gad, I vou'd rather have de custody of my pretty prisoniere than the whole college of cardinals——but vat have we here?

Enter Sir Clement and Clifford.

Sir Clement. (speaking to a servant) Mr. Alscrip not at home, no matter—we'll wait his return——The French Valet de Chambre *(to Clifford)*——It may be of use to make acquaintance with him——Monsieur, how do you like this country?

Chignon. Ver good contrée, Sire, by and bye—when you grow a littel more poor.

Sir Clement. Is that a Parisian rule for improvement?

Chignon. Yes, Sir, and we help you to follow our example—In good times you hang, and you drown—In bad time you vill be like us. Alway poor—alway gay—forget your politics—laugh at your grievances—take your inuff, vive la dissipation—ver good country.

Sir Clement. Thanks for your kind advice, Monsieur, you Frenchmen are so obliging, and so communicative to strangers—I hear there is a young lady come into this family—we don't exactly know in what capacity—could not you contrive that she shou'd pass through this room—or—

Chignon (aside.) By gar here be one more old rake after de littel muscienne.

Sir Clement. Only for curiosity,—we never saw her, and have particular reasons—*(gives money.)*

Chignon. Ma foi, your reasons be ver expressive *(aside)*—but vat devil shall I do—open de cage of my littel Ro-signol—my pretty nightingale—no, Chignon—no—*(looking out)* ah, hah! La Tiffany——Now for de politique—begar I undertake your business—and make you de dupe of de performance. [*Exit with a sign to Sir Clement.*]

Sir Clement. So—Clifford—There goes as disinterested a fellow now as any in Europe. But hark you—Can you yet guess the purpose for which I brought you here?

Clifford. I profess, Sir, I am in the dark. If it concerns Lord Gayville's secret——

Sir Clement. Namely, that I have discovered, without your assistance, that this Dulcinea has started up in the shape of Miss Alscrip's musical companion—Her name is

Alton. (*leering*) I tell it you, because I am sure you did not know it—or if you had—a friend's secret ought to be sacred; and to keep it from the only person, who by knowing it cou'd save him from destruction, would be a new exercise of your virtue.

Clifford. Sir, you will not know me.—

Sir Clement. Tut, tut, don't do me such injustice—Come, all delicacy being over by my having made the discovery, will you talk to this girl?

Clifford. For what end, Sir?

Sir Clement. If you state yourself as Lord Gayville's friend, she will converse with you more readily, than she wou'd with me—Try her—find out what she is really at. If she proves an impostor of the refined artifice I suspect, that puts on humility to veil her purpose, and chastity to effect it—leave her to me. If she has no hold upon him but her person, I shall be easy.

Clifford. Sir, let my compliance convince you how much I wish to oblige you. If I can get a sight of this wonder, I promise to give you my faithful opinion of my friend's danger.

Enter Chignon and makes a sign to Sir Clement, that the person he enquir'd after is coming,

Sir Clement. Leave her with this gentleman—Come, Monsieur, you shall shew me the new room. [*Exit.*

Chignon (*aside*.) Vid dis gentleman—Vid all my heart—La Tiffany vill answer his purpose, and mine too. [*Exit.* (Clifford is looking at the furniture of the room.)

Enter Tiffany.

Tiffany. What does the Frenchman mean by gentlemen wanting me, and his gibberish of making soft eyes—I hope I know the exercise of my eyes without his instruction—hah! I vow, a clever-looking man.

Clifford. (*seeing Tiffany*) A good smart girl; but not altogether quaker-like in her apparel, nor does her air quite answer my conception of a goddess.

Tiffany. (*aside*) How he examines me! so much the better—I shall lose nothing by that, I believe.

Clifford. Faith a pretty attracting countenance—but for that

that apprehensive and timid look—that awe impressing modesty, my friend so forcibly describ'd.—

[*Tiffany adjusts herself and pulls up.*]

Clifford. (aside) There is no judging of that wonderful sex by rational rules—Her silence marks diffidence; deuce take me if I know how to begin for fear of offending her reserve.

Tiffany. (aside) I have been told pertness became me—I'll try, I'm resolved. (*to him*) I hear, Sir, you had something to say to a young person in this house—that—that—(*looking down at the same time archly*) I cou'd not but take the description to myself—I am ready to hear any thing a gentleman has to say.

Clifford. (aside) Thank my stars, my scruples are relieved.

Tiffany. Am I mistaken, Sir? Pray, who was you inquiring after?

Clifford. Oh! certainly you, my pretty stranger. A friend of mine has been robbed of his heart, and I see the felony in your looks.

Tiffany. (simpering and coquetting) Lord, Sir, if I had suspected you had come with a search warrant for hearts, I wou'd have been more upon my guard.

Clifford. (chucking her under the chin) Will you confess, or must I arrest you?

Tiffany. Innocent, Sir, in fact, but not quite so in inclination—I hope your own is safe.

Clifford. And were it not, my smart unconscionable, would you run away with that also?

Tiffany. Oh, yes, and an hundred more; and melt them all down together as the Jews do stolen goods to prevent their being reclaim'd—Gold, silver, and lead; pray, Sir, of what metal may your's be?

Clifford. (aside) Astonishing! Have I hit upon the moment when her fancy outruns her art!—Or has Gayville been in a dream?—And are you really the young Lady that is the companion of Miss Alscrip, that makes such conquests at first sight?

Tiffany. Sir, if you mean the young Lady who has been named, however undeservedly, the flower of this family; who appears sometimes at these windows; and to

be sure has been followed home by gentlemen against her inclinations—Sir, you are not mistaken.

Clifford. (aside) It has been Gayville's madness or amusement then to describe her by contraries.

Tiffany. I hope, Sir, you are not offended, I would not be impertinent, tho' I am not so tasteless as to be shy.

Clifford. Offended! my dear; I am quite charm'd, I assure you. You are just what I did not expect, but wished to find you. You had been represented to me so improperly.

Tiffany. (with pertness) Represented improperly! Pray, Sir, what do you mean?

Clifford. To rejoice in my mistake, I promise you—Nay, and to set my friend right in his opinion, and so without farther shyness on either part, let us be free upon the subject I had to talk over with you. You surely are not looking to lasting connections.

Tiffany. (with airs) Sir, I don't understand you—I am not what you suppose, I assure you—Connections indeed—I should never have thought of that—my character—my behaviour; connections, I don't know what the word signifies.

Sir Clement. (without) Clifford—are you ready?

Clifford. I am at your orders, Sir.

Tiffany. (aside) Deuce take this interruption!

Sir Clement. (without) I shall not wait for Mr. Alscip any longer.

Tiffany. (aside) Lud, lud, he gives me no time to come round again. (*Runs up to him confusedly*) It's very true, Sir, I would not do such a thing for the world, but you are a man of honour, and I am sure would not give bad advice to a poor girl who is but a novice—and so, Sir, (*bears Sir Clement entering*) put your proposal in writing, and you may depend on having an answer.

[*Runs out.*]

Enter Sir Clement.

Sir Clement. Well, Clifford, what do you think of her?

Clifford. Make yourself perfectly easy, Sir: This girl, when known, can make no impression on Lord Gayville's mind; and I doubt not but a silk gown and a lottery ticket,

ticket, had they been offered as an ultimatum, would have purchased her person.

Sir Clement. (with a dry sneer) Don't you sometimes, Clifford, form erroneous opinions of people's pretensions? Interest and foolish passion inspire strange notions—as one or the other prevails, we are brought to look so low, or so high—

Clifford. (with emotion.) That we are compell'd to call reason and honour to our aid——

Sir Clement. And then——

Clifford. We lose the intemperance of our inclinations in the sense of what is right.

Sir Clement. (aside) Sententious impostor! *(to him)* But to the point.

Clifford. Sir, I wou'd please you, if I cou'd—I am thinking of a scheme to restore Lord Gayville to his senses, without violence or injury to any one of the parties.

Sir Clement. Let me hear it.

Clifford. Why the wench being cut short of marketing by word of mouth (which she was doing in all due form when you came in) desired me to write proposals. I am inclined to do so. We will shew the answer to Lord Gayville, and depend upon it, there will be character enough display'd to cure him of the sentimental part of his attachment.

Sir Clement. I like your idea—Sit down and put it into execution immediately——

[Clifford writes.]

Sir Clement. (to himself) He is quick at invention—has a pretty turn at profession—A proud and peremptory shew of honour that wou'd overpower prejudices—Thank heaven, my opinions of knavery are convictions!

Clifford. (Writing) I am sorry to detain you, Sir.

Sir Clement. (looking at the furniture) Oh! I am amusing myself better than you think—Indulging an edifying contemplation among the tombs of departed estates—*(Looking round the furniture, viz. closets that shew old writings tied up, shelves with boxes, labelled mortgages, lease and release, &c.)* What mouldered skins that will never see day-light again, and that with a good herald wou'd vie with Westminster-abbey in holiday entertainment. For instance now, what have we here?—Hah! The last remains of Fatland priory—Once of great mo-

nastic importance: A proverb of pride, sloth, and hypocrisy. After the reformation the seat of old English hospitality and benevolence—In the present century, altered, adorned, pull'd down, and the materials sold by auction.

Clifford. Edifying indeed, Sir; your comments are not lost.

Sir Clement. Here lie undisturbed in dust, the relicks of Court-baron castle, granted at the conquest to the family of Loftimount. The last of this ancient race having won twenty seven king's plates, and represented the county in six parliaments, after many struggles died of the pistol fever—a disconsolate annuitant inscribed this box to his memory.

Clifford. Ha! ha! ha! (*Rising*) I am quite concern'd to interrupt you, Sir, but you shall hear my letter (*reads.*)
 “ You have captivated a young man of rank and fortune,
 “ but you are discover'd, and his ruin and yours wou'd
 “ be the consequence of pursuing any designs, that cou'd
 “ impede his proposed marriage with Miss Alscip—
 “ Throw yourself upon the generosity of his family, and
 “ your fortune's made—Send your answer (and let it be
 “ immediate) to me at Sir Clement Flint's house—
 “ Yours, &c. &c.

HENRY CLIFFORD.”

Sir Clement. It will do very well, our French friend is the man to deliver it, and to bring the answer. I am going home, you'll overtake me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Chignon.

Clifford. (*sealing the letter.*) You come apropos, Monsieur (*gives the letter with an air of mystery.*) Have the goodness to put this letter into Miss Alton's own hands.

Chignon. (*to himself*) Mademoiselle Alton! Peste! My trick has not passed.

Clifford. To Miss Alton by herself—I am in all the secret.

Chignon. (*to himself.*) Devil take Tiffany for making you so wise.

Clifford. And you serve your Lady, when you serve me with Miss Alton—Monsieur, an answer as quick as possible.—You will find me at Sir Clement Flint's—it is only in the

the next street—and—you understand me—(*Shaking his purse*) Alerte, Monsieur. [*Exit.*]

Chignon. Understand you—Oui da! you talk de language universal (*imitating his shaking the purse*) J'entre vois, I begin to see something—By gad I vill give de letter, and try de inclination of Mademoiselle la Musicienne—if dis be de duette she vill play, it take her out of the way of Alscrip, of Gayville, and of myself also—Voila le malheur—there—de misfortune—eh bien—when love and interest come across—alway prefer de interest for to-day, and take de chance of de love to-morrow—dat is de humour of France.

SCENE II. *Sir Clement Flint's house.*

Enter Lord Gayville and Sir Clement.

Lord Gayville. I am resolved to see Miss Alscrip no more.

Sir Clement. And I hope you are prepared with arguments to justify the cause of this breach, to me, and to the world.

Lord Gayville. For my reconciliation with you, I hope your former partiality will return to my aid; and as for the world I despise it. The multitude look at happiness thro' the false glare of wealth and pomp: I have discovered it, tho' yet at a distance, through the only true medium, that of mutual affection.

Sir Clement. No common place book formed from a whole library of plays and novels could furnish a better sentence. Your folly wou'd shame a school-boy—even of the last age—In the present he learns the world with his grammar, and gets a just notion of the worthlessness of the other sex before he is of an age to be duped by their attractions.

Lord Gayville. Sir, your prejudices—

Sir Clement. My prejudices?—will you appeal to Clifford—here he comes—your friend—your other self.

Enter Clifford.

Lord Gayville. And will Clifford condemn the choice of the heart?

Clifford. Never, my lord, when justly placed—In the case I perceive you are arguing, I am ready to blush for you—nay, don't look grave—I am acquainted with your enchantress.

Lord Gayville. You acquainted with her?

Clifford. Yes, and if I don't deceive myself, shall make her break her own spell. I am in correspondence with her.

Lord Gayville. You in correspondence with Miss Alton!—when? where? What am I to think of this?

Clifford. My dear Lord, that she is the most errant coquette, the most accomplished jilt, the most ready trafficker of her charms——

Lord Gayville. Phrenzy and profanation—Such dignity of virtue, such chastity of sentiment——

Sir Clement. Ha! ha! ha!

Clifford. Phrenzy indeed! You have formed a creature of imagination, and like a true Quixote, think it real; you have talked to her of dignity, of virtue and chastity of sentiment, till you have taught her a lure she never dreamt of—Had you treated her at first as I did, she wou'd have put a card into your hand to inform you of her lodging.

Lord Gayville. Clifford, what has betray'd you into calumny so unwarrantable and despicable?

Sir Clement. Come, Gayville, I'll be plain with you, you have fillily let the girl raise her price upon you—but if nothing else will satisfy you, e'en pay it, and have done with her.

Lord Gayville. Sir, her price is an unadulterated heart: I am afraid we cannot pay it betwixt us.

Enter Chignon; (delivers a letter to Clifford apart.)

Chignon. Alerte, Monsieur, I repete your word—Mademoiselle Alton be all your own.

Sir Clement. Come, Clifford, the contents: his Lordship braves the trial.

Lord Gayville. What is this mighty scheme? and what is that paper to discover?

Clifford.

Clifford. (*breaking open the letter*) Your Lordship shall be informed word for word. (*Upon first sight of the contents he shews the utmost emotion*) Amazement! do I dream! can it be? who wrote this letter?

Sir Clement. Oh! speak out, Monsieur, we are all friends.

Chignon. De true Mademoiselle Alton, to whom you charge me to give your letter—she open it—she turn pale—den red—den confuse—den kisse your name—den write, and bid me fly.

Lord Gayville. Confusion on confusion, what does all this mean? explain.

Clifford. You must pardon me, I am disconcerted—confounded—thunder-struck—This letter is indeed of a different nature, from that I expected—I am more interested in Miss Alton's fate than your Lordship—my perplexity is not to be endur'd; friend, come with me instantly.

Exeunt Clifford and Chignon.

Lord Gayville. Mystery, and torture! what am I to collect from this? He interested in the fate of Miss Alton? he her former acquaintance?

Sir Clement. Why not—and her dupe also?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Is Mr. Clifford gone, Sir?

Lord Gayville. (*impatiently*) Who wants him?

Servant. A chairman with a letter, he will not deliver to a servant.

Sir Clement. Call the fellow in. [*Exit Servant.*] Who knows but he may help us in our difficulties.

Chairman brought in with a letter in his hand.

Lord Gayville. (*still impatiently*) Whom did you bring that letter from?

Chairman. Please your honour, I dont know; passing through the square, a fash flew up, and down came this letter and half a crown upon my head. It could not have fallen better, there's not a fellow in town more ready handed than I am at private business.—So I resolved to deliver it safely—Is your honour's name Clifford?

Lord Gayville. No indeed, friend, I am not so happy a man.

Sir

Sir Clement. (*aside*) That letter must not be lost though. Here, my friend—I'll take charge of your letter. (*takes the letter*) Something for your pains.

Chairman. God bless your honour, and if you want to send an answer, my number is forty-seven in Bond-street—your honour, I am known by the name of secret Tom.

[*Exit.*

Lord Gayville. What is the use of this deceit? strong as my suspicion is, a seal must be sacred.

Sir Clement. Our circumstances make an exception to your rule: when there is treason in the state, wax gives way. (*takes the letter, opens and reads it.*) Faith this is beyond my expectation—tho' the mystery is unfathomable, the aptness of it to my purpose is admirable—Gayville—I wish you joy.

Lord Gayville. Of what?

Sir Clement. Of conviction! if this is not plain! only hear (*reads*) “since my confused lines of a few minutes past, my perplexities redouble upon my spirits—I am in momentary apprehension of farther insult from the Alscip family; I am still more anxious to avoid Lord Gayville” (*pauses and looks at Lord Gayville*) “do not suspect my sincerity—I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you.”—Here she is, Gayville, look at her, through the true medium of mutual affection—“I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you—Fly to me, secure me, my dearest Henry.”

Lord Gayville. Dearest Henry!

Sir Clement. (*reads on*) “Dearest Henry—In this call, the danger of your Harriet unites with the impatience of her affection.”

Lord Gayville. Hell, and fury! this must be some trick, some forgery (*snatches the letter*) No, by all that's perfidious it is that exquisite hand that baffles imitation.

Sir Clement. All regular, strict, undeviating modern morals—common property is the first principle of friendship; your horse, your house, your purse, your mistress—nay, your wife wou'd be a better example still of the doctrine of this generous age. Bless fortune, Gayville, that has brought the fidelity of your friend and your girl to the test at the same time.

Lord Gayville. Sir, I am not in a humour for any spleen
but

but my own. What can this mean? It must have been a secret attachment for years—but then the avowal of a correspondence, and the confusion at receiving it—his coldness in traducing her; the passionate interest he expresses'd in her fate; the conviction of his second letter—It is all delirium. I'll search the matter to the bottom, tho' I go to Clifford's heart for it. *(Exit in great anger.)*

Sir Clement. I'll after the precious fellow too—He is, a rogue above my hopes, and the intricacy of his snares excite my curiosity. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *Lady Emily's Apartment.*

Lady Emily discover'd reading.

It will not do. My eyes may run over a thousand subjects, but my thoughts centre in one. Ah! that sigh! that sigh from the fair sufferer this morning—I have found it echo in my own heart ever since.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, Mr. Blandish.

Lady Emily. Pooh! did you say I was at home?

Servant. Your Ladyship gave no orders to the contrary.

Lady Emily. Shew him in. *[Exit servant.]* I must take up my air of levity again—It is the only humour for a fellow who I sometimes allow to entertain me, but who never can get my esteem. I have more calls upon my affectation this unlucky day, than my real disposition would execute in a long life.

Enter Blandish.

Lady Emily. Blandish, I am horridly peevish; have you any thing diverting in news or flattery.

Blandish. In the latter, Madam, nothing. My admiration has all the dulness of truth: but shew me what you think a flaw, and I'll try without flattery to convince you it is a beauty.

Lady Emily. Tolerably expresses'd—but the idea of a faultless woman is false in point of encomium; she would be

be respectable, awful, and unattracting. Odd as it may seem, a woman, to charm, requires a little dash of harmless imperfection. I know I have a thousand amiable faults that I wou'd not part with for the world. So try again : something more new and refined.

Blandish. Examine my heart, Lady Emily, and you will find both : the novelty of disinterested passion, and refinement acquired by the study of you.

Lady Emily. Rather better : but *that* does not please me much ; the less, perhaps, as it is rather out of your way, and more in that of my friend your sister, who, I observe, always puts a compliment in full view—Yours generally come more forcibly, by affording us the pleasure of finding them out——It is the excellency of a brilliant to play in the dark.

Blandish. Allow yourself to be the brilliant, and attend to another allusion. With trembling ambition, I confess, that not content with admiring the jewel, I would wear it.

Lady Emily. Wear it ?

Blandish. As an appendage to my heart—Conscious of its value, proud of its display, and devoted to its preservation.

Lady Emily. Riddles, Mr. Blandish—but so let them remain—I assure you this hour is very inauspicious for explanation.

Blandish. I fear so. For in an hour, when Clifford proves treacherous, who can escape suspicion ?

Lady Emily. Clifford ! for what purpose is he introduced in this conversation ?

Blandish. You ask'd me for intelligence ; the latest is , that Clifford has been detected in a clandestine intercourse with the object of Lord Gayville's secret passion ; that he has betray'd the confidence of his friend and patron, and actually carried her off. (*aside*) Which Gayville knows by this time with all its aggravations, or Prompt has not been as active as he us'd to be.

Lady Emily. (*with emotion*) Blandish, this is a poor project. Clifford treacherous to his friend ! You might as soon make me believe Gayville dispassionate, my uncle charitable, or you ingenuous.

Blandish. His conduct does not rest upon opinion, but
proof

proof; and when you know it, you must think of him with aversion.

Lady Emily. Must I? Then don't let me hear a word more—I have aversions enow already—(*peevishly*)

Blandish. It is impossible you can apply that word to one whose only offence is to adore you. (*kisses her hand.*)

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. (*aside surprised*) Blandish so favour'd?

Lady Emily. (*aside*) Perverse accident: what mistakes now will he make.

Blandish. (*aside*) The enemy has surprised me—but the only remedy in such emergencies, is to shew a good countenance.

Clifford. I fear I have been guilty of an unpardonable intrusion.

Blandish. Mr. Clifford can never intrude; but though you had not come so apropos yourself—Lady Emily will bear testimony, I have not spared my pains to remove any prejudices she might have entertained.

Lady Emily. Had you not better repeat in your own words, Mr. Blandish, all the obliging things you have said of this gentleman?

Clifford. It is not necessary, Madam—If without robbing you of moments that I perceive are precious—

Lady Emily. Sir?

Clifford. I might obtain a short audience, (*looking at Blandish.*)

Blandish. (*aside*) He's devilish impudent—but he cannot soon get over facts, and I'll take care the conference shall not be long. (*to Lady Emily*)—Lady Emily, hear Mr. Clifford, and judge if I have misrepresented him—(*to Clifford*) When you want a friend, you know where to find him. [*Exit.*]

Lady Emily. This is an interview, Mr. Clifford, that I desire not to be understood to have authorised. It is not to me, you are accountable for your actions—I have no personal interest in them.

Clifford. I know it too well.

Lady Emily. (*peevishly*) Do not run away with the notion neither, that I am therefore interested in any other person's

person's.—You have, among you, vex'd and disconcerted me, but there is not a grain of partiality in all my embarrassment—if you have any eyes you may see there is not.

Clifford. Happy Blandish, your triumph is evident.

Lady Emily. Blandish, the odious creature—He is my abhorrence—You are hardly worse yourself in my bad opinion, tho' you have done so much more to deserve it.

Clifford. How cruel are the circumstances that compel me to leave you under these impressions!—nay—more—at such a time to urge a request, that during your most favourable thoughts of me wou'd have appear'd strange if not presumptuous. This is the key of my apartment. It contains a secret that the exigency of the hour oblig'd me against inclination or propriety to lodge there. Should Sir Clement return before me, I implore you to prevent his discovery, and give to what you find within, your confidence and protection. Lord Gayville—but I shall go too far—the most anxious event of my life presses on me. I conjure you to comply, by all the compassion and tenderness nature has treasured in your heart—not for me—but for occasions worthy their display. (*gives the key, which she receives with some reluctance, and exit.*)

Lady Emily. Heigho!—It's well he's gone without insisting on my answer: I was in a sad flutter of indecision. What mysterious means he takes to engage me in a confidence which I could not directly accept!—I am to find a letter, I suppose—the story of his heart—Its errors and defence—My brother's name also—to furnish me with a new interest in the secret, and one I might avow—One may dislike this art, but must be sensible of his delicacy.—Ah! when those two qualities unite in a man, I am afraid he is an over-match for the wisest of us—Hark!—sure that is the sound of my Uncle's coach—(*looks out of the window*) 'Tis he—and now for the secret—Curiosity! Curiosity! innate, irresistible principle in woman-kind, be my excuse, before I dare question my mind upon other motives. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Apartment.**Enter Lady Emily.*

Oh! lud, I could hardly tremble more at opening this man's apartment, were there a possibility of finding him within side. How do people find courage to do a wrong thing, when an innocent discovery cannot be prosecuted without such timidity.

[approaches the door timidly and unlocks it.

Enter Miss Alton.

Lady Emily. Amazement. Miss Alton! what brought you here?

Miss Alton. Madam, I was brought here for an hour's concealment; who I really am, I wou'd not, if possible to avoid it, divulge in this house. When you saw me last, you honour'd me with a favourable opinion—My story not explained at full, might subject me to doubts, that wou'd shake your candour. The circumstances in which I am involved, are strange, and have succeeded with the rapidity and confusion of a dream—Suffer me to recover for a moment my disorder'd spirits, and I *will* satisfy you farther.

Lady Emily. What shall I do?—She is pale and ready to faint—I cannot let her be exposed in such a situation—Retire—you may rely upon me for present security—You know best your pretensions to my future opinion—*(hearing Sir Clement) begone, or you are discovered—(shuts her in, and locks Clifford's door.)*

Enter Sir Clement.

Sir Clement. Oh! the triumph of honour! Oh the sincerity of friendship, how my opinions are ratified—how my system is proved!

Lady Emily. Oh, spirits, spirits, forsake me not—oh for a moment's dissimulation!

Sir Clement. There are some now who wou'd feed moroseness and misanthropy with such events; to me they give delight as convictions and warnings to mankind.

Lady Emily. Of how superior a quality, my good uncle, must be the benevolence you possess! it rises with
the

the progress of mischief; and is gratified (upon principles of general good) by finding confidence abused, and esteem misplaced. Am I not right in attributing your joy at present to that sort of refinement?

Sir Clement. Hah! and to what sensations, my good niece, shall be attributed the present state of your spirits? To the disgust you took to Clifford almost at first sight. It will not be with indifference, but pleasure, you will hear of his turning out the veriest rascal, the most complete impostor, the most abandon'd—but hold! hold—I must not wrong him by superlatives—he is match'd too.

Lady Emily. Really!—I congratulate you upon such a check of charity.

Sir Clement. And I wish you joy, my pretty pert one, upon the credit your sex has acquired, in producing this other Chef-d'œuvre—Such a composition of the highest vices and the lowest—

Lady Emily. I know it will be in vain to oppose the pleasure you take in colouring, by my want of taste to enjoy it; but you may spare your preparatory shading, and come to the points with which I am not acquainted.

Sir Clement. And pray, my incurious neice, with what points are you acquainted?

Lady Emily. That, before Mr. Clifford went abroad, it is suspected his passions betray'd him into a fault that must be shocking to your morality, and that I'm sure it is not my intention to justify. He ought to have resisted. It's a shame we have not more examples of young men correcting the frailties of womankind—I dare say he neglected a fair opportunity of becoming a prodigy.

Sir Clement. I protest you have a pretty way of dressing up an apology for the venial faults of youth—and it comes with a peculiar grace from a delicate lady of twenty.

Lady Emily. Come, Sir, no more of your sarcasms, I can treat wrong actions with levity, and yet consider them with detestation. Prudes and pretenders condemn with austerity. To the collection of suspicions you are master of let me add one—In a young lady of the delicacy and age you have described, always suspect the virtue that does not wear a smile.

Sir

Sir Clement. And the sincerity that wears one awkwardly—If you wou'd know the history of Clifford, ask but your brother; if of the precious adventurer he has carried off, enquire of Miss Alscip—We shall come up with her yet—woe be to any one who harbours her.

Enter Prompt hastily.

Prompt. Joy to your honour, I see you have caught her.

Sir Clement. Her!—who?

Prompt. (*Lady Emily turning*) I ask your ladyship's pardon—Having only the glimpse of a petticoat, and knowing the object of my chase was in this house, I confess I mistook you.

Sir Clement. In this house?

Prompt. As sure as we are——She came in through the garden, under Mr. Clifford's arm—up the other stairs, I suppose—If my lady had been hereabouts—she must have seen her.

Lady Emily. (*in confusion*) Yes, but unluckily, I was quite out of the way.

Sir Clement. Such audaciousness passes credibility—Emily, what do you think of him?

Lady Emily. That he is a monster. (*aside*) How my dilemmas multiply!

Sir Clement. What, to my house! to his apartment here! I wonder he did not ask for protection in your's—What should you have said?

Lady Emily. I don't know; but, had I been so imposed upon at to receive her, I should scorn to betray even the criminal I had engaged to protect.

Sir Clement. (*tries at the door, finds it lock'd*) Emily, my dear, do ring the bell to know if the housekeeper has a second key to this lock.

Lady Emily. What shall I do?

Prompt. She is certainly there, Sir, and cannot escape. Where can she better remain, till you can assemble all parties, confront them face to face, and bring every thing that has pass'd to a full explanation?

Sir Clement. With all my heart; send and collect every body concerned as fast as possible—How I long for so complicated an exhibition of the purity of the human heart.

heart. Come with me, Emily, and help to digest my plan—
 —Friends and lovers, what a scene shall we show you!—
(takes Lady Emily under the arm) *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Clifford and Mr. Rightly.

Clifford.

YOUR knowledge in the profession, Mr. Rightly, is as questionless as your integrity; but there is something so surprising in the discovery of the Charlton estate.

Rightly. It is so strange, that I will not pronounce a positive opinion, till I have read again the collateral papers, and consider'd fully the descents in your family.—Your grandfather, I think, was deceived in supposing he had a right to sell that part of the Charlton estate which Alserip proposes for his daughter's portion. The strength of this old settlement must have escaped my brother lawyer, or he was mad when he put it into my hands.

Clifford. If you knew too how the value of the acquisition is enhanced, by the opportune moment in which it presents itself—I am in too much emotion to thank you as I ought.

Rightly. Sir, I want neither compliment nor acknowledgement, for revealing what I should be a party to dishonestly to conceal—but that duty done, wou'd it be an abuse of benevolence, unworthy as some of the parties may be, to preserve the peace of all concerned?

Clifford. In what manner?

Rightly. Sir Clement Flint will renounce the Alserip alliance, at the first appearance of this defalcation, and if I am well informed, Lord Gayville will not lament the loss of his intended bride. The young lady is therefore free, and still possessed of a great inheritance.

Clifford.

Clifford. I do not perceive what you aim at.

Rightly. She has the faults that wealth and a false education create, but they are not incurable. Marry her yourself. By sinking the claim in the union with his family, you command the father's approbation; and the daughter must be of a strange mould indeed, if the same obligation does not become a corrective of her pride, and an excitement to her gratitude. (*smiling*) I give some token of my friendship, when, as a lawyer, I propose you a wife instead of a suit in chancery.

Clifford. I feel all the kindness of your suggestion; but if my claim is precarious, it is as repugnant to my delicacy as to my inclination, to realise it upon such terms; if it is substantial, I have such a disposition to make—you have a right to all my thoughts; but I have an appointment to obey, that admits no time for explanation; favour me for a moment with your pencil, (*Rightly takes out a pencil and pocket-book*) and a blank page in that memorandum book. [*Clifford writes.*]

Rightly. My life on't, his head is turn'd upon some girl not worth a shilling—There is an amiable defect, but a very observable one, in the nature of some men. A good head and heart operate as effectually as vice or folly could do to make them improvident.

Clifford. Mr. Rightly, I confide to your hands a new secret relative to the Charlton estate; do not read it till you return home. (*gives the book, aside and going*) There, Gayville, is one reply to your challenge—and now for another.

Rightly. One moment, Sir—I engage for no secrecy that my own judgement shall not warrant.

Clifford. And the benevolence of your heart approve—Those are my conditions.——

[*Exeunt on opposite sides.*]

SCENE II. *Hyde Park.*

Enter Lord Gayville impetuously, looking at his Watch.

Not here! I am sure I marked the hour as well as the place, precisely in my note. (*walks about*) Had I been told

told three days ago, that I should have been the appellant in a premeditated duel, I should have thought it an insult upon my principles—That Clifford should be the cause of my transgressing the legal and sacred duties, we have ever both maintained—oh, it would have seemed a visionary impossibility—But he comes, to cut reflections short——

Enter Clifford.

Lord Gayville. I waited for you, Sir,

Clifford. (*bows in silence.*)

Lord Gayville. That ceremonial would grace an encounter of punctilio, but applies ill to the terms upon which I have call'd you here.

Clifford. What terms are those, my Lord?

Lord Gayville. Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! Draw, Sir.

Clifford. No, my Lord; my sword is reserved for more becoming purposes: it is not the instrument of passion; and has yet been untried in a dispute with my friend.

Lord Gayville. But why is it not ready for a different trial, the vindication of perfidy, the blackest species of perfidy that ever the malignant enemy of mankind infused into the human breast—perfidy to the friend who loved and trusted you, and in the nearest interests of his heart,

Clifford. Take care, my Lord; should my blood boil like yours, and it is rising fast, you know not the punishment that awaits you. I came temperate, your gross provocation and thirst of blood make temperance appear disgrace—I am tempted to take a revenge—

Lord Gayville. (*draws*) The means are ready. Come, Sir, you are to give an example of qualities generally held incompatible—bravery and dishonour.

Clifford. Another such word, and by heaven!—How have I deserved this opinion?

Lord Gayville. Ask your conscience—Under the mask of friendship you have held a secret intercourse with the woman I adore; you have supplanted me in her affections, you have robb'd me of the very charm of my life—can you deny it?

Clifford.

Clifford. I avow it all.

Lord Gayville. Unparalleled insolence of guilt!

Clifford. Are you sure there is nothing within the scope of possibility, that wou'd excuse or atone—

Lord Gayville. Death—Death only—no abject submission—no compromise for infamy—chuse instantly—and save yourself from the only stretch of baseness left—the invention of a falsehood to palliate—

Clifford. (*In the utmost agitation, and drawing his sword*) Falsehood!—You shall have no other explanation. (*after a struggle within himself, Clifford drops the point and exposes his breast.*)

Lord Gayville. Stand upon your defence, Sir—What do you mean?

Clifford. You said nothing but my life wou'd satisfy you, take it, and remember me.

Lord Gayville. I say so still—but upon an equal pledge—I am no assassin.

Clifford. (*with great emotion*) If to strike at the heart of your friend, more deeply than that poor instrument in your hand could do, makes an assassin, you have been one already.

Lord Gayville. That look, that tone, how like to innocence? Had he not avow'd such abominable practices—

Clifford. I avow them again: I have rival'd you in the love of the woman you adore—her affections are riveted to me. I have removed her from your sight; secured her from your recovery—

Lord Gayville. Damnation!

Clifford. I have done it to save unguarded beauty; to save unprotected innocence; to save a sister.

Lord Gayville. A sister!

Clifford. (*with exultation*) Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! (*a pause*) It is accomplish'd—over him—and over myself—my victory is complete.

Lord Gayville. Where shall I hide my shame!

Clifford. We'll share it, and forget it here.

[*Embraces.*]

Lord Gayville. Why did you keep the secret from me?

Clifford. I knew it not myself, till the strange concurrence of circumstances, to which you were in part witness a few hours since, brought it to light. I meant to impart

to you the discovery, when my temper took fire—Let us bury our mutual errors in the thought, that we now for life are friends.

Lord Gayville. Brothers, Clifford—Let us interchange that title and doubly, doubly ratify it. Unite me to your charming sister; accept the hand of Lady Emily in return—her heart I have discovered to be yours—We'll leave the world to the sordid and the tasteless; let an Alscrip, or a Sir Clement Flint, wander after the phantom of happiness, we shall find her real retreat, and hold her by the bonds she covets, Virtue, Love and Friendship.

Clifford. Not a word more, my lord, the bars against your proposal are insuperable.

Lord Gayville. What bars?

Clifford. Honour! propriety—and pride.

Lord Gayville. Pride, Clifford?

Clifford. Yes, my Lord; Harriot Clifford shall not *steal* the hand of a prince; nor will I—tho' doating on Lady Emily with a passion like your own, bear the idea of a clandestine union in a family, to whom I am bound by obligation and trust. Indeed, my lord, without Sir Clement's consent, you must think no more of my sister.

Lord Gayville. Stern Stoic, but I *will*, and *not* clandestinely; I'll instantly to Sir Clement.

Clifford. Do not be rash; Fortune, or some better agent, is working in wonders—Meet me presently at your Uncle's, in the mean while promise not to stir in this business.

Lord Gayville. What hope from delay?

Clifford. Promise——

Lord Gayville. I am in a state to catch at shadows—I'll try to obey you.

Clifford. Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Sir Clement's House.*

Enter Miss Alscrip in great spirits, followed by Mrs. Blandish.

Miss Alscrip. I am delighted at this summons from Sir Clement, Blandish; poor *old Clear-fight*, I hope he has projected a reconciliation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Blandish. How I rejoice to see those smiles returned to the face that was made for them!

Miss Alscip. Return'd! Blandish; I desire you will not insinuate it ever was without them——Why sure, you would not have the world imagine the temper of an Heiress of my class, was to be ruffled by the loss of a paltry earl—I have been highly diverted with what has passed from beginning to end.

Mrs. Blandish. Well, if good humour can be a fault, sure the excess you carry it to must be the example.

Miss Alscip. I desire it may be made known in all companies, that I have done nothing but laugh——nay, it is true too.

Mrs. Blandish. My dear creature, of what consequence is the truth, when you are charging me with the execution of your desires.

Miss Alscip. Could any thing be more diverting than my Lord's intriguing with my *chamber-maid* before marriage, that must be your cue.

Mrs. Blandish. Excellent!

Miss Alscip. The design was in rule, and founded upon the best precedents——only the time, in the newspaper phrase, was premature, he! he! he!

Mrs. Blandish. He! he! he!

Miss Alscip. And then the airs of the moppet——Could any thing be more ridiculous?

Mrs. Blandish. The rivalryship you mean——Rival Miss Alscip.—He! he! he! [Half laugh.]

Miss Alscip. Yes, but when you take this tone in public, laugh a little louder.

Mrs. Blandish. Rival Miss Alscip, ha! ha! ha!

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Blandish. (*wiping her eyes as not quite recovered from her laugh*) For mirth's sake, what is become of the rival?——Who will you chuse she shall have run away with?

Miss Alscip. Leave it in doubt as it is; fixing circumstances confines the curiosity to one story which may be disproved; uncertainty leaves it open to an hundred, and makes them all probable. But I hear some of the company upon the stairs; Now, Blandish——You shall be witness to the temper and dignity with which a woman of

my consequence can discard a quality courtship that offends her—Having sufficiently mortified the Uncle and Nephew with a triumphant raillery all my own, I shall request Lady Emily to set the Paphian mimp upon the family disappointment, and leave them together to the exercise of the patience that usually attends the loss of a hundred thousand pounds.

Mrs. Blandish. Sweet temper'd soul!

Enter Sir Clement Flint.

Sir Clement. Miss Alscip, your——

[as he's beginning to say your humble servant,

Enter Blandish, out of breath.

Blandish. The duel's over, and the combatants in whole skins—Never ran so fast since I was born——

Sir Clement.—To be too late by some minutes in your intelligence. I know you feel the disappointment from the sincere affection you bear all parties.

Miss Alscip. Duel!—Pray let us hear the particulars—As there is no mischief I shall not faint. *[Ironically.*

Sir Clement. I guess it has been of the common place kind.—Hats over the brows—glum silence—thrust—parry—and riposte—Explain, and shake hands: Your man of honour never sets his friend right, till he has exchange'd a shot—or a thrust: Oh, a little essence of steel or gunpowder, is a morning whet to the temper: It carries off all qualms, and leaves the digestion free for any thing that is presented to it.

Miss Alscip. Dear, how fortunate! Considering the pills some folks have to swallow.

Sir Clement. Blandish, see if the door of Clifford's room is yet unlocked, there is a person within you little expect to find, and whom it may be proper for this lady and me to interrogate together.—I don't know what to call her—Inexplicability in petticoats. *(the door opens)* and

Enter Lady Emily.

Blandish. Lady Emily!

Sir Clement. Inexplicable, with a vengeance.

Miss

Miss Alscip. (aside) Lady Emily shut up in Clifford's apartment! Beyond my expectation, indeed.

[With a malicious air.]

[Lady Emily seems pleased.]

Sir Clement. (dryly) Lady Emily, I know you were always cautious whom you visited, and never gave a better proof of your discernment.

Lady Emily. Never. Oh! my poor dear uncle, you little think what is going to befall you.

Sir Clement. Not a disappointment in love, I hope.

Lady Emily. No, but in something much nearer your heart—your system is threaten'd with a blow, that I think, and from my soul I hope, it never will recover: would you guess that the sagacious observations of your whole life are upon the point of being confounded by the production——

Sir Clement. Of what?

Lady Emily. A woman of ingenuous discretion, and a man of unaffected integrity.

Sir Clement. Hah!

Mrs. Blandish. What can she mean?

Miss Alscip. Nothing good—she looks so pleasant.

Lady Emily. Come forth, my injur'd friend. Our personal acquaintance has been short, but our hearts were intimate from the first sight. *(presenting her)* Your prisoner, Sir, is Miss Harriot Clifford.

Sir Clement. Clifford's sister!

Miss Alscip. What, the run-away Alton turned into a sprig of quality!

Lady Emily. (disdainfully to Miss Alscip) The humble dependant of Alscip house—The wanton—the paragon of fraud—the only female that can equal Clifford *(tauntingly to Sir Clement)* She is indeed! *(with emphasis and affection)*

Blandish. (aside) Oh, rot the source of the family fondness—I see I have no card left in my favour—but the Heiress. *(goes to her and pays court)* *(during this conversation, aside, Lady Emily seems encouraging Miss Clifford—Sir Clement musing, and by turns examining her)*

Sir Clement. (to himself) “Ingenuous discretion!”

Enter Clifford, and runs to his sister.

Clifford. My dearest Harriot! the joy I purposed in presenting you here, is anticipated; but, my blameless fugitive, relate the tale of your distresses, and my pride in you will not be a wonder.

Miss Clifford. They have been short—and are overpaid by your indulgence. Insulted by the family I lived with; made more wretched by a detested pursuit which my uncle's violence enforc'd, and confident of your being returned, I fled to London for an asylum.

Sir Clement. Which has been admirably chosen in my house.

Clifford. Sir, I really think so. Lady Emily's generosity, your justice, and my sister's honour, make it sacred. (*while Clifford is speaking*)

Enter Lord Gayville. (starts at seeing Miss Clifford.)

Sir Clement. (perceiving Lord Gayville) And peculiarly secure against the visits of this detested pursuer.

Lord Gayville. (with rapture) Her persecutor and her convert. Her virtues which no humility could conceal, and every trial made more resplendent, discover'd, disgraced, and reclaimed a libettine.

Miss Clifford. How am I distress'd!—what ought I to answer?

Lord Gayville. Impressed sentiment upon desire, gave honour to passion, and drew from my soul a vow, which heaven chastise me when I violate, to obtain her by a legal, sacred claim, or renounce fortune, family and friends, and become a self-devoted outcast of the world.

Miss Clifford. Oh! brother, interpose.

Sir Clement. My Lord, your fortune, family and friends are much oblig'd to you. Your part is perfect—Mr. Clifford, you are call'd upon. Miss, in strict propriety, throws the business upon her relations—Come, finish the comedy; join one of her hands to the gallant's, while, with the other, she covers her blushes—and he in rapture delivers the moral. All for Love, or, the World well lost. (*Miss Clifford still appears agitated.*)

Clifford. Be patient, my Harriot, this is the school for prejudice, and the lesson of its shame is near.

Miss

Miss Alscip. I vow these singular circumstances give me quite a confusion of pleasure. The astonishing good fortune of my late Protégée in finding so impassion'd a friendship in her brother's bed-chamber; the captivating eloquence of Lord Gayville in winding up an eclaircissement which I admire—not for the first time—to day—and the superlative joy Sir Clement must feel at an union founded upon the purity of the passions, are subjects of such different congratulation, that I hardly know where to begin.

Lady Emily. (aside) Charming! her insolence will justify what so seldom occurs to one—a severe retort without a possible sense of compunction.

Miss Alscip. But in point of fortune—don't imagine, Sir Clement, I wou'd insinuate that the Lady is destitute—Oh Lord, far from it. Her musical talents are a portion—I can't say I have yet seen a countess open a concert for her own benefit; but there can be no reason why a woman of the first quality should not be Directress of the Opera—Indeed, after all that has happen'd, it is the best chance I see for a good administration there.

Alscip and Rightly without.

Alscip. Why, stop a moment, Mr. Rightly—Death, after chasing you all over the town, don't be so impatient the instant I overtake you.

Sir Clement. What have we here—the lawyers in dispute?

Alscip. (entering) You have not heard my last word yet.

Rightly. (entering) You have heard mine, Sir.

Alscip. (whispering) I'll make the five thousand I offered, ten.

Rightly. Millions wou'd not bribe me—(coming forward) When I detect wrong, and vindicate the sufferer, I feel the spirit of the law of England, and the pride of a practitioner.

Alscip. Lucifer confound such practices. *(In this part of the scene, Sir Clement, Lord Gayville, Lady Emily, Clifford, and Miss Clifford, form one groupe. Rightly opens a deed, and points out a part of it to Sir Clement. Mr. and Miss Alscip carry on the following speeches on the side at*

which Alscrip has enter'd: and Mr. and Mrs. Blandish are farther back, observing.)

Alscrip. That cursed! cursed flaw!——

Miss Alscrip. Flaw! who has dared to talk of one?—not in my reputation, Sir?

Alscrip. No, but in my estate, which is a damn'd deal worse.

Miss Alscrip. How! what? when! where?——The estate that was to be settled upon me?

Alscrip. Yes, but that *me* turn'd topsy turvey——when *me* broke into my room this morning, and the devil followed to fly away with all my faculties at once—I am ruin'd—Let us see what you will settle upon your poor father.

Miss Alscrip. I settle upon *you*?

Mrs. Blandish. This is an embarrassing accident.

Miss Alscrip. Yes, and a pretty help you are, with a drop chin like a frontispiece to the Lamentations.

Rightly. (*coming forward with Sir Clement*) I stated this with some doubt this morning, but now my credit as a lawyer upon the issue.—The Heiress falls short of the terms in your treaty by two thousand pounds a year—which this deed, lately and providentially discover'd, entails upon the heirs of Sir William Charlton, and consequently, in right of his mother, upon this gentleman.

Lady Emily. How!

Lord Gayville. Happy disappointment.

Sir Clement. (*aside*) Two thousand a year to Clifford! It's a pity for the parade of disinterestedness, that he open'd his desings upon Emily, before he knew his pretensions.

Lady Emily. (*aside*) Now, if there were twenty ceilings, and as many floors, could not I find a spot to settle my silly looks upon! (*Sir Clement observes her with his usual shyness, then turning toward Alscrip*) Palm a false title upon *me*? I shou'd have thought the attempt beyond the collective assurance of Westminster-hall—and he takes the loss as much to heart as if he bought the estate with his own money.

Alscrip. (*with hesitation*) Sir Clement—what think you—of an amicable adjustment of all these businesses?

Sir Clement. (*ironically*) Nothing can be more reasonable.

able. The value of Miss Alscrip's amiable disposition, placed against the abatement of her fortune, is a matter of the most easy computation; and to decide the portion Mr. Clifford ought to relinquish of his acquisition—Lady Emily—will you be a referee?

Lady Emily. (aside) Yes, the Lynx has me—I thought I should not escape—*(to him)* No, Sir; my poor abilities only extend to an amicable endeavour here. *(to Miss Alscrip)* And really, Miss Alscrip, I see no reason for your being dispirited, there may be many ready-made titles at market, within the reach of your purse. Or why should not a woman of your consequence originate her own splendour? there's an old admirer of mine—He wou'd make a very pretty lord—and indeed, wou'd contribute something on his own part to ease the purchase—The Blandish family is well with all administrations, and a new coronet is always as big again as an old one.—I don't see how you cou'd lay out part of your independency to more advantage.

Blandish. (aside) Yes, but since flaws are in fashion, I shall look a little into things before I agree to the bargain.

Lady Emily. And if you replace this part of your family, *(pointing to Miss Clifford)* by making an humble companion of your old gentleman, I protest I do not see any great alteration in your affairs.

Miss Alscrip. (aside) I'll die before I'll discover my vexation—and yet, *(half crying)* no title—no place.

Lady Emily. Depend upon it, Miss Alscrip, your place will be found exactly where it ought to be. The public eye in this country is never long deceived—Believe me—and cherish obscurity—Title may bring forward merits, but it also places our defects in horrid relief.

Miss Clifford. You seem to expect something from me, Miss Alscrip—Be in no pain for any thing that has pass'd between us—My pity has entirely overpower'd my resentment.

Alscrip. Molly, the sooner we get out of court the better—we have damnably the worst of this cause, so come along, Molly *(taking her under the arm)* and farewell to Berkley Square. Whoever wants Alscrip house, will find it in the neighbourhood of Furnival's Inn, with the

noble title of Scrivener, in capitals—Blank bonds at the windows, and a brass knocker at the door (*pulling her*) Come along, Molly.

Miss Alscip. (*half crying*) (*aside*) Oh! the barbarous metamorphosis—but his *flusterums* for a week, will serve my temper, as a regimen. I will then take the management of my affairs into my own hands, and break from my cloud anew: and you shall find (*to the company*) there are those without a coronet, that can be as saucy, and as loud, and stop the way in all public places as well as the best of you. (*Lady Emily laughs*) Yes, Madam, and without borrowing your Ladyship's airs.

Alscip. (*pulling her*) Come along, Molly.

Miss Alscip. Oh you have been a jewel of a father.—
(*The company laugh*) [*Exeunt Mr. and Miss Alscip.*]

Mr. and Mrs. Blandish stay behind.

Blandish. (*aside*) What a cursed turn things have taken! My schemes evaporate like inflammable air, and down drops poor adventurer.

Lady Emily. Mrs Blandish, sure you do not leave your friend, Miss Alscip, in distress?

Mrs. Blandish. We'll not disturb the ashes of the dead—my sweet Lady Emily—

Blandish. None of your flourishes, my dear sister.—
I in the present moment, even mine would not do. Sentiment and sincerity have the ascendancy. But give them a little time; all parties will come round. (*addressing the company*) Flattery is the diet of good humour; not one of you can live without it; and when you quarrel with the family of Blandish, you leave refined cookery, to be fed upon scraps, by a poor cousin or a led captain. (*taking his sister under his arm.*)

Mrs. Blandish. (*with a look of courtship to the company*) Oh! the two charming pair!

Blandish. (*pulling her away*) Oh! thou walking dedication! [*Exeunt.*]

Lord Gayville. Precious groupe, fare ye well. (*to Sir Clement*)—And now, Sir, whatever may be your determinations towards me—here are pretensions you may patronize without breach of discretion. The estate which devolves to my friend—

Rightly. To prevent errors, it is not his to bestow.

Sir Clement. What now—more flaws?

Rightly. The estate was his beyond the reach of controversy: but before he was truly sure of it, on his way to Hyde Park did this spendthrift, by a stroke of his pen, divest himself of every shilling—Here is the covenant by which he binds himself to execute proper conveyances as soon as the necessary forms can be gone through.

Lord Gayville. And in favour of whom is this desperate act?

Rightly. Of a most dangerous seducer—a little mercenary, that when she gets hold of the heart, does not leave an atom of it our own.

All. How!

Rightly. (*with feeling*) And there she stands; (*pointing to Miss Clifford*) with a look and emotion that would condemn her before any court in the universe.

Lady Emily. Glorious—matchless Clifford!

Miss Clifford. Brother, this must not be.

Clifford. Your pardon, my dear Harriot, it is done.—Sir Clement, my sister's fortune is still far short of what you expected with Miss Alscrip; for that deficiency, I have only to offer the virtues Lord Gayville has proved, and the affection she found it easier to controul than to conceal. If you will receive her, thus circumstanced, into your family, mine has been an acquisition indeed.

Lady Emily. (*coming up to Sir Clement*) Now, Sir, where's the suspicion! Where is now the ruling principle that governs mankind! Thro' what perspective, by what trial, will you find self-interest here? What, not one pithy word to mock my credulity!—Alas! poor Yorick—quite chop-fallen.—Forgive me, Sir, I own I am agitated to extravagance—You thought me disconcerted at the first discovery; I am delighted at the last; there's a problem in my disposition worthy your solving.

Sir Clement. (*who has been profoundly thoughtful*) Mr. Rightly, favour me with that paper in your hand.

Rightly. Mr. Clifford's engagement, Sir. (*gives the paper, Sir Clement looks it over and tears it.*) What do you mean, Sir?

Sir Clement. To cancel the obligations, and pay the equivalent to Gayville; or if Clifford will have his own

way and become a beggar by renewing it, to make an heiress of my own for his reparation—and there *she* stands (*pointing to Lady Emily*) With sensibility and vivacity so uncommonly blended, that they extract benevolence where ever it exists, and create it where it never was before—Your point is carried—You may both fall upon your knees, for the consent of ladies.

Lord Gayville. (*to Miss Clifford*) In this happy moment, let my errors be forgot, and my love alone remember'd.

Miss Clifford. With these sanctions for my avowal—I will not deny that I saw and felt the sincerity of your attachment, from the time it was capable of being restrained by respect.

Clifford. Words are wanting, Lady Emily—

Lady Emily. I wish they may with all my heart; but it is generally remarked that wanting words, is the beginning of a florid set speech—To be serious, Clifford—We want but little explanation on either side—Sir Clement will tell you how long we have conversed by our actions. (*gives her hand*) My dear uncle, how a smile becomes you in its natural meaning!

Sir Clement. If you think me a convert, you are mistaken: I have ever believ'd *self* to be the predominant principle of the human mind—My heart at this instant confirms the doctrine—There's my problem for yours, my dear Emily; and may all who hear me agree in this solution—to reward the deserving, and make those we love happy, is self-interest in the extreme.



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MISS FARREN.

THE Comic Muse, who here erects her shrine,
 To court your offerings, and accepts of mine,
 Sends me to state an anxious author's plea,
 And wait with humble hope this Court's decree.
 By no Prerogative will she decide,
 She vows an English Jury is her pride.
 Then for our Heiress—forc'd from finer air,
 That lately fan'd her plumes in Berkley Square;
 Will she be helpless in her new resort,
 And find no friends about the inns of court?
 Sages, be candid—though you hate a knave,
 Sure, for example, you'll a Rightly save.
 Be kind for once, ye clerks—ye sportive sirs,
 Who haunt our Theatres in boots and spurs;
 So may you safely press your nightly hobby,
 Run the whole ring—and end it in the Lobby.
 Lovers of truth, be kind, and own that here
 That love is strain'd as far as it will bear.
 Poets may write—Philosophers may dream—
 But would the world bear truth in the extreme?
 What, not one Blandish left behind! not one!
 Poets are mute, and Painters all undone.
 Where are those charms that Nature's term survive,
 The maiden bloom that glows at forty-five?
 Truth takes the pencil—wrinkles—freckles—squint—
 The whole's transform'd—the very devil's in't;
 Dimples turn scars, the smile becomes a scowl!
 The hair the ivy-bush, the face the owl!

But shall an author mock the flatt'rer's pow'r?
 Oh! might you all be Blandishes this hour!
 Then would the candid jurors of the Pit
 Grant their mild passport to the realms of Wit;

Then

Then would I mount the car where oft I ride,
And place the favour'd culprit by my side.*

*To aid our flight—one fashionable hint—
See my authority—a Morning Print—*

“ We learn ”—observe it, Ladies—“ France’s Queen

“ Loves, like our own, a heart-directed scene ;

“ And while each thought she weighs, each beauty scans,

“ Breaks, in one night’s applause, a score of fans ! ”

[Beating her fan against her hand.

Adopt the mode, ye Belles—so end my prattle,

And shew how you’ll outdo a Bourbon rattle.

* Alluding to the car of the Comic Muse in the entertainment of the Jubilee.



RICHARD

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION:

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR SEDAINÉ.

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

FROM THE FRAGMENT OF



AT THE TREATY HOUSE, BURY LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN adapting the following scenes to the English stage no adventitious matter has been introduced: some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece; the discovery of RICHARD'S confinement being now given to MATILDA in place of BLONDEL, as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this Romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Richard, Mr. KELLY.
Blondel, Mr. BARRYMORE.
Florestan, Mr. CAULFIELD.
Sir Owen, Mr. DIGNUM.
The Seneschal, Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Antonio, Mrs. BLAND.
Guillot, Mr. SUETT.
Old Mathew, Mr. FAWCETT.
William, (*Servant to Sir* }
Owen) } Mr. BANKS.
A Pilgrim, (*the Friend of* }
Blondel) } Mr. WEBB.

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

WOMEN.

Matilda, Mrs. JORDAN.
Laurette, Mrs. CROUCH.
Dorcas, Mrs. DAVIES.
Julie, Miss DE CAMP.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A View of a strong Castle, situated in a wild, mountainous Country; on one side a rustic Mansion-house; on the other a Stone Seat.*

During the Overture, Old Mathew, Dorcas, and several Peasants, pass over the Stage, with their working Tools as returning from their Labour.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

COME sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

Old Mathew.

I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding day.

DUET. *Dorcas and Old Mathew.*

Tho' we're fixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Come sing, come dance,
 To-morrow's the day;
 Come sing, come dance,
 Old Mathew's wedding day.
 Yes, to-morrow, you know,
 To his house we shall go,
 To drink and be gay,
 To dance, sing, and play;
 Away with all sorrow,
 For joy comes to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Matilda, after the last Chorus, enters, led in by Antonio.

Matilda. Antonio, what sounds were those; surely they were singing.

Antonio. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields; the sun is setting, and they have done their work.

Matilda. Where are we now, my gentle guide?

Antonio. You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements. And there now, if you had your fight, you might see two soldiers on the walls with their cross-bows.

Matilda. I am sadly tir'd.

Antonio. Stay—this way—here is a stone—it is made into a seat—(*Matilda sits*)—what a pity you cannot see the prospect! tho' so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. Now just opposite to us is a very well looking house, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Matilda. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

Antonio. I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they say; and though he is very passionate, all the village say he is very good-natur'd. (*going, returns*) But shall I find you here when I come back?

Matilda. Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those that can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return?

Antonio.



Antonio. No, that I won't.—(*going, stops*)—But, Sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

Matilda. Well, Antonio—What is it?

Antonio. Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry——

Matilda. Speak, Child!—tell me what is it?

Antonio. Why it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

Matilda. How so, my little friend?

Antonio. I must go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother——

Matilda. Your grandson—Have you a grandson, Antonio?

Antonio. No—their grandson, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the same time, to a sweet pretty little girl of the village.

Matilda. But what will become of me without a guide?

Antonio. Oh! I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant; and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

Matilda. You love dancing, Antonio?

SONG. *Antonio.*

I.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I seize,
And press it too when'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say,
But we know better, sure, than they,
Youth shou'd not listen to threescore;
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low;
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[*Exit.*]

Matilda.

Matilda. Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may safely use my sight.—(*takes the bandage from her eyes*) A fortress indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. Its appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild, and sequester'd spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive.—Oh Richard! my hero! my lov'd! what hardships may you not be enduring: nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world; but here my cares and search shall end. If my forboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its Lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

SONG. *Matilda.*

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
 By the faithless world forgot,
 I alone in exile rove,
 To lament thy hapless lot.
 I alone of all remain
 To unbind thy cruel chain,
 By the faithless world forgot;
 I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
 Least have strength to yield relief.
 Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!
 Thus the valiant you repay,
 In disaster's heavy hour,
 Faithless friendship's far away.
 Yet, royal youth,
 One faithful heart,
 From tenderest truth,
 Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.
 Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
 By the faithless world forgot;
 I alone in exile rove,
 To lament thy hapless lot.

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.

Enter

Enter Sir Owen and Guillot.

Sir Owen. I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

Guillot. Sir, 'twas the Governor sent me.

Sir Owen. The Governor!—what's the Governor to me?

QUARTETTO. Matilda, Guillot, *Sir Owen*, and Laurette.

Sir Owen.

What care I for the Governor?

Matilda.

Oh! should it be this Governor. (*aside*)

Guillot.

He sent me, I knew no better,
——— with the letter.

Sir Owen.

My daughter listen to his art,

What my Laurette

So far forget

The modest virgin's duteous part!

—And thou—I pray, (*to Guillot*)

Good knave, shall I the postage pay?

Guillot.

No, Sir, indeed,

There is no need,

I'm gone with speed.

Enter Laurette.

Sir Owen.

Pray tell your Governor,

His hopes are vain

Laurette to gain.

His Lordship is by far too good,

And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.

Matilda

If of this calste he should be

The Governor—what joy for me. (*aside*)

Guillot.

Guillot.

Yet he's my Lord the Governor.

Sir Owen.

What's he to me, your Governor ;

Begone, I say,

You'd best not stay ;

And you, if ever I discover—(*to Laurette*)

You lend an ear

To this designing lover,

Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.

Matilda.

Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (*aside*)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray, (*to them*)

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace.

Laurette.

What can this be ?

I never see

The Governor.

Matilda.

Ah! should it be this Governor,

Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (*aside*)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel pray.

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace. &c.

[*Exit Guillot.*

Sir Owen. Get into the house—in I say. (*exit Laurette*)
She tells me she never sees him—that she never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The Governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter—and she is very obedient to her father—only she'll do nothing I bid her—I should like to know what all this is now. (*looking at the letter*)—The Governor writes a military hand—his letters edge out a Cheveux de frize fashion—all zig-zag—like his own fortification—I can't make any way thro' it—I wish I had somebody to decipher it.—Oh! here's a sort of an outlandish lad—I may trust him.—Youngster—can you read?

Matilda. Oh! yes, Sir.—

Sir Owen. Well then read me this. (*offers the letter*)

Matilda.

Matilda. Oh! indeed, Sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens——

Sir Owen. The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you?

Matilda. The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a captain in King Richard's army! But have you not seen a little boy?

Sir Owen. Yes.

Matilda. 'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him.

Sir Owen. Oh! here he comes I believe.

Enter Antonio.

Matilda. Antonio, is that you?

Antonio. Yes, 'tis I.

Matilda. Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

Antonio. (*reading*) "Beautiful Lauretta,"

Sir Owen. Phaw!

Antonio. "Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with
"ecstasy and gratitude, for the kind assurances you give
"me of eternal affection."

Sir Owen. Eternal affection—and that puts him into an ecstasy—very well.

Antonio. "If my attendance on the prisoner whom I
"must not quit"——

Matilda. (*aside*) The Prisoner!

Antonio. "If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I
"must not quit, would suffer me to go out during the
"day—I would hasten to throw myself"——

Sir Owen. Into the ditch of your castle I hope.

Matilda. Whom I must not quit. (*aside*)—Read on quickly.—(*to Antonio*)

Antonio. "I wou'd hasten to throw myself at your
"feet. But if this night"—here are some words blotted out.

Matilda. Well, what follows?

Antonio. "Contrive some means to inform me, at what
"hour I may speak to you. Your tender, faithful, and
"eternally constant,
FLORESTAN."

Sir Owen. Here's a damn'd Governor for you—Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Penmanmawr.

Matilda. What!—Are you a Briton then?

Sir Owen. Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to slaves of course, in love, or out——

Matilda. Glorious nation!—But how comes it, Sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

Sir Owen. Oh! that's too long a story to tell you, but it would not have happen'd if I hadn't gone to the Crusades at Palestine.

Matilda. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir Owen. Brave! aye! I wou'd follow him to the world's end—my ruin was no fault of his—Well, you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found my father was dead——

Matilda. He was very old perhaps.

Sir Owen. No—but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single combat: on my return I reveng'd his death.

Matilda. Of course—you fled——

Sir Owen. Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is since dead—my castle and my lands were forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was sentenc'd by my ungrateful country——

Matilda. A hard and ill return indeed——

Sir Owen. No such thing, Sir.—'Twas justice, tho' severe: a Briton suffers no man to abuse his country but himself.

Matilda. Heaven forbid I shou'd traduce it.—But, Sir, one request.

Sir Owen. (*looking out*) It must be they—stay, good youth—I see some friends whom I expect. If you wish refreshment—the poor and friendless are never driven from my door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Gothic Chamber.*

Enter Matilda, Laurette, and Antonio.

Laurette. Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

Matilda. Are you the pretty Laurette?

Laurette.

Laurette. Yes, Sir.

Matilda. Your father is very angry—he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

Laurette. Yes—Florestan is his name—and did you read the letter to my father?

Matilda. No—not I—I am blind, alas!—it was my little guide.

Antonio. Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? (*retires*)

Laurette. Oh! I wish you had not done so—

Matilda. Some other person wou'd.

Laurette. That's true—and what did the letter say?

Matilda. It says that on account of the prisoner in that castle—and who *is* that prisoner?

Laurette. Oh!—no one knows who it is.

Matilda. The Chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

Laurette. Poor Florestan!

Matilda.—But that this night—

Laurette. This night!

SONG. *Laurette.*

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,

The truth to thee I wou'd confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,

Whene'er his eyes I meet,

I feel my heart begins to beat,

It beats, and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently presses,

A struggling sigh I fear confesses,

Ah! more than blushes cou'd impart,

And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! would the night my blushes hide,

The truth to thee I wou'd confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,

Whene'er his eyes I meet,

I feel my heart begins to beat,

It beats, and trembles too.

Matilda. You love him then, Laurette?

Laurette. Oh most dearly, that I do, day and night, truly and sincerely.

Matilda. And do you not fear to own it?

Laurette. No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then you cannot see me, whether I blush or not—and so—I am not afraid.

Matilda. Pretty Laurette!

Laurette. But who told you I was pretty?

Matilda. Alas, being blind, I guess only by the voice; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleness of your soul is overlook'd by the pride of their own high birth.

Laurette. But my birth is not inferior to his, tho' my father is now in banishment.—

Matilda. No!—and does he know it?

Laurette. Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I shou'd have told him every thing long ago.

Matilda. And wou'd you, before you have inform'd your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night too?—Listen to me.

AIR. *Matilda and Laurette.*

Matilda.

The god of love a bandeau wears;
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.

Laurette.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.

Matilda.

With all my heart.

The

The God of love a bandeau wears;
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.

Laurette. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father—see—he embraces one of them—sure, those cannot be the visitors he expected—I must go—

Matilda. A moment, Laurette—I have something to say to you.

Laurette. About Florestan?

Matilda. No!

Laurette. Oh! then I can't stay. [*Exit into the house.*]

Matilda. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter Sir Owen, Blondel, and Pilgrim.

Sir Owen. My brave friend, how rejoic'd I am to see you.—You are well disguised indeed; I myself should never have guess'd it was Blondel.

Matilda. Blondel! what do I hear! (*aside*)

Blondel. Caution, my friend. My search wou'd be fruitless indeed, shou'd I be discovered. — And see.

(*pointing to Matilda.*)

Sir Owen. It is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel who diverts the peasants.

Matilda. Shall I play, worthy gentleman? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he lov'd.
(*plays*)

Sir Owen. Why are you so much astonished?

Blondel. That was made by my gallant master—prithee go on.
(*She plays again*)

Blondel. Oh! how it reminds me of happy days?—
Tell me, boy—where cou'd you learn that tune?

Matilda. I was taught it by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the King himself sing to it.

Blondel. Even so;—he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed!—for passing thro' Artois, I learn'd that she had left her father's court, and fled almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard

had been treacherously seized, as he return'd from Palestine.—O! if her gallant monarch yet lives, sure heaven will guide some of those who seek him to the prison that immures him.

Sir Owen. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

Blondel. O! no—But yesterday I pass'd the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who with a chosen band of troops, was searching to reclaim her; and he had learn'd, that stript of her companions by perfidy or death—deprived she had sought the sadder prison of a monastery.

Matilda. The Seneschal so near. (*aside*) Gracious Sir, if my music has pleas'd you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge this night a harmless minstrel, who lost his precious sight in Palestine, and I will play all night to sooth you.

Blondel. Poor Youth.—He will I doubt not.—(*makes signs to Antonio, who leads Matilda off.*)

Sir Owen. I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But come, you must forget the Pilgrim awhile—we'll in to supper soon. In the mean time I'll sing you a song, and these my rustic neighbours shall join the Chorus.

Enter Peasants.

SONG. *Sir Owen.*

1.

Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Palestine,
While he claims his subjects' duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.
Well! well!

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

II.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars;
Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

III.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crusade,
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.

Well! well!

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. III. *A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter Richard and Florestan.

Richard. Florestan!

Florestan. Sire!

Richard. Your fortune is in your power.

Florestan. Sire!—my honour is.

Richard. Honour! to a traitor!—a base! perfidious—

Florestan. Did I believe him so, I would not serve him;

him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.—

Richard. But, Florestan—

[*Florestan bows, and exit.*]

Richard. Oh God!—oh misery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—Am I doom'd by a vile traitor's craft to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—But Richard is forgot—deserted by his people—by the world!—(*he looks on a picture*) Image of her I love!—come—Oh! calm, console my heart—No—thou dost redouble all my griefs—thou art my despair—O, death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains—my freedom is my grave!

SONG. *Richard.*

Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn,
In vain to me returns the morn
That brings no more my glorious toils;
Yet bless the beams that give to fight
This image of my soul's delight,
This heaven of soothing smiles.
Vain is the thought of former power
To sooth the present mournful hour:
O Death! be thou my friend;
Hopeless I live, my sorrows end.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Theatre represents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace inclosed by Rails and a Fosse; and so situated, that when Richard appears upon it, he cannot see Matilda, who is upon the outer Parapet.*

The Time, the Dawn of Day.

Soldiers lower a Drawbridge, which they cross, and leave a Centinel on each Side.

Enter Richard and Florestan

Florestan.

THE morning breaks—the fresh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's sake.—Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day. [Exit.

(Richard walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.)

Enter Matilda and Antonio on the other side the Fosse and Parapet.

Matilda. Antonio, stay awhile; here on this rising ground we'll rest—I love to feel the pure fresh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

Antonio. Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to.—*(Matilda offering to get upon the parapet)* Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall.

Matilda. Indeed! Well, here, kind boy—take this money, and go buy something for us that we may breakfast.

Antonio. You have given me a great deal——

Matilda. Keep for yourself what is too much.

Antonio. Oh, thank you!—and pray take care not to go too near the moat. [Exit.

Matilda. When you return we will walk to some shade—shall we?—You don't answer me—he is gone—and now then—(*lifts up the bandean, and raises herself on the parapet*) Ah! no one to be seen!

Richard. A year—a year is pass'd! hope is exhausted!

Matilda. How still! how silent—Sure if those walls enclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses—Oh! if he is here he will remember the strain—'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet shares his misery.

Richard. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation—O memory!—O Matilda!

(*Matilda plays*)

Richard. What sounds!—heavens!—the very strain I once—Oh! let me hear——

Matilda sings.

“ One night in sickness lying,

“ A prey to grief and pain.

Richard. Heaven, that voice!

Matilda sings.

“ When aid of man was vain,

“ And hope and life were flying,

“ Then came my mistress to my bed,

“ And Death and Pain and Sorrow fled.”

(*She stops and raises herself to listen*)

Richard, while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprise, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers,

Richard sings.

“ The gentle tears soft falling

“ Of her whom I adore,

“ My tender hopes recalling,

“ Did life and love restore.

“ Could I but view Matilda's eyes,

“ Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.”

Together.

Richard.

“ The gentle tears soft falling

“ Of her so long ador'd,

“ My tender hopes recalling,

“ Have love and life re-
“ stor'd.”

Matilda.

“ My gentle tears soft falling

“ For him so long ador'd,

“ His tender hopes recalling,

“ Have love and life re-
“ stor'd.”

After

After Matilda has repeated the strain, shewing great joy, Florestan and soldiers appear. Florestan requests the King to retire into the castle—he does so, while another party seize Matilda, and passing a drawbridge, bring her into the front of the works.

DUO and CHORUS. *Matilda, Guards, &c.*

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
Who sent thee here? Whence come, and how?

Matilda.

Are you strangers passing near,
Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

To prison straight, to prison straight,
There he may sing early and late.

Matilda.

Ah, good Sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to say!
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd me of my fight.
I know not what this anger's for,
I've business with the Governor;
'Tis of moment you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

You know not what our anger's for,
And would speak with the Governor?

Matilda.

'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

Well, you shall see the Governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for!
But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend a while your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the Governor;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,

To tell the truth ;
 For if you lie,
 If you lie to the governor,
 Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.

Enter Florestan.

Matilda. Where is the Governor ?

Florestan. Here !

Matilda. On which side ?

Florestan. Here !——

Matilda. I have something of importance to communicate to him.

Florestan. Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

Matilda. Ah, Sir ! those who have lost their fight are half depriv'd of life already !—Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you ?

Florestan. Speak then.

Matilda. Are we alone ?—Now I think my device can't fail. (*aside*)

Florestan. (*signs to the soldiers, who retire*) We are alone.

Matilda. Then, Sir, the lovely Laurette——

Florestan. Speak lower.

Matilda. The beauteous Laurette, Sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday ; in which you express your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

Florestan. Well, my good friend, and what says she ?

Matilda. She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.——

Florestan. At her father's house !

Matilda. Yes ; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a fête, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment ; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you ; and you may easily make a pretence for a visit.

Florestan. Tell her I will not fail—but how come she to employ you in this business ?—you are blind.

Matilda. The less likely to be suspected—she loves to hear me play and sing—and she has been so generous to me,

me, I would risk any thing to serve her—besides, I brought a little guide with me.

Florestan. You have manag'd extremely well—and the noise you made I suppose was on purpose to be brought before me.

Matilda. For what could it be else?—But with your guards forsooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprison'd here—ha! ha!

Florestan. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—Here is a purse for—(*offers money*)

Matilda. Pardon, good Governor—should any one be near, and observe that you reward me, they will suspect something—

Florestan. 'Tis very true—(*he crosses by her*)

Matilda. But, Mr. Governor, lest they should—

Florestan. Well!

Matilda. Oh, you are on that side—I say, lest they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back.

Florestan. (*signs to the soldiers to come down*) You are right—upon my life this is a very clever lad—tho' he is blind.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Matilda.

Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise pray blame the guard.

Florestan.

They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message—such a noise.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

Silence! fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison.

Enter Antonio frighten'd and crying.

Antonio.

Ah! good Sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd him of his fight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers. (To Matilda)*

'Tis well for thee,
For could'st thou see,
Thou had'st died by our decree.
So haste away,
Begone, I say,
And if again we catch you here,
Be assur'd 'twill cost you dear.

Matilda.

Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

Antonio.

In truth if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A great Hall in Sir Owen's House.*

Blondel and friend, with Sir Owen.

Blondel.

MY friend, I wou'd without profession trespass on your hospitality, but in truth, we must away—our search, I do perceive, is fruitless here—and till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake—therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

Sir Owen. I cannot blame your haste, tho' I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and

and see here is my little pratler Julie will join in my request.

Enter Julie.

(She is going to speak, but seeing the strangers, she runs to Sir Owen and whispers him.)

Sir Owen. Surely, my child—She tells me she's to dance to-night, if I approve it.

Julie. O, Sir—but it was to be a secret—you were not to have said a word about it yet.

Sir Owen. No!—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us, Julie—can't you persuade them to stay?

Julie. They look so grave, I am afraid of them.

Sir Owen. Oh! go—try.

Julie. *(goes to Blondel, and takes his hand)* Pray, Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry.

Blondel. We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

Julie. But indeed you shall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

Sir Owen. You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself.

Julie. Lord, Sir, that wou'd be pleasant—ha! ha! I should like to see *you* dance!

Sir Owen. Well, you are very good however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused—it is very considerate in you.

Julie. Yes, Sir, because then you wou'd have something else to do than to mind us—

Sir Owen. So!—very well, innocent!

Julie. Then pray, gentlemen, don't go—let me intreat you to stay for our festival.

SONG. *Julie.*

Let me, gentle Pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind Sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,

All

All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
 Oh! what delight, wou'd you our pastime share.
 With dance and song
 We'll join the throng
 And banish every care;
 For such a theme,
 Tho' young I seem,
 Yet sing I may one tender lay.
 O Love! O gentlest pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you——

Sir Owen. I come. (*Exit Servant*) My friends, it shall not be farewell yet; I will return. (*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them*)

Friend. You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

Blondel. Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard——

Enter Servant.

Servant. There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

Blondel. To me?

Servant. He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

Blondel. Pray let him come.—— [*Exit Servant.*
 And after we will pursue our journey.

Enter Matilda.

Matilda. How, Sir? Did you doubt to see me?—I have spent the day requesting it. You shou'd not have paus'd upon it, but hear me, and alone.——

[*Exit Pilgrim.*

Blondel. I knew not your desire sooner—but how is this, good youth—you were blind yesterday?

Matilda. True; and ought I not to bless heaven that the first object which presents itself to my restor'd sight is——Blondel!

Blondel. Ha!—you know me then?

Matilda.

Matilda. Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? Oh! has no powerful impulse work'd upon your heart? Has no instinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpose, stir'd in your alarm'd bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valour's duty? Then perish royal Richard! waste on, proud soul, in base captivity—thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

Blondel. What can this mean? my royal master——

Matilda. Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison—but hold——

Enter Sir Owen speaking to the Seneschal and two Knights.

Sir Owen. Nay, but the youth you speak of, is——

Seneschal. Matilda—my noble mistress! (*kneels*) thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty——

Blondel. Matilda!

Matilda. Rise, Seneschal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all she ow'd her station and a father's love—but tell them peerless Richard was the cause—and tell them too, that heaven at length has sanction'd what resistless love resolv'd—Seneschal, I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend—Sir Owen, your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton——

Sir Owen. We will deliver him, or die!

(*While the symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they seem to relate what has pass'd as they range themselves behind Matilda.*)

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Matilda.

Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

Cavaliers.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

Matilda.

Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

Cavaliers.

Cavaliers.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

Matilda.

'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And cou'd my heart that voice forget?
No, Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there,
But long a pris'ner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

Cavaliers.

Not long a pris'ner shall he be.
Let us arm;
Here we swear to set him free.
Give th' alarm!

Blondel.

Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;
Prudence must your rage restrain.

Cavaliers.

Let us arm.

Matilda.

Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What shou'd be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh, listen to Blondel.

Cavaliers.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

Matilda.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

Blondel.

Let our deeds our friendship tell
In the battle—mark Blondel.

Cavaliers.

Let us arm, &c. &c. &c.

Matilda.

Matilda. And you, my gallant friends—But thanks wou'd wrong you—the cause is yours—You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man whom gold——

Sir Owen. I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

Blondel. Then force alone's our hope.

Matilda. Attend a moment.—Sir Owen, Florestan is appriz'd, that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

Sir Owen. How!

Matilda. I cannot now explain this; but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

Blondel. Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneschal, direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

Exeunt Blondel, Seneschal, and Cavaliers.

Enter Laurette and Servants.

Laurette. My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance?

Sir Owen. They will be here, my child—fear not, my dear Laurette. (*Sir Owen seems to give directions to the servants.*)

Laurette. My dear Laurette, so! he's not angry with me now—my dear father, (*to Sir Owen*) now I am happy! only I wish Florestan cou'd be here to night.

Matilda. (*aside*) Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet—'tis happy, however, that the course we have determin'd on, is free from any peril to Florestan—in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interest'd for her happiness.

(*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.*)

Sir Owen. And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

William. Sir, they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

Sir Owen. Fellow, do as I bid you. (*pushes him out*) Oh, more lights here in the hall—and d'ye hear—be ready to welcome all comers (*exit servant*) (*Observing Laurette and Matilda*) I must not however appear in their secrets yet.

TRIO.

TRIO. Matilda, Laurette, and Sir Owen.

Matilda. (aside to Laurette)

Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

Laurette.

Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to speak to me.

Matilda. (to Sir Owen, seeing him approach)

We no secrets have, good Knight,
I am saying that my fight
Is again restor'd to light. }

Laurette. (very demurely)

Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you,
The youth's well bred and honest too. }

Sir Owen.

I'm sure you have no mystery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

Laurette. (to Matilda, aside)

But does he know how well I love,
And does he swear he'll constant prove?

Matilda.

Had you but seen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

Laurette.

—————Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

Sir Owen.

What, he tells thee that his fight
Is again restor'd to light?

Laurette.

Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you:
He is saying that his fight
Is again restor'd to light.

Matilda.

We no secrets have, good Knight,
I am saying that my fight
Is again restor'd to light. }

Sir

Sir Owen.

What he tells thee, &c. &c. &c.

Laurette.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

Tabor and pipes heard behind the scenes.

Sir Owen. So, our guests are at hand. My Laurette, give them welcome.

Julie runs in.

Julie. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly dress'd—indeed, Sir, they are—and I saw the little bride myself, blushing and looking so pretty.—Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married!

Laurette. Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

Sir Owen. And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

Julie. Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

Sir Owen. Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

Julie. No!—then I vow they shall all dance, swords, and helmets and all.

She runs to meet the Peasants, who appear.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Peasant.

When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things cheering,
Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.

Chorus.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,

None

None are happy till they're pair'd ;
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Antonio.

O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend ;
But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon my labours end.

Chorus.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy, &c. &c.

Dance of Peasants.

Florestan having enter'd, and requested Laurette to be his partner, is preparing to dance. Drums beat to arms. The Peasants retire.

Florestan. Ha! what do I hear!

Sir Owen and Matilda's Knights approach him.

Sir Owen. Sir—you are my prisoner.

Florestan. Sir!

Sir Owen. You.

Florestan. What treason is this?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, strive no more,
Yield our King—our chief restore ;
Vain resistance—fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free.

Florestan.

Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes, and represents the Castle assaulted by Matilda's troops. Blondel puts himself at the head of the pioneers, and the assault continues. Richard appears on the Fortress without arms, endeavouring to free himself from three armed Soldiers. Blondel mounts the breach,—

FINIS

runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards, and snatches his sword; the King seizes it; they put the rest of the Soldiers to flight. Blondel then throws himself at Richard's feet, who embraces him—At this moment is heard the grand Chorus of Long live the King! The besiegers display the colours of Matilda, who appears. She sees Richard at liberty; flies towards him, and sinks in his arms. Florestan is then conducted to the King by the Seneschal and Sir Owen. Richard returns him his sword.

Richard. O love! O gratitude!—But oh! Matilda!—what can I say to thee, my soul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! (*embraces her*) (*to Sir Owen, &c.*) I have more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, so may I prosper in my subjects' love, as I cherish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson to improve my reign—compassion should be a monarch's nature—I have learn'd what 'tis to need it—the poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses, in his King shall find a friend.

FINALE.

Oh blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring.

CHORUS.

Faithful lovers, banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share.

TRIO. Matilda, Laurette, and Blondel.

No more shall doubt or sorrow
Disturb my anxious breast,
The sun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me blest.

CHORUS.

Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless power,
Protect the blessings which they bring!

FALSE

Owen. Richard never was well again.
 It was noticed in the Spring of the following year that
 every day passed him, and that in the evening, Thorsley
 colored in Mullis, and appeared, but he remained in a
 Chamber of Logic in the Spring. The following year the
 feet, also exhibited him. It was noticed in Spring the same
 year to fight. Blinded (and blind) at Richard's
 his friend, the King, and the King's son, and the King's
 was to the King, and the King's son, and the King's son.

the King had had a friend.
 the poorest peasant in my land, when under
 monarch's name — I have said what he would be —
 — a nation to improve my own — compared should be a
 good love, as I dwell in the memory of the future — how
 my native England I found to many a prophet in my lab-
 or, thank to pay. My heart felt all a nation, and I
 my reward, I cannot say, (as the Queen, &c.) I have more
 what can I say to thee, my King's beloved, my deliverer,
 Richard O level O granting! — But oh! My King!



At length I shall be able
To see the girls tomorrow
Dressed in their new
No more shall I have to
Toss my head in sorrow
For the girls I love
Our bright, our true, our
Faithful lovers, dear, dear

Protect the things which they love!
Only may they with their power
Liberty and love be free;
Oh! bid every - Oh! bid every hour!

FALSE APPEARANCES:

A

COMEDY,

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH;

AND PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY

THE RIGHT HON. GENERAL CONWAY.

FALSE APPEARANCES:

COMEDY.



AT THE THEATRE...

THE...

TO
MISS FARREN.

DEAR MADAM,

DEDICATIONS are something like the ornaments used by your sex, and like most of those worn by yourself, which, where great natural beauty is, receive more vogue and grace from the wearer than they give.

I know *this* can add little to your praise or reputation; but there is a pleasure in the effusions of our admiration, as well as of our gratitude, however feeble their effects. It would hurt your feelings to say how much I find of both; but I would have what authors call the world, that is, the small part of it whose attention may be drawn to so inconsiderable an object as myself, know, that while I join in their admiration of those kind exertions to which I, in a great degree, owed the approbation which the following piece was honour'd with, I was not ungrateful to the hand from which they came; nor do I confine this to the excellences of the charming Countess, but acknowledge it also in the advice and patronage you favour'd it with as a friend on its appearance in its first form at Richmond House; and it is upon this last circumstance I dwell with the greatest pleasure. Authors must have vanity in something, or they must be miserable ones indeed; and should mine have miss'd its aim in the play itself, or its success, it cannot in the pride I take of ranking myself to the Public, (before whom this now appears) among the friends of one whose amiable qualities and virtues surpass, if possible, the talents they so much admire.

I am,

DEAR MADAM,

With sincere regard and esteem,

Your most faithful,

and humble servant,

H. S. CONWAY.

LITTLE WARWICK STREET,
June 12, 1789.

TO THE READER.

A PREFACE in form seems little suited to the production of so slight a thing as the following piece; but it may perhaps be thought allowable, so far as to explain to those who may have the curiosity, the reasons of the changes it has undergone from its original state: it might else seem an impertinent conceit in the author, to think he could add any thing to the elegance or spirit of the excellent original; or expect an approbation superior, or even equal, to that which it has constantly received on the French theatre.

Every Stage which has, in different periods and nations, been brought to any degree of perfection, has acquir'd, as it were, a tone and idiom peculiar to itself, which, however admir'd in their own sphere, or whatever abstract merit they might have, could not meet with the same approbation in another.

The chorus of the Greeks was generally adopted on the Athenian stage, at the time of its greatest elegance and purity, and has been attempted, in some instances, both on the French and English stages, but is now entirely laid aside.

The use of rhyme was established on the French stage both in tragedy and comedy; in the former universally, and generally in the latter. Moliere was, I believe, the first among their poets, who broke through it in some of his comedies, and it has, notwithstanding that good example, continued in common, if not in general, use to this day, and in their most admir'd plays: it was also used in our old plays before Shakespeare, and in some since; particularly by Mr. Dryden, who even maintains strenuously its merit in tragedy at least; yet his best plays of the kind are now quite laid aside? and in comedy it is with us universally exploded; nor have the late ingenious attempts of Mr. Hayley been able to revive it,—the diffuseness of its diction, and the constraint it lies under, being

being by no means compatible with that spirited freedom and conciseness, which are the characteristics of our best English comedies.

Our original, the *Dehors Trompeurs* of Mons. Boissy, is in rhyme, and though excellently plann'd, and abounding in the most elegant and admirable poetry, as well as in a vein of delicate humour, which runs through the whole, has, however, a diffuseness in good part of the dialogue, and sometimes a repetition of the same sentiments and reflections, which, though brilliant and expressive in his beautiful verses, could not bear a literal translation into prose, and wanted much pruning and abbreviation to make them tasted by an English audience.— With these necessary changes it was produced for the amusement of a private society at Richmond House, where it went through several representations, with a very friendly and flattering approbation.

It being afterwards suggested that there was some inclination in the Managers to have it acted at Drury Lane; and having undergone a new examination for that purpose, the abbreviations made were thought to have diminish'd it below the standard of a regular theatrical comedy. It was also suggested, that however abounding, from its original, in a turn of refined wit, and by no means deficient in true *attic* salt, it wanted some of the *Cayenne* humour which makes the necessary seasoning for an English audience; especially those in the higher regions, whose appetite a Manager must of necessity consult.— Hence grew a formidable difficulty. To pull down, is the work of a common hand; but to build, requires all the taste and elegance of the architect; especially to patch an old house, with equal danger to the edifice and the artist.* In this dilemma, the Abbé offer'd himself to the author's imagination as the best resource; he is named in the very first scene of the play, and has an indirect connection with the plot. How far the interweaving him into it, or making him the subject of a subordinate intrigue, was allowable, must be left to the judgement of the Public, on their mature examination, to which it is now submitted: the degree of applause it met with, during its late representations, not being, perhaps, a sufficient criterion to give it an established reputation. It may, as

far as its plot goes, I believe, be sufficiently authorized by rule and example; but I shall trouble the reader with neither, it being a vain attempt to lead his judgement where it is not inclined to go, or to argue him into what he does not feel.

The talk was difficult, and the author will be as ready as others to allow it, should it appear beyond his strength.

A few words to account for its present appearance, in a shape somewhat different from that in which it was lately seen at Drury Lane, and at the same time to apologize to the able and ingenious Manager there, to whose kind attention and assistance the author has the sincerest pleasure in acknowledging his great obligation.

The Abbé's part, and additional scenes connected with it, having again swell'd the play beyond the proper limits, it was propos'd, among other abbreviations, to leave out the scene in the second act, where the Marquis discovers, by means of his servant Champaign, the situation of Lucile, and bring her into the first act. As this alteration was consented to by the writer, in deference to a judgement thought superior to his own; particularly in the experience and knowledge of stage effect, he has ventur'd now to restore it to its former state; first, as being consonant to the original design; and still more, as the opening that part of the plot so early, and letting the audience so fully into Lucile's situation, and her love for the Marquis, seem a good deal to destroy the interest created by the suspense of that discovery: for though the audience may be supposed to guess how that will turn out, yet they had always rather guess than be told; and to keep back as long as possible all *dénouement*, whether of the principal or subordinate parts, constitutes, I take it, the chief art of dramatic writing.

Corneille, in his Discourse upon Dramatic Poetry, makes the first act answer the Prologue, or *Parados* of Aristotle, which was to let the audience only into what was necessary to be known *previous* to the *action*, contained in the subsequent acts: but whether so or not, the advantage of keeping out of it as far as possible any material parts of the action, and still more all elucidation of the plot, is visible.

An account of this Play cannot be closed, without some notice of the admirable Epilogue, which makes its chief ornament, to which, if the writer of this has one only reasonable objection, (that of its tarnishing the inferior merits of his own production) he thinks it fully made up to him, by so flattering and so public a testimony of its author's friendship.

PROLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

LAUNCH'D on the bosom of the gentle tide,
 With friendly hands its easy course to guide ;
 With gilded tackling, and with silken sail,
 To catch of kind applause the flatt'ring gale.
 Say, what strange frenzy in the Poet's brain,
 Urg'd his frail bark to tempt the stormy main ;
 (Far from the kindly safe protecting shore)
 Where the winds whistle and the tempests roar ?
 With such a cargo too, such motly stuff !
 For 'tis a strange assortment, sure enough.
 Some prose, some verse, some merry and some sad ;
 Some good, we hope ; and much I doubt, some bad ;
 Some old, some new, some English, some from France,
 Tho' not their weeping comedy, nor dance.
 An Abbé too ! a sight you've seldom seen ;
 A parrot cloath'd in black, instead of green ;
 Half church, half lay, half clerk, half militant !
 Tho' in a band, the creature will not cant.
 He's light too, not o'ercharg'd with cleric lore ;—
 One good-fat Parson would outweigh a score :
 He will not therefore sink us by his weight,
 And if he makes you laugh, he pays his freight.
 We're all above board—did not mean to steal,
 But to declare our goods, and fairly deal ;
 All in the legal way of importation,
 Tho' there may be some small adulteration.
 Some merit yet's our merchant author's plea ;
 From Gallic chains he sets his drama free ;
 Where the ear's wearied with perpetual rhymes,
 Like the dull jingle of their clatt'ring chimes ;
 Where male and female verse, with constant strife,
 Drag one sad endless yoke, like man and wife.—

Bnt

But let our blame be bounded as it ought—
 No general censure suits a single fault.
 How often mix'd in the same garden grows
 The baneful hemlock with the fragrant rose!
 And 'tis mere common sense each man relies on,
 To chuse the perfume and reject the poison.
 In fame, and honour, long their stage has shin'd,
 Correct in manners as in taste refin'd;
 We'd not detract an atom from their praise,
 But add the Civic to the Muse's bays:
 And shou'd the Genius of this happy isle
 On Gallia's sons at length propitious smile;
 While in each breast the patriot spirit glows,
 We'd hail as brothers, whom we've met as foes:
 To the same point their generous ardour tends;
 The friends to Freedom, must be Britain's friends.
 And may the sov'reign Pow'r that rules above,
 Unbounded in its wisdom as its love,
 To no one Nation, nor no spot confin'd,
 Extend that best of blessings to mankind!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Baron, Mr. WROUGHTON.
Marquis, Mr. KEMBLE.
Governor, Mr. PARSONS.
Abbé, Mr. J. BANNISTER.
Robert, Mr. R. PALMER.
Champaign, —

WOMEN.

Countess, Miss FARREN.
Lucile, Mrs. CROUCH.
Celia, Mrs. KEMBLE.
Lisette, Miss POPE.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Baron's Library.*

Celia and Lifette.

Lifette.

I AM out of my wits.

Celia. What's the matter, Lifette?

Lifette. Your brother's distracted; he has put that little scribbling Abbé, whom he scarce knows how to speak to, into the apartment which the Governor, Lucile's father, always occupies in the house, though he expects him in Paris every hour. On my endeavouring to remonstrate, he flew in a violent passion with me, and said such things, as I did not think could come out of a gentleman's mouth.

Celia. I can't believe this.

Lifette. It is too true, however; and did not my love for your Ladyship keep me, I would not stay a day in the house.

Celia. But my brother is so good humour'd.

Lifette. Oh! charming, when one has nothing to do with him; always lively and agreeable with his common acquaintance. He's an angel abroad, Madam, but the devil at home.

Celia. We must take people as they are, Lifette; there's nobody perfect.

Lifette. No, Madam; but when they are so very imperfect, one wishes to mend them.

Celia. You ought to have some respect——

Lifette. Oh! indeed, Madam, I'm too much in a passion to spare him. He is a bad master, and not a better brother;—the name of friend is a title to be forgot by him, and his love is like his friendship—witness poor Lucile. When he saw her at the Convent, he was all adoration; now that she's brought to the house here, and destin'd to be his wife, his sentiments and language are quite changed. He assumes the tone and the coldness of a husband already; and as he is wanting to the father, he shamefully neglects the daughter.

Celia. If he is not ceremonious with them, 'tis his way, Lifette, and Mr. de Foillis will readily excuse it; they are old friends.

Lifette. He should shew him the more respect then, Madam. Indeed, Lucile seems sensible of this, and is become of late silent and melancholy.

Celia. Oh no, 'tis her natural turn to be silent. Simplicity is the leading ingredient in her character, and the convent education gives her an awkwardness that has the air of stupidity.

Lifette. She is not so simple as she appears, I assure you, Madam. Only observe her looks! I never saw more meaning in two charming bright eyes in my life; and she thinks and feels too, if I have any skill in looks. But the Baron treats her like a child, is always chiding; or, what's as bad, teaching her; when he thinks of her at all, which is but seldom; add to this, his intimacy with his new neighbour the Countess.

Celia. The Countess is not of a character to make her uneasy—then she is so foolish.

Lifette. The more likely to charm him; and of late his esteem for her seems violently increased.

Celia. And has no reality in it. The same whirlwind transports and links them together: they seek each other, because they think each other fashionable; they are complaisant without fondness, and intimate without being acquainted—Their spirits are always on the wing together in search of amusement, and their hearts never of the party.

Lifette. Here comes the Countess, Madam, and followed by a handsome young gentleman.

Celia.

Celia. Her visits tire me!

Enter Countess, Marquis following.

Countess. We are looking for the Baron with the utmost impatience; I have something of consequence to tell him. Pray, let them find him immediately—I can't stay a moment.

Celia. I'll go and tell him to come down, Madam, if you please.

Countess. No, stay with us, I beg, Madam. Lisette will be good enough to call him.

Celia. Make haste.

[*Exit Lisette.*]

Countess. (*To the Marquis*) What a stiff air!

Marquis. (*To the Countess*) But 'tis noble and discreet.

Celia. I never was more embarrassed.

Countess. (*To Celia*) My dear Madam, you live quite out of the world, and one never sees you.—I must positively drag you out of this solitude, and inspire you with the spirit and taste of the world.

Celia. Obscurity suits such young persons as me—

Countess. No, no; I must have the forming you.

Celia. You'll excuse me, Madam. I am quite unable to follow your steps; my head's too weak, and my heart too timid—I am the slave of vulgar prejudices, and should ill support the honour of your choice.

Countess. But handsome as you are, and made to please, don't you pant to be admired? To live upon that single idea, is for you not only a duty, but an absolute necessity: the necessity of eating and sleeping is not greater for us than that of being admired—'tis the great law of our nature. To racket and to shine, are the life of life for me!

Celia. For me, who am no coquette, I place my happiness in avoiding all eclat; and endeavour to find it, not in the opinion of others, but in my own breast.

Marquis. (*To the Countess*) Her answers are the dictates of reason. I am charmed with them.

Countess. (*To the Marquis*) And I shocked. (*To Celia*) But you must then, my dear Madam, have a positive taste for ennui?

Celia. No really—and I seldom find it—but in tiresome company. (*Aside*)

Countess.

Countess. How foolish she is! (*Aside.*)

Celia. What a strange creature! (*Aside.*)

Enter Lisette.

Countess. Is the Baron coming? for I'm out of patience.

Lisette. Madam, he is gone out.

Countess. Mighty well. I thought so.

Lisette. But he'll be at home in a minute.

Countess. I don't believe a word on't. But where can he be?

Celia. I'll find him, and let him know you are waiting for him. [*Exeunt Celia and Lisette.*]

Countess. Is it possible that should be the Baron's sister? What do you think of her?

Marquis. She seems very amiable.

Countess. She is mighty lively!

Marquis. She is very sensible—and good sense,—
Madam—

Countess. Is much out of its place in you, Sir. It's a pretty thing to be sensible at your years.—A young man of fashion, and an admirer of good sense!

Enter the Baron.

O Baron, come and behold what you have never heard of, and never can believe! Such a sight! A young man of fashion, prudent and sensible, who dares to declare, and not even blush at it—

Baron. 'Tis an example——

Countess. Yes, to avoid—But no more of that, the young man may yet recover.

Baron. The case seems dangerous.

Countess. Beyond the power of the faculty I fear—but a more important affair brings me here. I come to engage you for the evening. Signor Vacarmini makes a prodigious noise.

Baron. Yes, they talk much of him.

Countess. Oh, he's the greatest fiddle in all Italy—the most divine creature. I have made a party for you to hear him this evening.

Baron. You propose me a great pleasure, but unfortunately I am engaged.

I

Countess.

Countess. Every body is fond of our Baron here; every body quarrelling for him, and happy they who can engage him. Didn't I tell you so, Marquis?

Marquis. One can't be surprized, amiable as he is.

Baron. Oh have mercy upon your poor friend if you please.

Countess. You must break your engagement, I must have the preference.

Baron. 'Tis doing me a kind, and charming violence—Yet—

Countess. Yet—you'll come with us—Yes,—I know you will.

Marquis. I beg you will—

Countess. And I insist—

Baron. You insist?

Countess. Yes—absolutely, and am astonished at your hesitation!

Baron. I no longer resist. When the ladies command, one must obey.

Countess. I may depend upon you?

Baron. Certainly.

Countess. I must now talk to you upon another matter of a most serious nature. I hear a report which surprises and afflicts me.

Baron. Some bad news no doubt.

Countess. Oh dreadful!—the most shocking imaginable.

Baron. You really alarm me, Madam.—Pray explain.

Countess. Nay, 'tis about yourself—Such a misfortune!

Baron. For Heaven's sake——

Countess. No—I can't pronounce it.

Baron. I beseech you, Madam.—'Tis some scandalous report I'll lay my life.

Countess. Oh very scandalous. You are ruined and disgraced for ever if it's true.

Baron. For pity's sake.—I'm on the rack.

Countess. Well, then, if I must.—They say you are going to be married.

Baron. And is that the cause of so much alarm?

Countess. Yes, indeed; is it true?

Baron.

Baron. Why?

Countess. Why! Oh you hesitate; aye, aye, it's over with you I see—Well!

Baron. There may be something in it.

Countess. So much the worse.

Baron. Marriage is then very terrible in your eyes?

Countess. Oh most terrible.

Baron. But one must sometime take a serious engagement.

Countess. Never.

Baron. I follow example; you know I love to be in the fashion, and soon or late, 'tis what we all come to.

Countess. No, Baron, no; I know you well, and believe me, marriage is not made for you, nor you for it—No; your friends should all oppose it, and the world would lose you quite—the true man of the world holds to nothing, or by the slightest bands, which one moment forms, and the next destroys. He abhors all serious connexions, is always engaging and never engaged.

Baron. Heaven has made me sociable in all situations.

Countess. Oh no, I read in your eyes that marriage will sour all the sweet in your disposition; and of a spirited amiable bachelor, make a cross, melancholy husband.

Marquis. No, Madam, there's no fear of the Baron's suffering such a change, and I dare say he has made too good a choice.

Baron. My heart has taken reason for its guide.

Countess. Reason! O Heavens! I could pardon the Marquis here talking of reason, but for you, and me, dear Baron, we know too well it's a mere chimæra.

Marquis. Reason a chimæra!—the idea is singular.

Countess. There's no such thing—'tis an old-fashioned prejudice, which falsely takes its name—Hey, Baron!

Marquis. For me, Madam, I am really so old-fashioned as to acknowledge the existence of such a reason as, far from being a prejudice, destroys the silly prejudices which the world is the dupe of; which improves our virtues, corrects our errors, and makes us at once both wise and sociable.

Countess. And I maintain that she is herself the worst of errors; encreases all our faults, spoils all our virtues,
stifles

uffles a thousand enjoyments, and is the parent of a thousand ridicules—Reason, which has not common sense; which they call prudence, and is mere stupidity.

Marquis. But true reason, Madam—

Baron. Oh there are many sorts—Every body has one which he paints in his own colours. Even the Countess here, let her say what she will, has a reason in her own way.

Countess. I a reason!

Baron. Most certainly, Madam, and under another name you submit to its laws.

Countess. Good Heaven forbid! and of what sort, pray? I have no notion—

Baron. Oh certainly that of the first quality, which the vulgar call folly; whose business it is to amuse herself with every thing, to brave all prudish censures, and nonsensical scruples, and laughing at the grave fools which the universe abounds with, forms the man of the world, and the only true philosopher.

Countess. Dear Baron, what a happy discovery. Your reason is quite divine, and I am a perfect convert to it, since it's embellished with all the charms of adorable folly—But the Marquis, I fear, will never submit to it.—To the old reason he'll give the preference.

Marquis. Oh no, Madam, such folly is the quintessence of wisdom, and I cheerfully submit to its laws.

Countess. The Baron is a sublime genius.—Nothing too hard for him. Such amiable manners, and such engaging wit!—Adieu.—I have a thousand visits to make this morning. At three I expect you both.—But, dear Baron, renounce that odious marriage. That reason you have taught us to-day absolutely commands you, through me, to live free and independent, as I do.

We'll tread on air, thro' pleasure's sprightly rounds,

Life's surface sip, and leave the nauseous grounds.

Chagrin and grief lie deep beneath the brim;

To taste its essence, we should only skim.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Marquis. Now that we are alone, my dear Baron, I take, with pleasure, this opportunity to tell you how much I feel myself obliged to you, and the sincere friendship

ship all your civilities and kindness have inspired me with. Your interest really touches me, and, as you are on the point of contracting a serious engagement, I should be glad to know the part which, as your friend, I ought to take in it.

Baron. My esteem for you is not less, I assure you; where I see merit, my friendships are soon form'd; your's has struck me. Our acquaintance is yet but new, and is already more dear to me than a friendship of ten years. As to the affair of my marriage, you saw I was shy to the Countess, but to you my heart shall open itself without reserve. The woman I have made choice of is young, beautiful, discreet; has the most enchanting figure, and captivates at first sight—She has birth too, and fortune; and what makes the connexion still more desirable, is the long friendship which has united me with her father.

Marquis. What a number of advantages!—I may then cordially congratulate.—

Baron. Stop a moment—you imagine, after this description, that nothing is wanting to my happiness; but pray be undeceiv'd, and learn that one fatal circumstance destroys it all—in a word, this captivating charmer, this idol of my soul, under the most enchanting appearance, hides a mass of folly. I don't know what name to give her; 'tis a creature that can scarce articulate; dull, absent, insensible, without feeling or idea; she seems governed by mere instinct. At the moment she throws the most animated glance, a stupid silence belies its meaning—she is dead to every impression and sentiment, and I am going to marry a beautiful statue.

Marquis. Time, and your instructions, will teach her.

Baron. Oh, no; there's no effort I have not made to throw some light on her understanding. Being soon to become her husband, with the consent of her father, I took her from the convent. She is now here with my sister, who seconds my endeavours, but all in vain—instead of advancing, she seems to go back, and her understanding lessens every day. At present, she scarce speaks a word—a *yes*, or a *no*, and those generally ill-placed, is all I can get out of her; the sounds she listens to go no farther than her ear, and her mind seems a perfect

fect blank. Judge, then, if my happiness is complete, and tell me what resolution I ought to take.

Marquis. There's no perfect happiness, and every man has his misfortunes.

Baron. But there are none so tormenting as mine.—For this fatal object, I pass by turns from desire to disgust, and from contempt to adoration; her folly repels, while her charms attract me, and I am in a constant maze of contradiction with myself.

Marquis. I lament your fate; but though unfortunate, I know a lover much more to be pitied.

Baron. That's impossible; my misery is at its height, and who could ever know its equal?

Marquis. Myself.

Baron. You, Marquis!

Marquis. Yes, I; and it may be some alleviation of your misfortune, when I repay your confidence by a recital of mine. In the first place, there's some similarity between them—I admire, as you do, a young beauty whom I saw at a convent—whose natural grace strikes and interests at the first glance. The sweet sound of her voice penetrates the very soul, while her looks add to the emotion—Nature has not been kind by halves to this charming girl; your's has only her outward gifts, but mine possesses all her treasures! her lovely smiling eyes promise sense, and keep their promise—her heart is made for love and tenderness, a compound of soft passion, sentiment, and delicacy.

Baron. You talk too feelingly, not to be beloved.

Marquis. Yes, I believe, indeed, our passion is mutual.

Baron. You are too happy! and I envy your good fortune.

Marquis. Suspend your judgement a little, and you'll have reason to change your opinion.—Being ordered with my regiment on a distant service, I lost sight of my charming mistress, and have never been able to learn what is become of her.—We corresponded constantly for some time, and her letters regularly followed mine—but all on a sudden she ceased writing to me. The moment I was at liberty, I hastened back to France, and the very day of my arrival, flew to the convent. Vain hope!—

all they could tell me was, that she had left it some time, and my endeavours since to learn any trace of her have been fruitless.

Baron. That ought not to deject you ; your inquiries will certainly discover her ; and your consolation is, that you possess her heart.

Marquis. Vain and cruel advantage ! which, if I lose her, only completes my misfortune.

Baron. Still it is less than mine, while any hope remains. But for me, with my inanimate idol, there's no resource.

Marquis. You'll possess her, and that ought to console you—but the more perfect the object, the more intolerable the loss.

Baron. Let us no longer dispute so cruel a pre-eminence, but let our union in misfortune be the bond of our friendship. Adieu ! 'tis with pain I leave you ; but I must go out on particular business, and to put off the Duke.

Marquis. And I to learn if my inquiries have had any success. Adieu ! dear Baron ; such a friend is my only support under the loss I have suffered. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Marquis and Champaign.

Marquis.

TELL me quickly, Champaign, what have you learnt ?
Champaign. Learnt ! I've discovered where she lives, Sir—that's all.

Marquis. Where is she then ?—Tell me this minute.

Champaign. Here.

Marquis. Where ?—here in Paris ?

Champaign. In this very house, Sir, and I have just seen her.

Marquis. Impossible ! how ?

Champaign.

Champaign. Oh, corporeally, actually here, Sir; and that's not all—I could surprise you still more.

Marquis. Tell me then this moment, rascal!

Champaign. Yes, Sir; but your honour promised to give me something for my intelligence, and I'm afraid—

Marquis. Speak, rascal, or I'll give you more than I promised.

(Holds up his stick.)

Champaign. Oh, yes, Sir; for if I must be beat, it shall be with a safe conscience, and I'll tell the whole truth—She's going to be married, Sir.

Marquis. To be married! It can't be! When? where? to whom?

Champaign. Immediately, Sir, and to the Baron, the master of this house.

Marquis. To the Baron!

Champaign. The very same, Sir; and the thing is most certain.

Marquis. What a strange and most unhappy adventure! But it can't be—they have imposed upon thee—The person he is going to marry, is handsome indeed, but an absolute fool—so he has just told me himself; but she whom I adore, is all spirit, all fire, all sentiment!

Champaign. I don't know what account he has given of his mistress, nor whether he has made her a wit or a fool. But I am convinced, and that by my own eyes, that the young lady who is lodged here, is the very same to whom I have carried a hundred letters, witnesses of your tender passion.

[Exit Champaign.]

Marquis. I can no longer doubt—and now see it all—yes, he has taken her simplicity and bashfulness, for folly and dulness; and her natural reserve has been increased by the force put upon her inclinations. Vain, flattering thought! that brings no consolation—and her grief only adds to my misfortune. To have her torn from me, too, by the hand of a friend, who is ignorant of the injury he is doing!—What a cruel situation!—Then, how to meet the Baron!—No, I could not support his presence. —O Heavens! I see him coming.

Enter the Baron.

Baron. I was impatient to see you. Well, have you nothing to tell me?—What's the matter?—You avoid
my

my sight, and I see grief writ in your countenance.—
Answer me, Marquis—what has happened?

Marquis. Nothing.

Baron. Your tone and air assure me to the contrary; and I love you too well, to let you continue this cruel silence. Open your heart to me—speak, I beseech you.

Marquis. I cannot.

Baron. But recollect that you promised me. What discovery have you made? what have you learnt?

Marquis. More than I wished.

Baron. I don't comprehend you, and I insist that you explain yourself—

Marquis. No, I cannot speak—I would beg to leave you.

Baron. All resistance is vain—you shall absolutely tell me.

Marquis. What an horrid constraint! To what am I reduced! (*Aside*)

Baron. Yield then to a man entirely devoted to you.

Marquis. I am afraid—

Baron. You're in the wrong. Has your ill fortune, which lately conceal'd your mistress, play'd you some worse trick?

Marquis. Yes, since you have torn the secret from me; I wish her situation was still unknown to me.

Baron. What have you heard then?

Marquis. The very worst I could hear; I have found out where she is, but only to know her loss is the more certain; in short, her family are going to marry her immediately, and what completes my misfortune, to one of my best friends.

Baron. 'Tis a cruel stroke, I agree; but yet not half so bad as being ignorant what was become of her; and though unpleasant, to be sure, I think your situation much better than it was this morning.

Marquis. Alas! what can equal my present distress! I know not what part to take. Every step seems barr'd, and every hope forbidden.

Baron. Not at all; I see one very natural one, my dear Marquis.

Marquis. What is that?

Baron. Pursue your point with the lady.

Marquis.

Marquis. How is that possible, when I find her engaged to my friend, whom her father has chosen for her? My heart ought for ever to renounce all hope of her—honour and duty both forbid me to think of her.

Baron. Honour and duty, my good friend, are quite out of the question. In affairs of this kind, you should think of nothing but your love.

Marquis. But, my dear Sir, for a moment put yourself in my place, would you do what you advise me? Would you allow your love to make you wanting to your friend?

Baron. Yes, Marquis, on this point I should have no mercy; all scruple is mere folly in these cases, and I would not spare my father.

Marquis. I don't feel such intrepidity; and if I did, what could I have to hope?

Baron. Every thing; since you are beloved, you cannot but succeed; I'd be answerable for it myself.

Marquis. But what steps do you advise, and to what end?

Baron. In the first place, to break off this cursed marriage.

Marquis. Impossible! She's on the point of being married—to-morrow, perhaps—nor can I do such an injury to my friend.

Baron. Silly delicacy! if all the young fellows were so scrupulous, I should pity half the wives in Paris.—But prithee, Marquis, don't own such sentiments; they would hurt your character essentially.

Marquis. When you talk so, you certainly are not serious. I have form'd and will pursue a nobler design, whatever it may cost me.—I will no longer abuse the error of a friend; I'll this moment dissipate it, and am resolved, be the consequence what it may, to reveal the whole to him without disguise.

Baron. By no means; you'll spoil all. Did any one ever make such a confidence?

Marquis. What would you have me deceive a man whom I love, and who is my friend?

Baron. Yes, surely, Sir, deceive him.

Marquis. But it's a shame, a crying injury.

Baron.

Baron. Deceive him, I tell you, deceive him; 'tis the custom.

Marquis. You advise it! You!

Baron. Most decidedly;—nay more, I insist upon it.

Marquis. I am astonish'd.

Baron. But I really do not comprehend you;—you have a most tender friendship, you say, for this man, and are going, in pure kindness, to let him know you are beloved by the woman he is to marry. If any one was to shew me such a kindness, his compliment would be but ill received, I can assure you.

Marquis. This is unanswerable, and you have convinced me quite. My passion shall now follow the path you have trac'd out. But remember, 'tis you that have obliged me to this: you are answerable for my conduct, and if hereafter I am drawn on too far, 'tis you, and not I, that must be blamed.

Baron. Be the consequence what it will, I take it upon myself.—On my word, go on.

Marquis. I take it then, and shall proceed.

Baron. Before you go, I should wish you to see the object——But she's here.

Enter Lucile.

Marquis. (Aside.) What torture, I can hardly support it!

Lucile. (To the Baron, timidly and simply.) I was looking for your sister.

Baron. Advance, and don't be afraid—Come and make your curtsy to the Marquis; you can't shew too much civility to my friend. But what's the matter?—You are all in confusion; you change colour, and are embarrass'd—Take courage, Lucile—Should one be so disconcerted when one comes into company?

Lucile. (Simply.) But the gentleman is so too.

Baron. Yes, he's asham'd for you.

Marquis. I beg pardon, but I think I have had the honour of seeing this lady somewhere before.

Baron. You have seen her before! Where, Marquis?

Marquis. At the convent—At the very same where I went so often, as I told you, to see that young person—This accident charms as much as it surprises me.—They had such esteem and regard for each other, that they were never

never asunder. It was from this attachment that I became acquainted with her.

Baron. (*Aside to the Marquis*) Nothing cou'd be more fortunate for you than this accident; She'll be of use to you with her friend.—She is simple to excess, but one may teach her.—Does she know of your love?

Marquis. Every thing should have told it her. I often declared my passion in her presence; and my mistress herself does not know my heart better.

Baron. I am glad of that—the affair will go on so much the faster.

Marquis. In the anxiety I suffer, permit me to ask her some questions in your presence.

Baron. And welcome—I'll myself engage her to answer them.

Marquis. No, I should wish without constraint to hear from her own mouth, what are the sentiments, of her friend. Speak, dear Lucile, they are all known to you; my mistress made nothing a secret to you, and, probably, you often hear from her.

Lucile. Yes.

Marquis. I have heard a most cruel thing lately: her parents, they say, are going to marry her.

Lucile. Yes.

Marquis. (*Aside*) Oh! what a terrible *yes!* and how it alarms me. (*To Lucile*) Does she approve it?

Lucile. No.

Baron. (*To the Marquis*) Good! that's a happy omen for you.

Marquis. (*To Lucile*) How are her health and spirits?

Lucile. Ill and well.

Marquis. Does she think of me?

Lucile. Much.

Marquis. What does she say?

Lucile. (*Sighing*) Nothing.

Baron. Speak a little more intelligibly, I beg.—What answers! (*Aside to the Marquis*)

Marquis. They have a great meaning for those who understand them. I always loved brevity.

Baron. You should then admire her conversation.

Marquis. Infinitely.

Baron. Yes, 'tis there indeed she shines.—*Ill* and *Well*,

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G

Yes,

Yes, No, Much, Nothing. (*Mimicking her*)—What a wonderful girl! Pray, if possible, hold a more connected language.

Marquis. (*To the Baron*) With the little she has said you see I am delighted. (*To Lucile*) Does your friend take any interest in my fate?

Lucile. Yes; your situation has thrown her into the greatest trouble: I, who know her heart, can assure you of it.

Baron. Prodigious!—She actually spoke two sentences together.

Marquis. (*Aside*) I can hardly support the agitation which I feel!

Lucile. I have said too much, perhaps, and I'll go away!—

Baron. Excellent!—Yes, you are very talkative.

Marquis. No, it's I who should go. My transport may at last betray me. (*Aside*)

Adieu, Madam, remember that you must plead for me, and that I am lost without your assistance. [*Exit.*]

Baron. I don't comprehend you. You astonish me:—you are always trembling and confused. Your air is constrain'd, and you do all you can to tarnish your beauty, by the awkwardness of your manner, or by a stupid silence. When you are obliged to speak, 'tis by monosyllables, and without connexion. Answer me, is it constraint?—Is it obstinacy?—Is it ignorance?—Is it inattention?—Come, look up, then, when I speak to you.

Lucile. I am oblig'd to you.

Baron. Do you think then, I am paying you compliments?

Lucile. As you please.

Baron. As you please! I can't hold out against such answers.

Lucile. But I've said something wrong, I believe.

Baron. Oh! what a foolish *I believe*.

Lucile. Forgive me, but your looks frighten and confound me.

Baron. My air is frightful then in your eyes?

Lucile. Yes, indeed!

Baron.

Baron. You make me a charming compliment. Come let us finish. Her dialogue kills me. (*Aside*)

(*To Lucile*) Let us have done with this useless discourse—You must assist the Marquis.

Lucile. Assist him!

Baron. Immediately.

Lucile. In what pray?

Baron. You must speak to your friend, in his favour. If it was only a silly light amour, far from pressing you to interfere, I should forbid it. But it is a prudent choice, and a great match for her, where every advantage is united: high birth, fortune, and youth, with the most amiable figure: it's therefore acting the part of a friend. Tell her of the despair he's in. Say he is dying for her.

Lucile. She knows it already.

Baron. No matter.—Exaggerate his merit and his passion. Employ all your influence to move her, and say every thing that is bad of his rival.—Say he is wild—vain—inconstant—brutal!—

Lucile. (*Smiling*) What, do you order me?

Baron. Yes, absolutely. But when I say so, what obliges you to laugh?—It's quite new—(*Angrily*) indeed—but I dislike it. This laugh is very ill placed.—(*Aside*) Absurd in every thing, these fools are either dumb, or laughing without a cause. (*To Lucile*) However, remember what I have said, try to dispose your friend in favour of the Marquis. It's an affair that presses.

Lucile. Sir, there's your sister coming.

Baron. My sister! The news is very important, and fit to interrupt an interesting conversation.

Enter Celia.

Baron. Above all things, represent, I charge you, that the Marquis's love is most sincere, as well as ardent.

Lucile. This is the third time you have told me so.

Baron. Oh! to make you comprehend a thing there's no repeating it too often—I am out of patience. (*Aside*)

Lucile. You put yourself in a passion, Sir, and I retire. [*Exit Lucile.*]

Celia. You treat this poor girl, my dear brother, too roughly; you frighten and confound her; this conduct

hurts you with her, and, in the end, may make her hate you.

Baron. Forgive my interrupting you, my dear sister, to say that you are most excessively mistaken.

Celia. I must inform you, then, that she has actually complain'd to me.

Baron. Oh, those little complaints are of no consequence.

Celia. As you please, Sir: but here's her father coming. What do you mean to do about his apartment?—My sincere friendship——

Baron. Gives itself a great deal too much trouble, my good sister; and for my sake, don't love me quite so much.

Celia. You have always something disagreeable to say to me.

Baron. Well, I'll try to be more polite hereafter, and say a thousand civil things to you;—I'll talk of your beauty, your air, your wit, and above all, your sprightly disposition!

Celia. You may laugh at me, and shew your contempt—but I shall not be deterr'd from acting as your friend, and shall return your contempt by giving you a piece of good advice, which you much stand in need of.

Baron. More advice!—well!

Celia. You are very amiable.

Baron. A very pretty beginning.

Celia. Engaging, kind, affable, towards all 'whom you have any end in pleasing; and the whole world share in your civilities, because the world is the object of your worship, and the oracle you always consult; but my dear brother knows how to repay himself at home for all the kindnesses he lavishes abroad; here he strips off his silken outside, and takes a different varnish; contemptuous to his sister, harsh to his servants, peevish with his mistress, and cold to his friends. Every thing in his house fears him; every thing flies him; the courtier is eclips'd, and the tyrant proclaim'd.

Baron. Sister!

Celia. Yes, the painting is strong,—but you have forc'd it from me; my lesson was not meant to offend, but to serve you;—profit by it, or, if your error continues,

tinues, expect the desertion of all that belongs to you—you'll be left alone in your house, and will not have a friend, but that frivolous world, whose esteem a breath can cancel and annihilate. [Exit Celia.

The Baron solus.

Te tum te ti—I should be happy to be deliver'd from all those animals who furround me;—but it's time to go out—I must fly to the Countess.

Enter Lifette.

Lifette. Sir, I come——

Baron. Get away.

Lifette. But pray, Sir, allow me——

Baron. Have my fellows carried my letter to the Duke?

Lifette. I think Richard went out with it.

Baron. I think, is admirable; these creatures generally speak as absurdly as they act; my orders are never attended to as they ought.

Lifette. But, Sir, Mr. De Forlis——

Baron. Well, what of Mr. De Forlis?

Lifette. He's this moment arriv'd, and so I came——

Baron. And so you may go—get about your business.

Lifette. What a man! [Exit.

The Baron solus.

De Forlis takes a bad time for his arrival;—I was just going out, and he stops me;—but I'll go and just speak to him, and then leave him after the first compliments—— But here he comes.

Enter De Forlis.

Baron. I'm glad to see you, Sir,—and your health?—good, I hope?

Forlis. Sound as a rock; and thine, Baron?

Baron. Very good.

Forlis. That's well. I was willing to hasten up, that I might give you my daughter, and thereby cement the ancient friendship subsisting between us.

Baron. I am very glad indeed, Sir, of this union—quite happy—but——

[Seeming rather embarrassed.
G 3 *Forlis.*

Forlis. Quite happy!—but—You make that compliment a little coldly. I don't expect much ceremony, but I like that a friend, when one arrives, should seem glad to see one, on an occasion like this too! You have not the art of receiving your friends over warmly, methinks; but I forgive appearances—why you seem embarrassed; is any thing the matter?

Baron. Pardon me, Sir, but I really am unlucky at this moment, having an engagement which indispensably obliges me to go out. I'll leave you the master here, and fly to dispatch a duty.

Forlis. What, the moment I arrive?

Baron. It is really indispensable.

Forlis. That of being with me just at this time seems more so. In short, I shall want you the whole day;—if it is a hard task, you must for once submit to it.

Baron. I have twenty things to do.

Forlis. Prithce!—twenty things ought not to weigh against two necessary ones.

Baron. I have promis'd on my honour, and cannot be off.

Forlis. I know the value of such promises.

Baron. They are actual duties.

Forlis. Yes, I could paint in three strokes those solemn duties that you found so high;—first, to gallop through all Paris, in a fine lacquer'd vis-à-vis; splashing, and running over the miserable infantry with your heavy cavalry, to pay your court from toilette to toilette; talk over the important news of the day, and decide learnedly upon the merits of a coat, or a snuff box;—these are thy serious affairs, and indispensable duties.

Baron. You condemn us, my dear Governor, a little hastily:—One can't live here as you do in your fortress; we must follow the usage of the world; what seems frivolous, is often very important, and carries us from the agreeable to the useful—Pleasure, my dear friend, is the great bond of society; by that every thing holds, every thing depends.

Forlis. He gives a good turn to his cause; and as the world goes, there may be something in it.

Baron. If I myself, for example, have any credit with the great, 'tis to that I owe it.

Forlis.

Forlis. That comes very *apropos*, Baron; and to convince me, employ, I beseech thee, all thy credit in my favour to obtain that government which I have so long solicited. I am told 'tis strongly contested, and that there is not a moment to be lost; and this, added to the affair of your marriage, has made me hasten up. Have you taken any steps about it since I last writ?

Baron. Yes,—but allow me now——

Forlis. No, no, I know you too well—you shan't escape me.

Baron. Only for a moment.

Forlis. No, not a second; if you once take wing, there's an end of you for the day.

Baron. Well, since you will then, I'll positively come back to dinner, though the Duke expects me.

Forlis. What a grand and prodigious sacrifice! Sublime effort of friendship!—Well, since it must be, call up your equipage, and in the mean while, let's step into my apartment. [Going.

Baron. Stop a moment.

Forlis. Why, what's the matter?

Baron. It is not quite in order.

Forlis. What signifies it—I can repose myself.

Baron. No, Sir——

Forlis. Why not, pray?

Baron. Just at present it's occupied.

Forlis. You joke, sure; and by whom, if you please?

Baron. By a friend, a very good sort of man.

Forlis. This is quite new!—and his name?

Baron. His name has escaped me.

Forlis. Excellent! nothing can be more flattering, nor more ingenuous. So my apartment is taken up by a man you don't know?

Baron. Pardon me, he is a very ingenious man—a pretty poet.

Forlis. A poet!—That a military man should have my apartment—pass—but to give way to a scribbler!

Baron. I really did not expect you so soon, and he was recommended to me by persons of the first distinction;—but he goes away soon—and in the mean time, you are welcome to my apartment, or, as we are, without ceremony—if you would go up another pair of stairs——

Forlis. I understand—that is, I may lodge in the garret——

Baron. No, it's a second story—and among friends—you'll excuse——But I must be gone. [Exit.]

Forlis. His neglect is shocking!—But I hope it proceeds from want of thought, rather than of friendship;—his alliance too is desirable for my daughter, and he may serve me.

Enter the Abbé, who does not see Forlis.

Abbé. I have been seeking Lifette, and must have a conversation with her——What queer old Put have we got here? Some poor invalid, or half-pay officer, I fancy. (*Aside.*)

(*While the Governor speaks, the Abbé is surveying him at a distance with a glass.*)

Forlis. This Government would give me great credit, and I think the business is now in a good way.

Abbé. He has something to ask, I suppose, and that's my affair. (*Aside.*) Just from the country, I presume, Sir. (*To Forlis, who does not seem to hear him.*) Deaf, I fancy! (*Aside.*) Just from the country, I presume, Sir. (*Speaking loud.*)

Forlis. Yes, Sir.

Abbé. The roads are but indifferent—rather splashy.

Forlis. I did not come on horseback, Sir.

Abbé. In the dilly, perhaps? they are very convenient now.

Forlis. No, Sir.—But I'm not deaf, Sir!

(*Speaking very loud.*)
Abbé. Neither on horseback, nor in the dilly. Travelling on foot is rather fatiguing—but gentlemen sometimes prefer it, and find it convenient. (*Aside.*) (*To him.*) You may probably feel weary, Sir?

Forlis. I probably shall, Sir.

Abbé. The Baron will be here again immediately, and if I could amuse you in the mean time, Sir——

Forlis. You are very obliging, Sir.

Abbé. You are in the military, I see; may I ask in what regiment?

Forlis. In none, Sir.

Abbé. On half pay, perhaps, or in the invalids?

Forlis.

Forlis. You are very kind, Sir, to be so inquisitive about my situation.

Abbé. You have probably something to solicit with the Baron?

Forlis. It's possible I may, Sir.

Abbé. If I can be of any use——

Forlis. There's no need of troubling you, Sir—I shall see the Baron myself.

Abbé. But he's much taken up at this time, Sir. I suppose you know that he's going to be married.

Forlis. Indeed!

Abbé. Oh yes, immediately—the young lady is in the house here—a fine young creature, indeed.—But beauty, you know, Sir—beauty is a short-liv'd flower—it smiles in decay, as the poet says.

Forlis. What! is she growing old?—A little past——

Abbé. Oh! no, poor lady! no.—She is very young and very beautiful, as I said—She is really charming—and yet the good Baron, I fear——

Forlis. You raise my curiosity. What? has she no fortune? An imprudent match, I suppose—pray, who is she?

Abbé. Oh, Sir! you mistake me quite. She is daughter of a country Governor—a rich old fellow, I believe—but——

[Points to his head.

Forlis. Why you talk in riddles.—What! is he mad?

Abbé. Mad! Oh dear no, Sir. He's a queer rold rustic, they say—has been buried in his province—one of your antediluvians.

Forlis. Ecod, I believe I'd better ask him no more questions—a puppy! (*Aside.*)

Abbé. Well, Sir, what shall I say for you?—What are your pretensions?—Where have you served?—At Neerwind, or Steenkirk, or at Almanza?

Forlis. No, Sir, that's rather beyond me, though I've borne the King's commission these forty years. But I don't love to talk of my services, and have no occasion to trouble you about them. But if I may be so free in my turn—may I beg to know who you are, Sir, that interest yourself so particularly for me, and what may be your connection with the Baron?

Abbé. I am a friend of the Baron's, Sir, and have the honour of being lodged here in his house.

Forlis. So this is the puppy of a poet who occupies my apartment. (*Afide.*)

Abbé. I cultivate the Muses too—am a little of a poet, and amuse the Baron now and then with some trifles of my composition.

Forlis. And in what kind of poetry may your talents lie?

Abbé. Why really, Sir, without vanity, in all—from the epic down to the epigram. I have a few little things about me—if they wou'd divert you—(*Shews it.*) Here's a sentimental comedy—that was so moving, the Managers dare not take it; it threw a sister of mine into hysterics.

Forlis. No, pray, Sir—for pity—I am very nervous.

Abbé. Here's a little book of sonnets—I'll chuse a few. (*Shews a large volume.*)

Forlis. No, Sir, you'll do them injustice—they should be sung.

Abbé. I'll fetch my harp, and accompany them.

Forlis. By no means, Sir; another time, if you please.

Abbé. Here's a poem of some length upon Sleep, which I think would give you pleasure.

Forlis. A bad subject for a long poem, Sir, and I am really not proof against it at present. I'm just come off a long journey.

Abbé. I have writ an epithalamium upon the Baron's marriage.

Forlis. Why that, indeed, is rather interesting.

Abbé. You shall just hear the exordium.

“In caverns deep, where jackdaws lie,

“In ivied domes, where owls do cry.”

There's description, I think, Sir. Don't you fancy you hear them?

Forlis. Yes, 'faith, Sir, and see 'em too, I believe.

Abbé. Oh no, that's too flattering—that's too much, indeed—Pray, hear how it goes on.

“Morpheus attends, inspiring pleasing dreams——

Forlis. Dreams!—What! do you put them asleep, before they go to bed?

Abbé. No, no, that's a poetical flight?—only hear it out.

“Morpheus attends, inspiring pleasing dreams,
 “While Hymen dips his torch in rich Pactolus
 “streams.”

There's some novelty, I should hope, in that idea.

Forlis. Oh yes, a great deal, indeed, Sir.—But dipping his torch in the streams—aren't you afraid he should put it out?

Abbé. What! in Pactolus streams!—Oh no; they're like spirits of wine, and will increase the flame. But pray now hear how it goes on.

“Amorous Damon slyly creeping,
 “While the beauteous maid was sleeping.”

Forlis. That's very pretty;—but sleeping again! why your's are the sleepest couple I ever knew.

Abbé. Sir! sleepy!—Very well.—You may insult me here, Sir,—but remember I have a pen.

Forlis. Yes, Sir; and remember I have a stick. Your servant, Sir. [Exit.

Abbé. A cross old fellow! and has no taste for poetry; but I shall mar his suit with the Baron—and in the mean time think of preferring my own with the sister.—So I'll now go to find Lifette, and try if I can make a friend of her with my princess—Tho' Mars here frowns, Cupid may be propitious.

Cupid, God of pleasing anguish,
 Teach thy am'rous swain to languish.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Robert and Lifette.

Lifette.

SO, Robert! Good-morrow t'ye: I think I have not seen you all this morning.

G 6

Robert.

Robert. The greater my misfortune.

Lisette. So it is. I have news which you have lost by not being more assiduous.

Robert. That's no misfortune at all. I'm tir'd of news—I hardly ever take up the papers now—they're so dull.—But what's your news? for I conclude I'm doom'd to hear it.

Lisette. Oh! your stomach is come to, is it? But though you ask it so saucily, I'll not baulk your curiosity. Do you know, then, that both our young ladies have got lovers.

Robert. The thing's not incredible, but I don't believe it.

Lisette. That's civil—and why so, pray? because I tell you so?

Robert. No, but because I did not find it out myself—An intrigue in the family, and I not know it! that I take to be impossible.

Lisette. Ah, poor Robert! many things escape thy shallow penetration. What do you think of the Abbé?

Robert. Why, I think him a damn'd foolish impertinent fellow, and a leech come to suck the blood of our poor master.

Lisette. Yes, but then he's a monstrous favourite with our master.—And do you know another secret which I have learnt a long time ago?

Robert. I know it! no, nor you neither.

Lisette. That's polite again; but why not, pray?

Robert. Because you'd have told it a long time ago.

Lisette. But do you know, then, that the Abbé has a design upon Madam Celia; he has made me his confidant, and promised me mountains if I'd be his friend; but I hate the Abbé; the creature's as stingy as the devil, when he has not some end to serve; and I never knew him give any thing then but promises, though my master gives him enough, I'm sure—So hear my proposal;—let us feed his vanity, till it bursts and betrays him.—Madam Celia detests him too; so 'twill be easy to get her into the plot, which then can't fail; and I have a plan here, (*Pointing to her forehead.*) which I think will do it effectually, and shew us some sport into the bargain—But I must go.

Robert.

Robert. No, no, you shan't stir a step, till I have heard every word.

Lisette. Oh, oh! you can have a little curiosity then— Well, provided you'll second it——

Robert. Oh, depend upon that.

Lisette. We will pretend, then, that Madam Celia likes him, but can't marry him, being a church-man, and besides that she can bear nothing but an officer; that he must appear as the Abbé's brother; that she'll infallibly fall in love with him for his likeness; and it will be hard if we can't get him charmingly equipped.

Robert. 'Tis an excellent device, 'faith; and depend upon my assistance to make as much a monkey of him as ever I can

Lisette. Oh, that's easy, — the transition will be but short. — (*Bell rings.*) But there's my mistress's bell; so away to your business, and be sure give him encouragement enough. *Aurevoir.* [Exit.

Robert. (*Solus.*) 'Tis a charming plan, 'faith. (*Abbé sings within.*)

Oh! and here, luckily enough, the Abbé comes, while I am quite in the cue for him.

Enter Abbé to Robert.

Abbé. So, Mr. Robert! I'm happy to meet you. How does your good master do?

Robert. Very well, I hope, Sir.

Abbé. And your mistress?

Robert. Who, Mademoiselle Lucile?

Abbé. No, she *is* to be your mistress; but your *present* mistress, Mademoiselle Celia, I mean.

Robert. That's your mistress, Mr. Abbé.

Abbé. My Mistress, Mr. Robert! What d'ye mean by that?

Robert. Mean, Sir! Not much, 'faith. I often shoot at random, and my words have no great aim; but she's very well too, Sir, and handsomer, and wiser, and wittier every day.

Abbé. Does she love poetry?

Robert. Oh, passionately, Sir——God forgive me! I'm not sure she does not write it—I should be sorry to wrong her.

Abbé.

Abbé. But if she makes verses, Robert, don't you think she'd like to read some?

Robert. That by no means follows, Sir, unless they were her own: but perhaps she might, if she liked the poet.

Abbé. If I were to send her a little sonnet, now, d'ye think she'd be pleased, hey! Robert?

Robert. Oh yes, doubly, I believe, Sir; if she were in the humour.

Abbé. Doubly, dear Robert!—Prithee, what dost mean by that, Robert?

Robert. Doubly did I say, Sir?—Doubly, or singly—or both doubly and singly—I really am no prophet—I can't foretell—there's no knowing a lady's mind—But I must be gone. [*Going.*]

Abbé. Stop, stop, and tell me, dear Mr. Robert, have you heard or observed any thing?

Robert. Who, I, Sir!—No, Sir, not I—not immediately—and if I had—Lisette knows more of the matter—(*Bell rings.*) There's my master's bell. I am much mistaken if Madam Celia has not a violent liking for you, that's all.

Abbé. (*Holding Robert.*) You transport me!—But stop, dear Robert; tell me what should be done—Can I see her?—May I speak to her?—or shall I write?—

[*Bell rings.*]

Robert. O, any thing, Sir, as opportunity offers—they'll be all agreeable, I suppose.—(*Bell rings again.*) But I must fly. [*Exit Robert.*]

Abbé. (*Solus.*) Thou art a happy fellow, little Abbé! and Fortune certainly means to smile upon thee. This poor young creature is desperately in love with me, that's certain. I wonder what they find so charming in me—I am a tolerable little figure, to be sure, yet not so vastly handsome, I think;—but Love's blind, they say, and shoots many random shafts—it darts them from all parts, like a porcupine—There's no knowing—I have composed a little sonnet, which I must get Lisette to lay on her toilette—I think that will do no harm, with a small billet to introduce it—How fortunate is her love of letters!

They

They live, they breathe, they speak what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter the Baron and the Marquis.

Baron. Luckily, Forlis is taking his nap—I breathe a little—*entre nous*, his friendship grows a little tiresome—But to our affairs—do they go to your satisfaction?

Marquis. I begin, indeed, to flatter myself a little, and a gleam of joy succeeds to the most cruel despair.

Baron. You charm me, dear Marquis! and depend upon my assistance in every thing. Your mistress certainly likes you—that's the grand point. But no more of your foolish scruples—shew yourself more docile, and all will go well. Do you promise?

Marquis. I'll do my utmost; but she's so inaccessible—

Baron. Suppose you were to write.

Marquis. I had thought of that, and have even got my letter here—but I don't know how to send it.

Baron. Oh! Lucile shall deliver it. Indeed, her friendship demands it, and in other hands it might fail.

Marquis. That was what I fear'd—it cannot be in so sure hands—and I should be happy, if, in giving it myself, I might recommend her particular care of it.

Baron. You shall be satisfied—stay a moment.

[Exit.]

Marquis. (Solus.) He serves my passion too well—But let me banish all scruple, now that I think I may do it innocently. The Baron has to-day plainly shewn his contempt for the charming Lucile. He does not know her value—Is in love with nothing but himself, and disdains a happiness his heart is not made for—He would be her tyrant rather than her husband, and I shudder to think of the misery she would suffer—nor could it make him happy!—All, therefore, conspires; and, even my friendship, as well as my love, bid me go on—But I see her coming.

Enter

Enter the Baron, following Lucile.

Baron. (To Lucile.) Yes ; the Marquis expects a great service from you, which you alone can do : he deserves it, and remember that he is my friend.

Lucile. Sir !

Baron. You must not oblige him by halves.

Lucile. (To the Marquis.)—What is it then, Sir ?

Marquis. It's a letter which I earnestly beg the favour of you to give.

Lucile. To whom ?

Marquis. To that charming object, Madam, whose friend you are, and whom I adore.

Lucile. (Taking the letter.)—I will not fail, Sir, to give it.

Marquis. And may I flatter myself that it will be well received ?

Lucile. I don't doubt it.

Marquis. And may I hope she will answer it ?

Lucile. Yes, Sir, I believe so, when she can.

Marquis. May I hope for your interest ?

Lucile. I'll do all I can, Sir.

Baron. She answers really much better than she did lately—But I must go this moment—Let us fly to the Countess ; she'll be impatient ; our time is already come.

Marquis. Pray allow me one moment—It's a point of importance which I forgot in my letter.

Lucile. Well, Sir.

Marquis. Without risque to her, if through you, Madam, I could obtain, to-day, a moment's interview.

Lucile. She never goes out.

Marquis. Perhaps I might be allowed to speak to her at her house :—it's a matter of great consequence to us both.

Lucile. But she is under the eye of a cruel inspector, who, through the false appearance of friendship, intimidates her, and keeps her under dreadful restraint.

Baron. So much the better ; you'll have the more satisfaction in relieving her.

Lucile. You encourage me greatly.

Marquis.

Marquis. Since the Baron desires it, you'll agree that it ought to be done; and remember that it may.

[*Exit Lucile.*

Baron. (*To the Marquis.*)—Come, let's be gone.

[*Exit Marquis.*

Enter M. de Forlis.

Forlis. (*Stopping the Baron, who is following the Marquis.*)—I stop you at your outset,—and it's high time, egad.

Baron. But, Sir, I have promis'd.

Forlis. That's very little to me.

Enter the Countess.

Countess. (*To the Baron.*)—Very fine, Sir; is this the way people must wait for you?—Here am I obliged to come to your own house and fetch you—This neglect really surprises me—You, who are all attention and exactness!

Baron. Pray, pardon this delay—an accident——

Countess. No, Sir; this stroke is quite unpardonable.

Baron. It actually was not in my power, I protest;—and I am stop'd at this very moment.

Countess. By whom, pray?

Forlis. It's by me, Madam, and I must have the Baron all this afternoon.

Countess. But I, Sir, have engaged him for the whole day.

Forlis. With all possible respect, Madam, I must beg to say my pretensions are superior.

Countess. And, with all possible regard to your respectful pretensions, Sir, you come a little late—I am first.

Baron.—You see, Sir, I did not deceive you.

Forlis. (*To the Baron.*)—But you know that we are greatly interested in this business; which is serious and pressing for us both.

Countess. Oh! that which brings me, is much more important:—It's a phenomenon, Sir, and all Paris is in an uproar!

Forlis. I am come, Madam, from the extremity of Brittany on purpose.

Countess. And I, Sir, came a fortnight ago.

Forlis.

Forlis. If he delays a day, my trouble is thrown away.

Countess. If this night is lost, Sir, he'll never hear him—He goes away to-morrow.

Forlis. Who pray?—I don't comprehend!

Countess. Why, Sir, the celebrated violin we are to hear to-night.

Forlis. What? is it a fiddler, then, that contests my right!

Countess. He plays to-night for the last time.

Forlis. So, this is the solemn indispensable duty!

Countess. He is quite a divine creature. Such new, such harmonious sounds!—First, all soft and melting; then all lightning and thunder:—in short, Signor Vacarmini is quite a miracle.

Forlis. Vacarmini! Madam! or Scraparmini, miraculous as he may be, should not obtain the preference before me.

Countess. And pray who are you, Sir, that pretend to a competition?

Forlis. A person, Madam, whom the Baron should prefer on this occasion.

Countess. I dare say you have great talents, and have no doubt of your merit;—but you, probably, are not going away so soon, and we may hear you another day.

Forlis. How, Madam!

Countess. Yes;—Pray what is your excellence?—The flute, or the violoncello, or the bagpipe?

Forlis. I play upon the bagpipe! The thought is quite new. Your heads are so filled with trifles, that there's no room for a serious idea—It's rather a more important affair, Madam, which brings me to Paris.

Countess. And what may this mighty affair, so grave, and so grand, be?

Forlis. It's a government which I am come to solicit.

Countess. A government!

Forlis. Yes.

Countess. Only that!—Oh, nothing is less pressing;—and, if you don't get this, you'll get another—But, for the divine mortal, who is leaving Paris, the happiness of hearing him is confin'd to this very night. The fortunate moment must absolutely be seiz'd, or may be lost for ever.

Baron.

Baron. Yes, the Countess is right, and there is no resisting!—

Forlis. What! do you leave me, then, for a silly amusement?—I thought an ancient friend might deserve more regard!

Countess. But I, Sir, am a new acquaintance, and not to be neglected.

Forlis. O, Madam, you are quite right; and if he is to decide it, will certainly be in favour of the last acquir'd.

Countess. The pleasure we shall have transports me already!—Come, Baron, give me your hand.

Baron. To such flattering orders can one refuse obedience?—But I'll certainly come back. (*To Forlis.*)

Countess. Indeed you deceive the gentleman; I shall run away with the Baron for the whole day—I never derange the plans I have laid. From the concert I carry him to the play, to hear the new piece which they perform to-night—from thence to supper—from supper to the masquerade, where, in the habit of Flora, I shall detain my Zephyr till the appearance of Aurora.

Baron. I'll certainly come back—don't believe her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Abbé. (Solus.)

So, I think things go tolerably well—Robert has assur'd me of her liking to me, and another interview with Lifette may bring them towards a conclusion. I have prepar'd a letter and a sonnet for Celia, which I must get her to lay on her toilette.

Enter Lifette to the Abbé.

O, Lifette, I was looking for you.

Lifette. For me, Sir?

Abbé. Yes, dear Lifette, I was anxious for a moment's conversation with you:—I have a favour to beg of you.

Lifette. Of me, Sir?—I have very few to spare, and don't bestow them lightly.

Abbé.

Abbé. Only one, dear Lifette; I've a little sonnet here, which I hope you will lay on Madam Celia's toilette.

Lifette. Well, I'm inclined to oblige you; but is there no harm in it?

Abbé. No, sweet Lifette; you shall hear it, and a little billet to introduce it.

Reads the Letter and Sonnet.

" Divine Nymph,
" May the inclosed be received and understood, and
" believe the author faithful and discreet. 'Tis a poor
" offering at the shrine of your beauty, but trifles are
" valuable when the donor is belov'd and the acceptor
" kind.

" I would approach, but dare not move!

" From your most ardently inflam'd

" And devoted,

" The Unknown."

SONNET.

I.

Fairest nymph, while thus I moan,
Blooming hope submits to love:
The stars are conscious of each groan,
Heav'n-born passions from above.

II.

The pitying plains shall see my anguish,
Bowing with a load of woe:
Morning, noon, and night, I languish:
All on fire, from top to toe.

III.

Through Phlegethon my limbs are wading
In the torrid zone of charms:
Cupid aiding, love persuading:
Take, Oh! take me to thy arms.

FINIS.

Lifette. Oh! that's very fine——Very fine (nonsense, *Aside.*) indeed, and very innocent, I'll be sworn—So, I'll certainly do it.

Abbé. Thank you; and, dear Lifette, have you seen Robert? and has he said any thing to you?

Lifette.

Lifette. Oh, a great deal, Sir; he generally does; he's no mute.

Abbé. Aye, but any thing about me, *Lifette*?—I know you are both my friends—Any thing about Madam Celia, *Lifette*?

Lifette. Why yes—A good deal—Something of a project in his excellent noddie—But——

Abbé. Well,—and what do you think?—Tell me?—

Lifette. Oh, it won't do at all—all a silly imagination of his.

Abbé. You mortify me. What! did Robert deceive me then?—Has she no liking—no partiality at all?

Lifette. I can't tell that, but it won't do at all, and so I told him—She might, indeed, have no dislike to you, perhaps, but she can't bear a church-man;—a canting, whining, fanatical, dogmatical, pragmatical, sort of people, she says;—and, then, she can't abide black; it always makes her melancholy, and puts her in mind of mortality,

Abbé. But you know, *Lifette*, I am but half a church-man at most. We, Abbés, are only a kind of foster children of good mother church, and, if we get a little of her milk, we don't care much about her doctrines.

Lifette. So much the worse; she can't bear such amphibious animals; you're neither fish nor flesh, neither church nor lay, neither godly nor prophane; but, in a middle sort of state, between heaven above and the place below; like the souls in purgatory.

Abbé. Why, so that we take no vows;—the hood does not make the monk, you know, and we can shed it when we please.

Lifette. No, that won't do neither—she has taken the impression now; and women's imaginations must be sooth'd, or there's no dealing with them.—She has a passion for a cockade and feather, and can't bear the thoughts of any man but an officer. I once heard her say, indeed, if ever she saw a military like the Abbé, she could not resist him.

Abbé. Why sure you mean to torture me:—You poison me with nectar, *Lifette*.—Never was such killing kindness!—She wou'd like me as another, and can't bear me as myself—There's no hope then?

Lifette.

Lisette. A great deal! What! so soon in despair!—Fortune never favours the faint-hearted, Mr. Abbé.

Abbé. What's to be done, then?

Lisette. O, much, Sir, with a little contrivance — There's nothing so easy; as thus, I'll tell her you have a brother in the army, so like you, you can scarce be distinguished; this will easily cover a disguise; you shall appear as an officer, and with a little of our colouring, may be as amiable and as valiant as we please—Show yourself properly equip'd, address her with your natural wit, and, my word for 'it, *l'affaire est faite*. What do you think of my project?

Abbé. 'Tis charming, dear Lisette—My dear little Minerva, and I am all on fire for the execution; and, under your auspices, shall look as big as any Prussian grenadier—I'm the head taller already—But now tell me, when, and how, I shall proceed?

Lisette. Oh! why that's true—No time should be lost, so get away, and furnish yourself immediately with a regimental—You must be very smart and fashionable; be sure you make yourself charming. I'll do all the rest that I can; and, in the first place, go and prepare my mistress. Adieu.

Abbé. A regimental did you say? In the cavalry or infantry?

Lisette. Why in the cavalry, I think—Yes, that's the smartest.—It's a pity you don't want a leg or an eye:—that would make you irresistible. Come back in about an hour, and walk here in the street, under her window. There you shall make the first impression; but don't look up, be sure, nor seem to know any thing; only saunter up and down with a kind of quality saunter—(*They both saunter ridiculously across the stage.*)—I shall tell her who you are, and, as the Abbé's brother, may even propose to introduce you.—Away.

Abbé. Yes, on the wings of love, and under your banner, I go to certain victory.

Cupid aiding, love persuading:

Take, Oh! take me to thy arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Celia, *M. de Forlis.*

Celia.

I PERCEIVE, Sir, you are not satisfied with my brother.

Forlis. No, Madam; and but for a particular reason that restrains me, I should resent his conduct as it deserves.

Celia. And what new subject of complaint have you.

Forlis. Every one, Madam, that ought to hurt a friend like me. I followed him to the concert, and having made my way up to him through the crowd, he seem'd disconcerted at my presence; when I spoke to him, he scarce answered. In short, I found he had the impertinent pride to be ashamed of his friend, to treat him as a country acquaintance—out of his element, and a disgrace to his brilliant society.

Celia. I should be happy if I could defend my brother—but he seems too much to blame.

Forlis. His folly was soon punished, and severely.—First, their divine scraper, the idol of all Paris, disappointed them; disconcerted the grand concert; and threw all the society into despair. Half the company were put to flight; the rest turned their devotion towards a new divinity. Twenty altars were erected in a minute, and all the instruments of sacrifice display'd, cards, dice, lotos, pharos; and the victims bled freely, I assure you. The poor Baron, in spite of all my efforts, was carried away by the torrent. One fatal *vatout* overthrew him, and he lost above five thousand louis on credit, besides the money he had about him.

Celia. I blush for his folly.

Forlis. He then left the field with the calmness of a hero, and the sublime glory of a genteel player. That
is,

is, of losing with indifference, at a sitting, more than would make ten poor families happy for life.

Celia. He pays a little dear for that fine title.

Forlis. What I now tell you, he imagines I am ignorant of; his misfortune, however, makes me forget my resentment, and at this moment affects me more than my own affair. I expect him every minute to come home, in order to see what money he can get—as this debt must be paid, I believe, this very day.

Celia. So soon!

Forlis. O, yes, Madam; these are their *debts of honour*, as they call them, and must be paid upon the nail;—though their tradesmen may starve.——But here he comes.

Celia. I'll retire, lest I put you under constraint.

[*Exit.*

Forlis. How dejected!—Poor Baron!—I believe he will now acknowledge his country acquaintance!

Enter Baron.

Baron. (*Not seeing Forlis.*)—(*Aside.*) I am tortured with the horror I feel from this cruel accident, and don't know where to get the money, which should be paid to-day—Ha!—Forlis! I did not think him so near.—(*To Forlis.*) You come, I fear, Sir, to reproach me.

Forlis. No, don't have any apprehensions—the moment would be ill chosen—When my friends are unhappy, I always spare them.

Baron. I don't understand.

Forlis. You need not be mysterious with me: I am acquainted with your misfortune, and it's in vain.

Baron. Who can have told you.

Forlis. I was present myself, and saw you lose a thousand louis at a stroke.

Baron. Since you know it, I must confess—Yes, 'twas an unheard-of trick that Fortune play'd me.

Forlis. Have you got the money?

Baron. No; I have but two thousand louis, and have made several fruitless attempts to get it.

Forlis. But you have so many friends!

Baron. Vain resource! Those whom I have applied to, had

had not ten guineas in their purse;—they all want money.——

Forlis. Or friendship for thee.—There, take that—there are three thousand louis I happened to have by me.

Baron. O, Sir! your goodness——

Forlis. No compliments. My money is profitably laid out when it serves my friend; and his relief overpays me.

Baron. Sir, you not only forerun my applications, but prevent my acknowledgements.

Forlis. I save you a trouble then, and am the happier for it. I think I have some reason to complain, however, that you did not give me the preference, and went to others, when you might have applied to a friend, who has a pleasure in serving you; and far from resenting your faults, has a double satisfaction in forgiving them.

Baron. I acknowledge them all freely, and sincerely ask your pardon.

Forlis. If your remorse is real, it effaces them all;—but you may do it still more effectually—Now is the moment, I am told, to push my affair; that we have dangerous competitors, and that this very day probably will decide it. I have appointed to meet the Minister this evening at six; and if you second me now, we shall have the greatest hopes of success. Don't fail to be here, that we may go together; I know you have great weight with him.

Baron. You may depend upon me.

Forlis. No forgetfulness, d'ye hear?

Baron. I'll just step out to pay the money, and will come and call you;—you shall not stay a moment for me.

Forlis. 'Tis excellent, if you do but keep your word; and *this* time, I hope I may depend upon you.

[*The Baron goes out while he is speaking, and Forlis follows.*]

SCENE changes to Celia's Apartment. Table, pen, ink, and paper.

Celia and Lifette.

Lifette. O Madam! I'm impatient to tell you a secret I have learnt—Mademoiselle Lucile has a passion, and your brother, as is fit, has a favour'd rival.

H

Celia.

Celia. What an idea!

Lifette. 'Tis most certainly so, Madam, and I have the strongest proof.

Celia. What may that be, pray?

Lifette. I surpris'd her, Madam, opening a love-letter, which she hid the moment she saw me.

Celia. Nonsense! 'twas a letter from some friend.

Lifette. No, no; no such thing. Her blushes betray'd her; and one is not in such haste to huddle away an indifferent letter. (*Making the motion of thrusting a letter in her pocket.*)—They attribute her silence and melancholy to stupidity; but they are much mistaken, Madam; 'tis all sheer love, or I'll be hang'd for it. This is not the first time I have thought so. I have watch'd all her ways, and see she has every symptom of a love-sick heart, and I have tolerable judgement in that disease, Madam; but I go farther still, and am convinced I have also discover'd the object of her passion.

Celia. So!—indeed!

Lifette. Yes, Madam; for ever since the Marquis has been here, I perceive a strange alteration;—I see joy painted in her countenance—nay, what's more, have observed certain looks that speak the intelligence of two sympathizing hearts——'Tis absolutely he, I'll be answerable.

Celia. This is all the imagination of thy foolish brain.

Lifette. They certainly love one another, take my word—But she is coming this way, to read the letter, I don't doubt—Here, Madam, let us hide ourselves in this dark room, and observe her.

Celia. No, Lifette; let us respect her secret;—that which one steals from a friend, is a shameful theft—Let us leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lucile enters alone.

Lucile. At last I'm alone, and can read, without constraint, my dear lover's letter. He alone reigns in my heart, and nothing else can assuage my grief. (*Reads.*)

“ No, dear Lucile, never was a situation so singular as
 “ ours, nor a man so wretched as I am. I see you every
 “ hour, without an opportunity to explain myself, and
 “ every hour adds to my anxiety. You are on the point
 “ of

" of being given to another, and I dare not complain.
 " I could bear it, if your marriage caused my unhappiness only,—but it will complete yours;—I see it, I know it, and can't remedy it;—'tis that which causes my despair. Adieu! Without an immediate answer, I can no longer support it." (*Having read the letter.*)

What a conflict between hope and fear, between pleasure and pain!—The agitations of my heart are not to be expressed!—Sentiments like mine can only be felt. But here are pen and ink, I'll answer it immediately.

[*She writes.*]

" Dear Marquis, if a sincere return, and the natural expressions of the most ardent passion, can console you, you shall be satisfied. The pains which you feel are my greatest torment." (*She interrupts her writing, to speak this, then continues again till the Baron comes in.*)

Enter Baron.

Baron. (*Not seeing Lucile.*)—Well, I have paid this debt, my heart is now at ease—But what do I see! Lucile with pen and ink!—She never thinks, how can she write?—Let's see a little what she says—I fancy it will be diverting. (*To Lucile.*) Pray, may I ask, without being too curious, to whom you are writing?

Lucile. Ah!

[*With surprise.*]

Baron. Don't let my presence alarm you. You need not be afraid. I only ask'd whom you are writing to?

Lucile. (*In confusion.*) I am writing to nobody—Sir, they are few lines without meaning, and only writ as an exercise!

Baron. It does not signify—pray let me see them; you won't refuse, I hope, when I desire it.

Lucile. (*Aside.*) How I tremble!

Baron. Come, let's see.

Lucile. The spelling—Sir—I write so ill—Indeed, I'm afraid——

[*With great embarrassment.*]

Baron. You're in the wrong!—I'll correct it.

Lucile. You'll never be able to read my writing—and you'll laugh at me, I'm sure.

Baron. Oh, you're like a child!

Lucile. No, but indeed I'm in earnest—I know the opinion you have of me, and this will make it worse.

H 2

Baron.

Baron. Silly excuses! Give it me. *(Angrily.)*

(Takes the letter from her, and reads it.)

This puts an end to the dispute.

The Marquis enters.

Marquis. *(At a distance.)* I perceive the Baron and Lucile—But he's reading a letter. I hope he has not surpris'd her!

Baron. I doubt if I am awake, and don't know what to think—Speak! is it you who have writ this?

Lucile. Yes.

Baron. I can't recover from my surprise—The more I read this letter, the more I am astonish'd! The language is refined, and the most delicate sentiment reigns in every line. *(To Lucile.)* Charming idler! Is it thus, that under an air of simplicity, you concealed your talents?—Is this the stupidity I have complained of? *(Reads aloud.)* “I know that they think me void of sense; but it is for *you* alone I wish to have any.” I need not ask to whom *is* addressed; and I feel all the delicacy of the reproach. I blush to think how I have deserved it;—but henceforward my sentiments shall be governed by the warmth and tenderness of yours.

Lucile. The mistake is lucky! *(Aside.)*

Baron. This confusion—these amiable blushes—confirm my happiness. What joy!—She loves me—Oh! how dull must I be, not to see through her reserve and timidity!—I can accuse nothing but my own blindness; and her letter is at once a satire on me, and a justification of herself.

Marquis. *(Aside.)* The joy I feel is inexpressible: but I'll advance; it may save her from farther embarrassment.

Baron. O Marquis! are you there? My happiness is now complete. I have found in Lucile every thing I thought wanting; she's all perfection, and her wit equals her beauty. But you shall be judge yourself; hear the charming letter she has been writing to me—you will be delighted! Hear, pray.

“I know that they think me void of sense, but it is
“for you alone I wish to have any; and could I convince
“you, that the qualities of my head equalled the tender-
“ness

“ nefs of my heart, the whole world befide may think
 “ me foolish, and stupid, if they please. The dejection
 “ into which the dread of being forgot by you had
 “ plung’d me, might eafily give that idea; and fince I
 “ have feen you here, your prefence has thrown me into
 “ an embarrassment that might confirm it. In the cruel
 “ ignorance of my fate, the agitation of my heart took
 “ away the liberty of my expreffion, and I was too much
 “ occupied with feeling, to have the liberty of think-
 “ ing.”

My dear Marquis, was ever any thing fo charming;—
 and is not that conclufion adorable!

Marquis. You can’t be more delighted with it than I
 am.

Lucile. You commend my letter more than it deferves.

Baron. No; nothing can be equal to my admiration,
 or my furprife. I fhould expiate my crime at your feet.
 I thought you without fenfe, and ’tis I who am a fool!

Lucile. Pray rife, Sir; you add to the confufion I am
 in.

Baron. ’Tis I that ought to blufh for my conduct, and
 I can never do enough to atone for it. She is perfect,
 and nothing would be wanting to my fatisfaction, if you
 had the fame reafon to be happy.

Marquis. I affure you, Sir, that I have.

Baron. What! has your miftrefs, then, return’d you
 an answer?

Marquis. Yes, Sir, and by a letter which enchants me:
 and it is to Mademoifelle I owe it.

Lucile. In that, Sir, I did but follow my inclination.

Enter Lifette.

Lifette. I beg pardon, Sir; but there’s the Duchefs be-
 low, who defires to fpeak to you; fhe fays fhe is in great
 hafte, and cannot ftay a moment.

Baron. Very well, I’ll wait upon her.

Marquis. You are going out, then?

Baron. No, I’m going to tell her I cannot poffibly at-
 tend her. I have promifed Mr. de Forlis to be here at
 fix, and I fhall not have any time. [*Exit Baron.*]

Lifette. He’ll not come back fo foon, Madam; the
 Duchefs will infallibly carry him off; and there’s the

Countess with her; he can never resist their joint efforts. But there goes the coach—and I'll be sworn they have taken him—I'll go down and know. They love one another, I see, and it's a pity to interrupt them.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Marquis. I have at last obtained the opportunity I so earnestly wish'd for, and may now speak to you without constraint. O Lucile! have you wished for it as earnestly as I have?—No; you do not answer, and your heart's oppressed.

Lucile. I can hardly bear the transports which I feel, and words are too weak to express them—O Marquis! to be thus silent, —— is it not saying all?

Marquis. Did you then feel happy at our meeting?

Lucile. My eyes seemed opened from the deepest night: in yours a heavenly light shone upon me. At the sweet sound of your voice, I felt that I revived, and love gave me a new being! I seem'd not to exist in your absence, and only began to live at your return.

Marquis. Forgive, if in the transport I feel—(*Kisses her hand.*)—May I then think you love me?

Lucile. Can you then doubt it?

Marquis. No—but there's a magic charm in those words; pray repeat them.

Lucile. Yes, Marquis, I love you!—*you*, and you alone.

Marquis. And I adore you—But Lucile, how dear must I soon pay for these happy moments! My joy is troubled by the most cruel alarms. Your father has solemnly engaged you to the Baron, whose passion for you is increased by his discovery of your talents. He will now study to please you; his rank is great, and his figure agreeable; your father too will use his authority. These thoughts torment me, and I have every thing to fear.

Lucile. No; whatever form he takes, he will gain nothing. If the blind attachment my father has for him did not prevent me, I should throw myself at his feet, and declare my resolution never to marry a man I hate, and who would make my whole life miserable.

Marquis. Take care, lest by any rash step you make your situation still worse. Consider the warmth of your father's temper, and his strong determination in favour of the

the Baron ;—ler *me* rather suffer, than do any thing that exposes you to censure, or to the resentment of your father.

Lucile. But consider how short our time may be, and that every moment seems to advance these detested nuptials. That thought kills me. I should not think him supportable, were I indifferent to you :—judge, then, what his confident passion loses by the comparison with a lover, young and virtuous—tender and respectful—You, Marquis, possess every solid merit ; he, only the mask and perfidious varnish. He is form'd to dazzle, and be admired ; *you*, to love, and be beloved :—he, by every word and action, would be the hero of all Paris—but you are mine.

Marquis. O Lucile ! such kindness overcomes me :—yes, it is a love like mine alone that can deserve you.

Enter Lisette.

Lisette. Oh, pray go on, Sir—don't let me interrupt you.

Lucile. Heavens !—'tis Lisette—

Lisette. You need not be afraid, Madam ; I interest myself for you both—Far from hurting, it shall be my business to serve you—Pardon me for disturbing you ;—but here's your father coming, and I thought it was not necessary he should be witness to your friendly conversation.

Lucile. Thank you, dear Lisette ; I am obliged to you, and shall retire.

Marquis. What ! are you going ?

Lucile. With pain I must leave you. I dare not stay.

[*Exeunt Lucile and Lisette.*]

Enter M. de Forlis.

Forlis. So ! where's the Baron ? I come to call him.

Marquis. They have taken him away for a minute, much against his will.

Forlis. Who can have constrained him ?

Marquis. 'Twas some unforeseen affair—The Duchess came in her coach, and would absolutely have him go—He could not help it.

Forlis. Just when he was to go and assist me in my solicitation ;

citation;—when the hour was fix'd, he breaks his engagement.

Marquis. If it is an affair of such consequence, he'll certainly meet you.

Forlis. 'Tis the Government I have been so earnest to obtain, and which will be given immediately;—he had better not forget. If he adds this stroke, it shall be the last. [Exit.]

Marquis. (Solus.) The Baron has certainly forgot, and Forlis is justly offended. I must endeavour to serve him myself in this affair, which I see he has greatly at heart. I can do much with my uncle; he loves me, and has great influence. I'll go this moment, and to engage him the more, will discover my love for the daughter.

E'en stubborn conscience may this step approve;
For who'd not serve a friend, to serve his love?

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Lifette, sola.

WELL, our plot's pretty well advanc'd, I think, and near its conclusion.

Enter Robert.

So, Robert, all succeeds to our wish; the gull is fairly caught. Madam Celia has done her part admirably—He believes her mortally in love; she has acquainted the Baron too with the whole, and by-and-by will introduce him, when he may depend on a proper reception.

Robert. Oh, pray let us have the diversion too;—let him appear in full court.

Lifette. By all means. He has promised to meet me here; and Madam Celia will bring the Baron. I wish you had seen him strutting before Madam Celia's window,
like

like a daw in his peacock's feathers. But hift! here he comes.

Enter the Abbé.

Well, Sir, I hope you're fatisfied. You've turn'd my poor mistress's head, I fee;—in short, she's your own: but we must manage with discretion, for fear of discovery.

Abbé. Yes, dear adorable Lifette, I'm all rapture, and will be all bounty.

Lifette. Oh, in showers of gold, I don't doubt! but no play, no pay, Sir; and, in the mean time, moderate your transports, or we may pay forfeit yet:—we must be circumfpect; and pray, take care of the Baron—he's implacable, when he's angry.

Abbé. You terrify me, Lifette!

Robert. And above all, avoid the Governor;—he's monstrously fufpicious; and then he's a walking gazette, and as curious as a chamber-maid into the bargain.

Lifette. There was no need of that pretty fimile, Mr. Robert!

Abbé. I'd better get out of the way immediately.

Robert. Why, 'twill be fafeft, indeed; he'd have no mercy, if he discover'd you. Gadfo! talk of the devil, they fay—here he is coming, 'faith!

Abbé. Oh, dear Robert, let me be hid.

Robert. Impoffible, Sir! He has feen us, and it's too late.

Abbé. I'd get into a nutfhel——

Robert. I tell you it's impoffible; fo you must abfolutely be introduc'd now, and make the beft of it.

Abbé. Introduc'd! I'd as lief be introduced to Old Nick. He's the devil of a fellow! I han't forgot the adventure of this morning neither.

Enter M. de Forlis.

Forlis. So, Robert! Is the Baron at home?

Robert. No, Sir.

Forlis. Who's that cavalry officer?

Robert. That is Captain Rymer, Sir, brother to the Abbé—I'll introduce him.—*(To the Abbé.)* Captain, this is Monsieur de Forlis, the Governor, a friend of the Baron's.—*(To Forlis.)* The Captain, Sir, is a man of

distinguish'd character and service; has been in a hundred battles and sieges, and is as brave as Alexander.

Abbé. Hift! huff! Sure you are mad, Robert; why you'll discover all, and ruin me for ever.

(Pulls Robert's sleeve.)

Robert. He serv'd all the last war, distinguish'd himself exceedingly, and can give you an account of all his campaigns.

Abbé. (Aside.) So, now it comes, and I shall be questioned like a shop-lifter! I wish I had never seen these cursed regimentals!—A pretty Alexander, indeed!—Why, I'm in a tremor before the action begins.

Forlis. You served in the last war, Sir; and I make no doubt, are master of all the transactions of those campaigns. Were you in America, or in the East Indies?

Abbé. (Aside.) Gad, it's all one to me—I don't know which to have been in. *(To de Forlis.)* Oh, in America, Sir.—I serv'd the whole war there.

Forlis. Pray, in what post, if I may ask?

(The Abbé hesitates.)

Robert. (Whispers.) As Captain of cavalry.

Abbé. As Captain of cavalry, Sir.

Forlis. You surprise me, Sir! I never heard that any French cavalry were upon that expedition.

Abbé. (Aside.) 'Egad nor I neither. He sweats me like a Mohock.—What shall I say? *(Hesitating.)* No, Sir, no cavalry—I served as an engineer, Sir.—I had always a love for that branch.

Forlis. That's very uncommon in the cavalry! And pray, Sir, was it in the north or south you were chiefly employ'd?

Abbé. Oh, in North America, Sir.

Forlis. Yes, I conclude so, Sir; but I mean, in the northern or southern districts.

Abbé. Oh, in the south, Sir—that is—in the south of the north, I mean.

Forlis. Were you much annoyed by the Tribes? Did they come down and plunder you?

Abbé. (Aside.) Tribes! Who the devil does he mean? Is he got among the Jews? *(To Forlis.)* Why, Jews are an imposing race; but we had no great dealings.

Forlis.

Forlis. Jews! No, Sir;—I mean the native tribes—the Cherokees and Chactaws, or the Outawaws, and Tuscaroras, did they molest you?

Abbé. (Aside.) Some beasts of the woods, I suppose—Yes, Sir, yes, pretty much; they devour'd some of our stragglers now and then.

Forlis. I did not know they were so voracious; but you'd have been a rare morsel for them—you'd have made a beautiful scalp!—You were at the siege of Charles Town, no doubt?—That was much in your way.

Abbé. Oh, very much in our way. 'Twas a very tough morsel too; and but for a lucky stroke by one of our department, might have lasted till this time.

Forlis. A long siege, indeed, Sir! And pray, what might that *great stroke* be?

Abbé. Why, seeing the difficulty of advancing, Sir, by a plan I laid, we stole a march, and surpris'd the place.

Forlis. That was surprising indeed! for I have always understood, that our friends defended Charles Town, and that the attack was made by the British.

Abbé. The British, Sir!—Oh, no, Sir. You'll excuse me, Sir; sure I ought to know who was present.

Forlis. You ought, indeed, Sir: but all accounts of the affair contradict it. Your memory must fail you, Sir, I fancy.

Enter the Baron and Celia.

Celia. Sir, this is the Abbé—the Captain, I mean, brother to your friend the Abbé.

Baron. You are but lately from abroad, I understand, Sir—Have serv'd the last campaigns?

Abbé. Yes, Sir.

Forlis. Oh, yes, Sir, and the Captain has given an exceeding good account of them; only his memory is short, and he forgets which side he fought of.

Baron. He's amazingly like the Abbé, the very same size and make.

Celia. Every feature too,—only a little fairer,—the eyebrows so much lighter, and that fine colour—that military air too;—then the leg and the foot—The Abbé has not that pretty little foot like an ace of spades.

Abbé. Zounds! how they take me over. (*Aside.*)

Celia. Pray, let's see; is that wound very deep, Captain? I've a curiosity—pray, let's see. (*Celia goes up to the Abbé; and Lifette, at the same time, takes off his hat.*)

Forlis. You'd better take to your pen, Captain. The sword's rather troublesome.

Abbé. I'd better take to my heels!—I'm betray'd—and now for a military retreat. (*Aside.*) Sir, I don't understand, Sir.—Do you mean to affront—

(*To Forlis, going to him, and pretending to draw his sword, then running off.*)

Baron. Stop him—he shall go to the Bastile.

(*The servants stop him.*)

Forlis. By no means;—the blanket or horsepond would do better. Besides, he has amused us, and what would you have of a monkey but his tricks?—You may thank yourself for his entrance into the house, and you may thank him for leaving it.

Baron. Away with him!—(*They carry him off.*) (*To Forlis.*) And now let me shew you into your apartment.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room.*

Lucile. (*Alone.*) My father is gone out, and the Marquis promised to come. What can detain him? Even his love does not ensure my happiness, and every moment of absence revives my fears: perhaps music may assuage them.

(*Takes a lute and sings.*)

Wonder not if thus I'm mute,
Nor think it is a vain pretence;
Babbling mirth with joy may suit,
But to grief it gives offence.

Spring th' enraptur'd plains adorning,
Wakes the jocund voice of love;
With the wintry blasts returning,
Silence reigns throughout the grove.

Joy and Damon are but one ;
 All is grief if he depart ;
 'Tis the absence of the sun ;
 'Tis the winter of the heart.

Enter Lisette.

Take my lute. (*To Lisette.*)

Lisette. I have been thinking of my master's alteration, and dread the effect your letter has had upon him. This may make him give up his Countess, and his *bon ton*, and become a troublesome lover. It's a dangerous thing to have too much wit, Madam.

Lucile. Pr'ythee don't be jocose—you make me tremble. How much better was his contempt!

Lisette. Very true, Madam; and his ill humour into the bargain—But I hear somebody coming in haste—'tis a lover's step, Ma'am!

Lucile. Oh, yes, 'tis the Marquis!—How my heart beats!—(*Exit Lisette.*) O, Heaven! 'tis the Baron!

Enter the Baron and the Countess.

Countess. No, no; whatever you may say, I'm resolved not to leave you.

Baron. I am vex'd to death! The cruel Countess here would drag me to the new comedy, though I could think of nothing but you. Your eyes afford a more brilliant entertainment—the only one which from henceforth I shall ever find interesting.

Countess. What do I hear!—He really talks like a languishing lover.

Baron. And I am the very thing.

Countess. You in love!

Baron. Desperately.

Countess. I am shock'd at the transport he shews!—
 Poor Baron! What will become of him?

Baron. (*To Lucile.*) This very day, I hope, concludes the marriage! and your father——

Lucile. (*Interrupting him eagerly.*) Have you seen him, Sir?

Baron. Flattering eagerness!—No, I was not able; and much against my will, fail'd in my appointment with him.—But, adorable Lucile!——

Countess.

Countess. I am all astonishment!—It's absolutely insanity.—Why, Baron, if this continues, we must put you on a strait waistcoat.—This is twenty times worse than marrying.

Baron. My ardor is perfect.

Countess. Perfect ardors!—O Heavens!—But, my dear, ardent Baron, adoring and languishing in the dismal tone you do, for Heaven's sake, tell me what we shall do with you?—Why, nobody will keep company with you.

Baron. I shall divide myself, Madam, between her and the world.

Countess. No, the world can't bear a lover—it has absolutely quarrell'd with love;—they can't bear one another. One is lively and amusing, the other dull and tiresome. The world makes something of a blockhead, and love turns a sensible man into a blockhead.

Lucile. That picture of love is not very flattering!

Countess. No, my little angel; it's painted much more charming in your eyes.

Baron. In spite of your wit, loves polishes our minds.

Countess. The company of our sex, if you please, not the love. To be good for any thing, you must, indeed, live with women—have a taste for them; but no attachment;—no ardors, no adorations!

Lucile. I have hitherto been told, that we were objects worthy of an attachment.

Countess. I perceive our little friend here is sentimental!—'Tis an error to be forgiven at her age—an age to read novels; to think dying for love the charminest of all charming things,—and that there's no sure way of being happy, but by making one's self very miserable! I remember I was in love myself at fourteen—had a *belle passion* for a school-boy, which lasted a whole month! during which I pin'd and languish'd most constantly.

Baron. 'Twas indeed a most exemplary constancy.

Countess. Love appears then a charming thing, does not it?

Lucile. At my age, Madam, 'tis a subject one should be silent upon.

Countess. If you marry, however, chuse a husband of your

your own age. That would not be the Baron's advice—but it's mine.

Lucile. She's a simpleton who gives pretty good advice!

(*Aside, and exit.*)

Countess. No, Baron, indeed I can't bear this foolish marriage. If it takes place, then adieu our friendship! I'd as soon have one with a man going to be executed, which is indeed much the same thing. All Paris will look upon you as a dead man;—instead of an epithalamium, they'll write your epitaph, and the passengers will read over your door,

Here lies interr'd, tho' not depriv'd of life,
The Baron, buried near his loving wife!

[*Exit.*

The Baron, solus.

She is in the right; I feel the solidity of her reflections, and tremble at them;—but Love, at this moment, is the master, and must be obey'd.

Enter M. de Forlis.

Baron. I waited for you here, on purpose to beg—

Forlis. And I come, Sir, on purpose to thank you.—You have assisted me so effectually, that the Government is given to another; and the Minister, I have reason to know, would have given it me, if you had been there to second my suit.

Baron. 'Twas by an unlucky accident.

Forlis. Say rather, by your negligence.

Baron. No, it was not in my power. I should have flown to you, but was stopped by—

Forlis. I don't listen to you.

Baron. I met a most insuperable obstacle, and was—

Forlis. Yes, I know it—very quietly at the play!

Baron. Yes—but—

Forlis. Nothing can excuse your proceeding.—For these ten years past, I have fulfilled all the duties of our friendship, and you have neglected them;—I have had all the burden of it, and you the advantage.

Baron. I have always been happy to shew my zeal.

Forlis. Yes, you give me an excellent proof of it!—All that I ask'd of your zeal, was to say a single word to the

the Minister;—my fate depended upon it—upon a single word, and I could not obtain it.—Your frivolous heart denies my friendship these precious moments, and that to employ them—on what noble purpose?—why to give thy sublime judgement on a new play?

Baron. But they kept me by force.

Forlis. Trifling excuse.

Baron. Sir, I promise——

Forlis. Pray, do any thing else,—you've promised enough. And now, Baron, I tell you very civilly, but with the most firm and unalterable resolution, I shall henceforth have no more for you than a courtly esteem,—one of your dear *bon ton* connections;—but do not expect that I should be your friend, nor you my son-in-law.

Baron. If you reject me as a friend, and feel no regard for me, don't at least be so severe to your daughter.—Shew yourself a father, if not a friend; and since I am forc'd to declare it—know that her passion equals mine—and that a mutual tenderness——

Forlis. What! does my daughter love you?

Baron. Yes, Sir,—and to give you an undoubted proof of it—read that letter of her own writing, and you'll see, that by disappointing our mutual expectation, you'll make her miserable as well as myself.

Forlis. (*After reading the letter, which he gives back.*) To prove to you that I'm not unjust, nor governed by my resentment, I consent that my daughter shall determine for herself,—though I must tell you, Sir, that I believe you'll not make a better husband than a friend!—But even that danger is less for her, all things considered, than the dreadful misery of having her inclination forc'd, and being joined to a man she does not love.—I love my daughter too well to sacrifice her so. The tenderness of fathers should give bounds to their authority;—and we should remember, that Heaven has given us power over our children to be their support, and not their tyrants.

Baron. I submit to your decision.

Lisette enters.

Forlis. Lisette!

Lisette. Here, Sir.

Forlis.

Forlis. Tell my daughter I want her; let her come down immediately. *[Exit Lisette.]*

Baron. You restore me to life in acting thus.

Forlis. I claim no thanks on that account, Sir, as it is for my daughter's sake alone I do it.

The Marquis enters.

Marquis. I come, Sir, to clear up your mistake about the Government, and to let you know that an arrangement is made, by which you will obtain it.

Forlis. I understood it was given to another.

Marquis. No, Sir; he was nam'd, but the place was not given. My uncle, who had spoke for him, has got it chang'd. You are to have the vacant Government, and he is to have yours, with a pension.

Forlis. I cannot say enough, Sir, of the satisfaction this gives me, nor of my obligation to the hand from which I receive it.

Enter the Countess, Lucile, and Lisette.

Forlis. Come nearer, daughter, and attend to me.—This is the most critical and important moment of your life.—I understand the Baron has gained your affections; I don't blame you, nor condemn your passion, which I had authorized by my choice.—Speak—I leave you full liberty to determine.

Baron. I hope for a favourable decision from your own mouth. Speak, Lucile, and confirm my happiness.

Marquis. Though sure she loves, I have not his confidence, and even tremble at her decision. *(Aside.)*

Baron. What's the matter?—You remain cruelly silent, when a single word may confirm our happiness.—What can make you hesitate?—What have you to fear? You need only repeat what you've already said in that charming letter; and you should't blush at it—it does you too much honour.

Countess. What letter does he talk of?

Baron. Here, Madam, this letter, which she wrote to me. *(Gives the letter to the Countess.)*

Countess. *(To Lucile.)* And that letter, my dear, has declared your choice, and the man to whom you wrote it? —

Baron.

Baron. Is alone worthy of you.—Don't you acknowledge it as your father has done?

Lucile. Yes, Sir, I acknowledge it;—he is alone worthy of my love!

Baron. O Lucile! by that avowal, you have pronounc'd my happiness.

Lucile. I have not pronounc'd it, Sir,—you are mistaken.

Baron. In what?—Have you not own'd the letter you wrote to me?

Lucile. No.

Baron. What do you mean?

Countess. Why, that it was not to you;—'twas writ to an absent man.

Baron. Madam!

Countess. But, Sir! hear.—(*Reads.*) “The dejection
“into which the dread of being forgot by you”—Forgot! (*To the Baron.*) Could she forget you, who were always tormenting her? (*Reads again.*) “Since I have
“seen you here”—seen you here!—Just arriv'd, my dear Baron.

Baron. But the Marquis knows——

Countess. Let him speak, then.—Marquis!—why you're all in confusion!

Forlis. Daughter, does the Marquis know your secret? Answer me directly.

Lucile. Yes, Sir, he knows it.

Countess. Since you know it, you should declare.——
Silent!—Oh! I think I have a little suspicion.—She confesses he knows her secret—he is all confusion, as well as herself, and will not speak.—I'll be hang'd if he is not the fortunate lover!—Oh, yes, 'tis absolutely so.

Forlis. I should be very glad.

Lucile. The Countess has guess'd it.

Baron. But the letter!——

Lucile. Was for him;—you took it from me.

Baron. I am thunderstruck!

Countess. You are not the object of her love!—Dear Baron, I am delighted. (*Embraces the Baron.*)

Forlis. I much approve your choice—and while you are procuring your own happiness, you are paying a debt for your father;—I owe the Government I have obtain'd entirely

entirely to him.—Come, my dear children, let's leave this house, from which every thing ought to banish us, and conclude elsewhere your happy union—You, Baron, shall have no longer any thing to restrain you, and may go from morning to night with the amiable Countess, to hear concertos, sonatas, and Vacarminis, as long as you please.

Countess. His marriage is absolutely off then!—I can't contain myself for joy. And now, from me, a most learned professor,

One lesson take; 'tis this—Each mortal elf,
If he knows nothing else, should know himself;
Nbr friend, nor husband—you shou'd ever be,
You're charming as you are, we must agree,
And to be happy too—be always free. }

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGOYNE.

SPOKEN BY MISS FARREN.

(A looking-glass hanging from her wrist.)

SOLDIERS turn poets!—That's no mighty wonder;
 But 'stead of tragic battle, death, and thunder,
 Our bard takes **FALSE APPEARANCES** in hand;
 A subject he could never understand.
 Peace, then, to efforts in these scenes display'd,
 I come to try the world in masquerade;
 From every borrow'd dress to strip the mind,
 And, 'midst distortions, Nature's image find.
 This wond'rous mirror!—look at it with awe—
 Is that which Addison in vision saw,
 When beaming o'er each sex in age and youth,
 The hand of Justice held the glass of Truth.
 Where it has lain, none knows—by interest hid,
 In cities dreaded and in courts forbid;
 But with this wreath of fadeless laurel round it,
 Dropt in the Muse's walk, our poet found it.
 Ye party tribes, blest with so many faces,
 Ye know not which to chuse in certain cases;
 Or ye with one, one ever pregnant smile,
 Proof to all changes of this dreadful isle;
 Maids, wives, and widows—all are in my power,
 This is no dreaming visionary hour;

For



*For by this light of conscious lamps I swear,
This dear, sweet gift, shall shew me what you are.
Hats off—down fans—no hood-winks while you're try'd;
And, Sir, your head not quite so much aside.*

[Offering to lift up the glass.

*Come, don't be frighten'd, harshness I disclaim;
Soft as the modify'd electric flame,
This subtile influence, tho' 'twou'd pierce a rock,
Shall play, not injure—I'll keep back the shock.
Now for it. [Waving the glass over all the House.] Cul-
prits—you are all detected!* [A long pause.

*Upon my word, better than I expected.
Save one fond pair, caught in a tender oath,
Sigh'd, look'd, return'd, and felt—a fib in both.
Save wedded sweetlings, mutually sincere,
Who mean, “My devil!” when they list, “My dear;”
Save certain smirks to cover peccadillos,
And keep all quiet on domestic pillows,
From high to low—from periwig to feather,
More honest folks were never met together.
Yet hold—methought I saw—I vow I've got 'em—
O Lord! how near my eye the glass has brought 'em—
Two critics, with whole pocket-books of hints
For FALSE APPEARANCE in to-morrow's prints;
For Bard and Actors, comments false and true,
To mix with Ministers, and Buff and Blue.
Well, for the Stage there's candor, tho' there's jest;
But will your private satire stand the test?
Look to that hint, ere with concentred rays
This burning glass sets columns in a blaze.
Wit, whose clear essence never stains the paper,
Shall separate and mount in pleasing vapour:*

But

*But the black line drawn against real merit,
 The coarse thick virulence of party spirit;
 The pen envenom'd, and the hand unknown;
 Oh! what a smoke from sulphur, all their own!
 This touches few; the general point I yield;
 For False Appearance Britain is no field:
 Witness this audience, so well off to-night,
 Witness new audiences whom I invite.
 Come for the proof of being what we seem,
 And take my fiat for the world's esteem.
 Come crowds, and after crowds, nor dare denial,
 On pain of being deem'd afraid of trial:
 Come with true pride, with open boldness come,
 You'll find me almost every night at home.*



THE

THE
LITTLE HUNCHBACK;

OR,
A FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

A
FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Bassa, (*of Bagdad*) Mr. DAVIES.
Crumpy, (*the Hunchback*) Mr. QUICK.
Cross-Leg, (*The Taylor*) Mr. BLANCHARD.
Zebede, (*a Jew, the Purveyor*) Mr. REEVE.
Babouc, Mr. PAINTER.
Cadi, Mr. EVATT.
Doctor Quinquina, Mr. CUBIT.
Crank, Mr. BOOTH.
Absalom, (*the Barber*) Mr. MACREADY.
Habby, Mr. MILBURN.
Dominique, Mr. ROCK.
Crier, Mr. THOMPSON.
Courier, Mr. LEDGER.

WOMEN.

Dora, Miss ROWSON.
Juggy, Mrs. WEBB.

Janizaries, Mutes, Officers, Mob, Boy, &c. &c.

SCENE *Bagdad.*

Time, an Evening, Night, and Morning.



THE
LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street in Bagdad. The Bassa's Palace in View.*

Enter Zebede.

Zebede.

LET me give just one look at my bill of fare. (*Takes out a paper.*) Let's see at which of the tradesmen's shops do I first touch in my voyage, to lay in every delicacy for our grand entertainment. (*Horn sounds without.*) Eh! the courier with the dispatches from Constantinople.

Enter Courier, blowing a horn.

Courier. By'r leave! Letters for his Highness, one of the great Officers, to——

Zebede. Stop, I am a great Officer, Prime Caterer to the Bassa—he cou'dn't live without me, for I provide him his dinner every day.

Courier. Perhaps you've provided a dinner for me too.—A long post this last from *Rabba*—so I'll beat up your palace pantries if you'll give these two letters to Babouc the Aga, for his Highness the Bassa. (*Gives the letters, then runs off, blowing the horn.*)

Zebede. Babouc the Black-a-moor! No; I will deliver them to his Highness myself, and that will shew my great

care and diligence. (*Putting the letters into his pocket, drops one on the ground without knowing it.*) Lie you there safe and snug; here comes my nephew, Absalom—the villain is going to marry with a christian woman, after my bringing him up so genteely; and binding him 'prentice to a barber. Ah, here's the rascal, with the very dow'rless damsel, and that hungry beggerman, Crofs-Leg the taylor; I've a mind—but let me contain my passion.

Enter Absalom and Dora.

So nephew Absalom, you're about to marry?

Absalom. Yes, Sir. (*Bows.*)

Zebede. And, Miss Dora, you're going to be married?

Dora. Yes, Sir. (*Curtseys.*)

Zebede. You have monies? (*To Absalom.*)

Absalom. No, Sir.

Zebede. You bring a portion? (*To Dora.*)

Dora. No, Sir.

Zebede. Where do you eat your wedding supper?

Enter Crofs-Leg.

Crofs-Leg. At my house.

Zebede. Is it bought?

Crofs-Leg. Yes; when you give a little money to buy it.

Zebede. Oh! then I'm to buy it.

Crofs-Leg. Will you—Gad, old Zebede's growing kind. (*Afide.*) I thought you would; none can do it better, as you're his Highness the Bassa's Caterer; no man, in Bagdad, genteeler knows how to provide, and this is only a neat little bit of supper for a poor young couple and their few friends.

Zebede. Eh!

Absalom. Yes, Sir, you know a poor couple have but few friends.

Crofs-Leg. Now if you'd only take a pretty little walk (you see it's a very pleasant evening) just round to the Bassa's butcher, poult'rer, fishmonger, confectioner, and wine merchant, and order us in a small joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and a hamper of Cyprus wine;

wine; you, the generous founder, shall be toasted in noble bumpers by us the grateful confounders.

Zebede. Thank'ee, Timothy Cross-Leg. Then as it is a very pleasant evening, why I will take a pretty little walk, and desire the poult'rer, butcher, fishmonger, confectioner, and wine merchant——

Dora. Good Sir!

Abshalom. Kind Uncle?

Cross-Leg. Most comfortable Caterer!

} (*All together.*)

Zebede. If they've got a small joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and an hamper of Cyprus wine, that they take particular care to——

Dora. What good nature!

Abshalom. Generous Uncle!

Cross-Leg. Plentiful Purveyor!

} (*All together.*)

Zebede. To keep them safe in their shops.

Cross-Leg. Eh!

Zebede. Then, my poor young couple, I wish you joy of your wedding supper. Ha! ha! ha! Eh! so you'll marry a Christian, you wicked reprobate. [*Exit.*]

Cross-Leg. (*After a pause.*) Oh! I wish I had only an order from the grand Signor to sew up your ugly mouth, I'd do it with as much pleasure as ever I stitch'd a button-hole.

Abshalom. I'm not disappointed.

Cross-Leg. So, because your Uncle won't have you marry the daughter of a Christian, and your step-father won't let you have the son of a Jew, you must both starve, poor things! You shan't this night, however, for a wedding supper you shall have, though I pawn my goose for the price of it. Heark'ee—hasn't Father Anselm, the Armenian Friar, promised to marry you.

Abshalom. Appointed Dora and I to come to his cell, by the Fountain of Palms, at eight.

Cross-Leg. Then go you, boy, and dress in your best; Dora shall meet you there. As she cannot go home to her father's, my wife, Juggy, shall trick her out nicely. There they'll consult about the cookery. Tol, lol, lol! Courage, my young folks. Come, Dora!

Dora. Then, my dear Abshalom, don't let us be cast down by the cruelty of those who should be kind to us. True love is the best of good cheer!

Crofs-Leg. You shall have somewhat more substantial, I warrant! My Juggy will tofs us up a comfortable morfel, without the help of—— Hang me if I should think a christian wedding lucky, if the supper was provided by a Jew. Ha! ha! ha! chear up, I am but a poor taylor to be sure, but an honest mind is my workshop; there Content sings all day to the music of a good Conscience.

[*Exeunt Crofs-Leg and Dora.*]

Abfalom. It goes cursedly against my spirit to lay all the expences of my wedding on my honest friend the taylor! What to do now to raise but a little money. Oh! for a few beards to mow, even at an asper a chin. If I—— What's this (*Looking on the ground, takes the letter up which Zebede dropt. Reads the superscription.*) “For his Highness the Bassa of Bagdad,” trod under foot. Now if I cou'd deliver this letter to the Bassa myself, he'd probably give me a reward sufficient to defray the charges of my wedding. How the deuce shall I get admission though? My old uncle has always kept me at such a distance, that I'm not even known at the palace; and the attendants there are so faucy—No, they'll never let a poor strange barber pass the antichamber. (*Crumpy sings without.*) Odso! here comes little Crumpy, the Bassa's favourite Hunchback jester; he's a good-natur'd fellow; and from my saving him from a beating in the street quarrel, that his jokes brought him into the other night—If I could prevail on him—he has high interest at court, and——

Enter Crumpy singing and dancing.

How do you do, Mr. Crumpy?

Crumpy. Fellow! (*Proudly, but changes on recollecting Abfalom.*) Ha! my gay-spirited—my little finger—(*Holds out his hand.*) don't slip my ring off. Your prowess in that re-encounter, when those villains attacked me the other night, saved—Did you ever see the like? The fellows thresh'd me as if I was a wheat-sheaf; had I the lives of seven cats they'd have hammered them out; for there I lay like a little anvil, and the rascals laid on me like so many Cyclops, turn'd me about as if I was a three-penny nail—only for your passing by just at the nick, those ruffians would have broke my bones. Yes, they'd

they'd have crack'd my ivory; their heads were so hard, and their fists so heavy, that my great wit and little body——Oh dear!

Abfalom. Going to the palace, I presume, Sir?

Crumpy. Ay, his Highness has got into a merry mood, and just sent for me.

Abfalom. Then, Sir, that horse with the fine trappings, that I saw the slaves take by just now, was to carry you to court?

Crumpy. Yes; they had the insolence to think I'd peck upon a poney; but if I must ride to court, it shall be on an elephant.

Abfalom. Certainly, Sir.

Crumpy. By virtue of my high office, Lord Chief Justice Joker, I am obliged, when called upon, to be provided with some comical story to divert him; *entre nous*, though my wit is as ready as any man's, I am sometimes plaguily put to it; but as I'm determined to keep my place, to pick up novelty and character, I get upon those night rambles in the street, which often, with a little of my ingenuity in dressing up, furnish a good merry tale or pleasant incident for the Bassa to laugh at the next morning.

Abfalom. I thought, Sir, you statesmen were too wise to laugh.

Crumpy. He that's wise enough to refuse a good hearty laugh in this world, will be cursedly bob'd, if there should be no laughing in the next. Here he has sent for me now, takes me a little unprovided; so I'll go make my bow, and retire.

Abfalom. What a prodigious favourite you are, Sir.

Crumpy. Ay, ay; the Circassian beauties dance ambassadories; black, blue and yellow pay compliments; courtiers smile, cringe and tell lies, but no life at court without little Crumpy. (*Sings and dances.*) Oh, barber, could you supply me with a decent, fashionable, flourishing wisker?

Abfalom. Why, Sir, you've a very handsome pair already.

Crumpy. Only one real, t'other was pluck'd off by the roots in that affray; this is false, a favourite lock fell from the forehead of a celebrated beauty at the last ball;

I pick'd it up, and stuck it on with a little gum, and it graces the lip of her humble admirer. Ha! ha! ha!

Absalom. How gallant!

Crumpy. Yet the courtiers smil'd, the ladies teehee'd, but *boni soit*—I shou'd not wonder if the circumstance gave birth to an order of knighthood, and the black eagle and golden fleece give way to the knights of the wilker.

Absalom. Ha! ha! ha! Sir, I've a letter here for the Bassa, and——

Crumpy. A petition? Give it me; I'll deliver it into his Highness' own hand.

Absalom. Ah, Sir, if you'd only procure me the honour of laying it at his Highness' own feet.

Crumpy. You serv'd me; I will be grateful; you shall have an audience; come along, my noble shaver.

(*Going.*)

Absalom. Ay, but will his Highness condescend to listen to so poor a fellow as I?

Crumpy. What, don't you know our Bassa has travelled through Europe, been at the English court, whose king has been the model for all his noblest actions? like their gracious monarch, the father of his people, he is above the little consideration of the colour of a face, or the sod where a man first drew breath, when distress is to be relieved, or merit rewarded.

Absalom. But, Sir, if any of the grand officers in waiting should stop me?

Crumpy. What! when I take you by the hand.

Absalom. These court eunuchs are such great men——

Crumpy. They great men! the rascals, slaves, ah, hah; trip, trip; come, tol, lol, lol. (*Exit singing and dancing, Absalom follows, admiring him.*)

SCENE II. *An Antichamber of the Palace.*

Enter Zebede and Habby meeting.

Zebede. (*Greatly distressed.*) Oh, ruin, Habby! I'm undone for ever.

Habby. Hey, what's the matter, master?

Zebede.

Zebede. I have lost (I don't know how) one of the letters the courier gave me for the Bassa. Oh, I shall lose my place that I have held so long with credit. I have been prime Purveyor to him, ay, fifteen years next Pentecost.

Habby. But this trust, how discharge?

Zebede. Discharg'd, you dog! I have charg'd and overcharg'd; take that, you scoundrel. *(Strikes him.)*

Habby. What's that for?

Zebede. You, my clerk, throw out your inuendos against my honesty when you see me distress'd and enrag'd—get out of my sight.

Habby. (Aside.) Good master, I'll give you a blow worth two of this. *[Exit.]*

Zebede. Oh, this letter; what will become of me? If I confess I lost it, I may not only lose my place but my life too. I will deny that I did receive any letters; and, even if the courier do say he did give me them, my word will be taken before his oath: yes, that will save me;—'tis a good thought.

Enter Babouc, attended.

Babouc. Zebede, the Bassa desires his letters; he'd learn if——

Zebede. His Highness wants to learn his letters.

Babouc. His dispatches, the exprefs.

Zebede. Well, exprefs.

Babouc. Pshaw! the letters for him.

Zebede. Me! I did get no letters for him.

Babouc. No! Why his Highness himself saw from his window the courier give them to you.

Zebede. The devil! what eyes he has got! he saw! I quite forgot; my memory is distracted with my accompts and marketings. Lord—yes, here they are——What shall I do! *(Aside.)*

Enter Absalom, looking about.

Absalom. I wish Mr. Crumphy would come on, I'm afraid to——

Zebede. My nephew! How dare you put your face into the palace? You graceless vagabond.

Babouc. Go, go, friend; what brings you here?

Abfalom. No ; I have business.

Zebede. You business, you impudent——

Babouc. Guards, thrust him out. (*Slaves attempt it.*)

Crumpy. (*Within.*) Very well ; you may all depend upon my influence and interest.

Zebede. Do stand out of the way, fellow. Here comes the Bassa's first favourite, and if he sees such shabby rogues as you here, he'll order you to the whipping post.

Enter Crumpy singing, but with great consequence.

Crumpy. Eh ! what noise is here ? Babouc, I'll have none of these doings.

Babouc. Sir, my station and rank demands——

Crumpy. Rank ! don't I allow you to be the greatest black in the Palace ?—Ha ! my good friend, I ask you millions of pardons for making you wait. (*To Abfalom.*)

Zebede. Eh ! good friend ! (*Surprised.*) How did my nephew do this. (*Aside.*)

Abfalom. Sir ! (*To Crumpy.*)

Crumpy. Come, come along ! Fling open the folding doors there. I protest a man has scarce room to pass.—Come. (*To Abfalom.*)

Abfalom. Yes, Sir, but these gentlemen may have some objections.

Crumpy. Gentlemen ! Give me your hand. (*Takes Abfalom's hand.*) Room there, ye slaves—stand by.

Babouc. Room there for Mr. Crumpy.

[*Exit Crumpy with great importance, and Abfalom.*
You must stop, Zebede, till Mr. Crumpy has his audience.

Zebede. And my poor rascally nephew. Dear me, what is all this ? [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A magnificent Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Bassa and Babouc.

Babouc. Zebede is bringing your Highness the dispatches from Constantinople.

Bassa.

Bassa. Oh, Babouc! happy is the wife of a Bassa whose government is at a distance from the sublime Port, and good was my friend, the Vizier, to appoint me Bassa of Bagdad. While the seraglio there is distracted with cabal and faction; here, an Emperor in epitome, I enjoy all the pleasures of peace and security, my nod gives death, and my smiles preferment: have you ordered the dance, the banquet, and sent for my little Hunchback Jester? My soul, and every sense, are this evening devoted to laugh, love, and joy. (*Crumpy sings without.*)

Babouc. Here is Crumpy, please your Highness.

Bassa. Approach, my man of whim and frolic.

Crumpy. (*Without.*) Stand aside, make way there.

Bassa. Ha! ha! ha! he has got introducing some of the Mesopotamian Plenipoes.

Enter Crumpy, with great importance, takes a sweep round, puts the officers and slaves aside.

Crumpy. Room—hem! Sir, permit me the honour of introducing to your Highness this most magnificently—magnanimous—Come in, Barber.

Enter Abfalom.

Bassa. Impertinence! your office is to please; a step beyond that and you offend; remember, Crumpy—

Crumpy. I wish you'd remember Crumpy when there's a good place to give away.

Bassa. Leave me!

Crumpy. When I go I shan't take you with me: this humble barber comes with an humble petition.

Bassa. A petition! I were indeed unworthy of the luxuries of life myself, did I lose an opportunity of diffusing the comforts of it to all around me—What's your grievance? (*Abfalom, kneeling, delivers the letter.*)

Crumpy. That's his grievance, and he delivers it to your Highness.

Bassa. How came you by this? the grand Vizier's hand!

Abfalom. Sir, I found it in the street.

Crumpy. Yes, Sir, the grand Vizier's hand was at a poor barber's foot.

Bassa. (Reads.) "The joys of a long and happy life attend my dear Abdallah; the success of our Russian and Austrian enemy has set Constantinople in a clamour against the Christians; the rumour of your partiality for this sect has reached the Emperor, who, to appease the Divan, was compell'd to send you the dreadful letter you receive with this."—Eh! this is part of the dispatch the courier gave Zebede for me;—how careless must he have been to lose it! *(Aside.)*—*(Reads.)* "The orders for your death, contain'd in that mandate, being merely a matter of state policy, you may safely disobey, your mind may be satisfied, as I inclose you the copy of your pardon; but the conditions are, that in future, you treat the Christians under your government with the utmost rigour."

"Your friend for ever,

"SELIM, Vizier."

Yes; Zebede drop'd this; and here, hadn't it been found by the meekest accident—Had I received only the other, from what I imagine the contents to be, my life was gone. *(Aside.)* Ah! you have done me a signal service. *(To Abfalom.)*

Crumpy. Eh! what's that?

Bassa. You found this letter in the street?

Crumpy. Yes, Sir, he found it in the street, upon my honour!—Did you?

Abfalom. Yes, my Lord, and thought it my duty to deliver it to your Highness.

Crumpy. Of such consequence! then I'll come in for my share. *(Aside.)* Yes, my Lord, I thought it my duty to see it delivered to your Highness; the young man here was for running back in a vast hurry to finish dressing a lady, daughter of a grand French merchant; but, says I, man alive, never mind her; bring this to the Bassa directly: for, my Lord, says I, is the most generous, liberal, prince-conditioned—he won't matter what he gives you and I for this piece of service. Well, Sir, he would go; I insisted he should come; he brandishes his curling tongs; I whip'd out my sabre, tuck'd him under my arm, and in five strides of a game cock, dash'd into the palace, cut, kick'd, shuff'd and elbow'd my way through the guards, mutes, janizaries—Here I've brought

brought him, while poor mademoiselle waits, her hair half paper'd, half friz'd, fretting like an affronted porcupine, ha! ha! ha!

Bassa. For which the three first requests you make, if in my power, I grant them. (*To Absalom.*)

Crumpy. Oh, Sir, I thank you, hem!—you'll grant us our three first requests!—So, here we have a brace and a half of promises from a Lord; but one performance we'll get the Lord knows when!

Bassa. Here, (*To slaves.*) take this young man, (*Pointing to Absalom.*) cloathe him splendidly.

Crumpy. Aye, take me, and cloathe me splendidly.

Bassa. You! it's the——

Crumpy. Pshaw!—His Highness calls me, young man; you know he's always complimenting me.

Bassa. And let my treasurer instantly pay him down a thousand zingerlees.

Crumpy. My good, bountiful Lord!—it is really too much! three thousand is full sufficient for me.

Bassa. You!—(*Smiling.*) I mean——

Crumpy. I know you mean every thing that's good for me. As to the splendour of the robes, the more gold lace the better; they'll fit me: and I have a little bag for the five thousand zingerlees. Come along, barber, you shall have a hundred and fifty for your trouble; and the rest shall rest with me.

Bassa. Why, I mean it all for——

Crumpy. Me. I know it—but I will be generous—I will give the lad the fifty, as I said I would—Come, I am good myself, and I do good; but till I am big myself I will be good for little. Shaver, follow me.

[*Exeunt Crumpy, Absalom, and Officers.*]

Bassa. Finding this letter was a most fortunate circumstance! Yes, here's my pardon; (*Looking at a paper that he had taken from the letter.*) the conditions of it, severity to the Christians. Persecution is against my nature; but to disobey, would be ingratitude to my prince. I'll do it by proclamation through the city; order the Cadi here: Ha! ha! ha! here comes Zebede. How will he bring himself off for losing this; as yet I don't think he knows it has been brought to me.

Enter Zebede, bowing.

Zebede. This letter for your Highness. (*Gives it.*)

Bassa. From Constantinople, signed by the emperor himself. Aye, this is the dreadful mandate; but now it brings no terrors. (*Aside.*)—(*Reads.*) “Trusty and
“well beloved, greeting: We do command you, that
“within three hours after the receipt of this, you have
“yourself strangled; but first leave orders for your head
“to be cut off, and sent to us. This fail not to do, on
“pain of our high displeasure.” Ha! ha! ha!

Zebede. Well, I did not think that strangling and beheading was so good a joke.

Bassa. Yes; he does not know that I am in possession of this other letter, that countermands this order. —
(*Reads.*) “Given at our Sublime Port, 1167th year of
“the Hegira, ACHMET.”

Since my Emperor thinks I should die, I obey; (*Kisses the letter.*) and this night I sup with Mahomet—to try my very careful steward. (*Aside.*) I’ll first settle my worldly affairs; instantly prepare your accounts for my inspection.

Zebede. Oh! the devil! I have cheated him so dam-
nably that my head goes off, if he finds out my rogueries. (*Aside.*)—Sir, you’d best think of nothing now but obeying the Emperor’s command; he may be angry, indeed; he says, instantly send me your head, on pain of our high displeasure.

Bassa. Now I’ll put his fidelity to the full proof. —
(*Aside.*) I am surprised my friend the Vizier would not interpose in my behalf, not even to condole or comfort me. Pray, was there no other letter came with this?

Zebede. No; as I am an honest man, this is all the letter I got—(*Aside.*) except the one I dropp’d.

Bassa. Then I must die!

Zebede. Do, my Lord, it will prove your great loyalty, and your readiness to oblige the Grand Signior; dear, yes, my Lord; and here your Lordship may have all done in your own house, so comfortable every thing; all the conveniences of death here within yourself; your own trusty mutes, with a fine soft silk string, will choak you so gently; and then you have your own faithful black

Babouc, with his shining scymeter of Damascus too—he'll slice off your head I warrant; he'll do it so neatly, that you'll never say after, Babouc, you did hurt me that time. I'll order them to prepare. (*Going.*)

Bassa. But, my good steward, prepare your own accounts, I'll look over your book.

Zebede. Oh the devil! then Babouc will have the first slice at my head. (*Aside.*)

Bassa. I'll leave a fair name behind me; bring hither your accounts.

Zebede. Oh! my dear Lord, you and your head are old acquaintance, and since you're so soon to part for ever, at such a time don't think of troubling it with my foolish totums of sugar, rice, coffee, soap, and candles. (*Speaking to the Officers.*) You mutes, you ministers of death, prepare.

Bassa. (*Suddenly changes to sprightliness.*) Prepare supper.

Zebede. You forget your Highness was engaged to sup above with Mahomet.

Bassa. Ha! ha! ha! Why no; I'll send him an apology.

Zebede. Apology!

Bassa. Ay, and you shall take it.

Zebede. Me!

Bassa. Or suppose, Zebede, you go sup with him in my stead?

Zebede. Thank you, Sir; but I eat no supper now-a-days.

Bassa. Refuse the honour of supping above with our great Prophet!

Zebede. 'Tis a great honour; but I'd rather eat even a pork chop here below, than partake of the finest feast that was ever prepar'd above for Mahomet's table.

Bassa. (*Changing to firm resentment.*) Where's the other letter you received for me.

Zebede. (*Aside, and terrified.*) Ruin'd! Somebody's told him.—Oh! mercy, my lord; as I hope for heaven I dropt it out of my pocket.

Bassa. Then heaven shall be your reward; first for your negligence of such a precious charge; next your
perfidy

perfidy in denying you received it.—(*To Mutes.*) Dispatch him.

Zebede. O, Lord! where, where is this letter?

Bassa. Here, (*Shews it.*) brought to me by my guardian angel.

Enter Crumpy elegantly dressed.

Crumpy. Ay; brought to him by me and his other—You see what a pair of fine angels we are. Come, my friend—

Bassa. Perform your duty. (*To the Mutes, who seize Zebede, who drops on his knees.*)

Zebede. Oh! save my life!

Enter Absalom richly habited.

Absalom. My uncle in the hands of the mutes! Dread Lord, I claim as one of the three requests you promis'd me, whatever be his crime pardon it.

Crumpy. Half the promises were mine; so let him be half choak'd.

Absalom. Hold.

Crumpy. Be quiet; his crime deserves death. — (*To the Bassa.*) Pray what has he done, my Lord?

Zebede. This my nephew! (*Looking with surprise at Absalom's dress.*)

Bassa. The important service of bringing me that letter, lost by his negligence, has a claim much beyond that promise.—Live. (*To Zebede: the Mutes quit him.*)

Zebede. (*With great joy.*) Gracious Highness—Oh! my dear nephew—(*Apart.*) you damn'd scoundrel! what, did you give him the letter?—my beloved lad, you have sav'd my life. (*Apart.*) I'll hang you; you pick't my pocket, you thief.

Bassa. Instantly let me see your accounts; then quit my service and my fight for ever. [*Exeunt Bassa and attendants.*] [*Exit Zebede, on the opposite side, with a revengeful look at Absalom.*]

Crumpy. Now, why would you interfere? One little squeeze of the bow-string would have done no harm to a Jew.

Absalom. What brought my uncle into this scrape?

Crumpy. Your's! Well, I wou'dn't suffer such a rogue
to

to be an uncle of mine, even my father—tho', according to the present state of things, no man can be born before his father; yet if mine was a bad man, I'd disinherit him, I would by—he's as great a little old robber—Since now you've money, damn it, never own such a rascally relation. I and my guitar are tun'd for a frolic. I must fally now into the itreets in searh of a night adventure, to lay in a morning's hearty laugh for the Bassa. You'll come. When I'm in my joking humour I like to have one in company that's able to fight for me. I can fight myself, but I'd as lieve let it alone. Indeed I have never been matched; bigger than myself won't fight me; less than myself I scorn to fight; and a man exactly my own size must be such a microcosm, such a neat picture of perfection, that I could not find in my heart to hurt him.—Come.

Absalom. I'm engaged.—(*Aside.*) Near my time to meet Dora at the Friar's, and then to supper with the taylor.

Crumpy. Nay, do come, boy.

Absalom. You must excuse me to-night.—(*Aside.*) Every expence poor Crofs-Leg may be at I am now able to reimburse.—Good bye, generous Sir, I humbly thank you for the honour you have procur'd me.

Crumpy. Aye, but don't, like other great men, forget the friend that raised you; so as I'm going to-night upon perhaps some dangerous frolic, if in your walks you should find any hard fifts rais'd over my fine head, remember, my brave barber, my sword and shield are your azor and bafon.—(*Sings and dances.*) Tol! lol! lol!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street; Crofs-Leg's House near the Front; towards the Back, the Doctor's and Zebede's. — Late in the Evening; a tumultuous Huzzaing without.*

Enter Cadi with Officers, Crier, and a great Mob; Zebede and Crofs-Leg, with a basket, following.

Cadi.

CRIER, proclaim the proclamation.

Crier. "All take notice, by order of his Highness the
"Bassa. Any Christian who offends a Mussulman shall
"receive the bastinado; and death if he kills one, even
"by chance."

Zebede. (Apart to Crofs-Leg.) Ha! ha! did you hear that, master Crofs-Leg?

Crier. Take notice, "That any Jew who kills a Mussulman shall be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high."

Crofs-Leg. (Apart to Zebede.) Did you hear that, old Zebede? *(Zebede sneaks into his house.)*

Cadi. Now to the market-place, and the four gates.

[Exeunt all, mob huzzaing.]

Crofs-Leg. What could have wrought this sudden change in the Bassa; he that was always such a friend to the Christians, to begin now to persecute us! Yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm glad the Jews are included for sake of that old arch knave Zebede. Wife, Juggy, Juggy. *(Calls and knocks at the door.)* Hang'd! I shall dread to take up my shears to make measure, for fear they should take an affidavit I'm going to snip off their noses. My 'prentice-boy is a Mussulman, and if I should kick him, though I even caught him cribbing my cabbage, I'm lugg'd before the Cadi, and bastinado'd with my own lapboard.—My wife is so busy preparing our supper, that I fancy she hasn't heard me.—*(Knocks loud.)* Absalom and Dora by this time are married; and if they bring the jolly father, Anselm, with them, I've got a glass of good wine here.

(Pointing)

(*Pointing to his basket.*) It's necessary; for this plaguy proclamation has let down my spirits, and taken away my appetite—dangerous to be in the street! Now if we had all our little company safe within the walls of my castle, and some merry fellow to tickle the guitar, while I tune up my small pipes in a cheerful song, I'd lock my doors for the night, and we'd all be as snug as the lady in the lobster. (*Crumpy sings without.*) What's yonder! a Mussulman! I'll get out of his way. (*Knocks very loud at his door.*)—Deafen this wife of mine.—Juggy!

(*Calls, Juggy opens the door.*)

Juggy. Now, husband, what kept you so long?

Cross-Leg. I say, wife, what kept you so long?

Enter Crumpy, at the side, and playing on his guitar.

Crumpy. Oh! honest friend!—

Cross-Leg. As you say, Sir, it's a very fine night;—heaven save the firmament!

(*Goes into his door, and shuts it hastily.*)

Crumpy. What the devil's the matter with all the Christians and Jews I meet in the street? I frighten them away, as if I was some hobgoblin! Even the pretty girls trip from me, that us'd to take such pleasure in list'ning to my guitar, laughing at my jokes, and throwing up their veils to cast languishing ogles on my comely person—Nobody! (*Looking about.*) zounds, I begin to despair of an adventure—Though by my office I'm privileged to say what I please, yet the character of jester is difficult to support.—He! he! he! my introducing the barber into his presence was rather lucky; yet, damn it, I've got somehow flat—being obliged to tell the same story three times over, and my patron is always gaping for new jokes, like boys at bob-cherry—Eh! for a nice neat story to have for the Bassa, spick and span! I'd venture a few knocks o'the pate, or even get into a hobble for one—but, zounds!—I can meet with no living being, except our Turks, and they're so muz'd with their betel and opium—my only gig is amongst Jews and Christians—none can I meet—the devil! I can't make fun out of the posts and window-shutters!—I'll try if my instrument can't draw some company about me; if it's only a few cocks and hens.

hens. (*Sits on a bench at Cross-Leg's door and plays; Cross-Leg opens a window and peeps.*)

Cross-Leg. A rare musician! If he wasn't a Mussulman I'd—but its now so dangerous even to talk to one, for fear of giving the least offence. Ha! ha! ha!—I should like to invite him in, his guitar would add such life to our little entertainment. (*Aside.*)—(*Crumpy plays.*) Oh! sweet!—I think as we are all such quiet folks, there's no danger of a quarrel to bring us under the penalty of the proclamation—I'm strongly tempted to venture—Juggy, come here and listen—she is so busy dressing supper—Ecod! I'll ask him in; I'll try his temper first, and if he's good-humour'd, there'll be no fear of —— (*Throws a flower pot on Crumpy.*)

Crumpy. Hey!

Cross-Leg. Zounds! in trying his patience, I have try'd his skull!

Crumpy. Lucky I've so many yards of muslin in my turban!

Cross-Leg. Sir, I ask pardon, I thought nobody was there.

Crumpy. Nobody—Yes, Sir, and pray mind there's some head here—Ha! ha! ha!—My friend, do you know you've made me laugh?

Cross-Leg. Well, I'd take two knocks on my pate before you could make me laugh so——

Crumpy. I'm laughing to think, that if my head had been a glass bottle, what a clatter you'd have made about my ears.

Cross-Leg. Sir, I only intended to clear it for fresh flowers in the morning.

Crumpy. Ha! ha! ha! All wet! You rogue, you must have stain'd my vest.

Cross-Leg. Oh! my dear Sir!—If you'd only light enough to see my sign, you'd find that Cross-Leg, the taylor, has done no fault but what he can easily rectify.

Crumpy. A taylor!—Oh! oh!—then you spoil people's clothes for the good of trade. Ha! ha! ha!

Cross-Leg. Yes, Sir. Ha! ha! ha! And since you take my blunder in such good humour, if you'll only send me the stuff, I shall be proud to make you a new vest for nothing; and then—Sir, your guitar is most melodious!

Crumpy.

Crumpy. Is it? (*Plays.*)

Crofs-Leg. Beautiful! (*Aside.*) He's so good-natur'd too!—I think no harm can come of asking him in—Sir, worthy Sir! we've an humble wedding here to-night, and if you'll honour us with your agreeable company, and partake of our little supper, you'll make us the happiest of folks!

Crumpy. Ha! ha! ha! I delight in a wedding; the pleasantry of the occasion draws out my jokes, like party-colour'd ribbons from a juggler's mouth—I'll engage I'll fet every lad's wish agog to be a bridegroom, and make the bride laugh, without bringing a blush into her face?—Pray who's to be married?

Crofs-Leg. A poor, but very honest, lad, Sir; one Abfalom.

Crumpy. A barber! my intimate friend!

Crofs-Leg. You a friend to my friend Abfalom!—Stop a moment, my dear Sir—Juggy—a light. (*Retires.*)

Crumpy. Ha! ha! ha! but, zounds! don't tread down your house, through your hurry to let me into it—but never mind, with a pack of cards I'll build as good—I hope no wind will rise till I get out again—I'll sing here, curse me if I venture to dance—Ha! ha! ha! Abfalom going to be married!—Sly rogue! wouldn't tell me!—but I find the taylor don't know of the barber's good fortune, by my means.

Enter Crofs-Leg from the house.

Crofs-Leg. Do, Sir, please to walk in—we expect Abfalom and his bride every moment from the Friar's—You'll have a so-so supper, but a hearty welcome—We've only got a bit of fish, Sir, as it's Friday.

Crumpy. Never talk! I'd sup with my friend upon the fin of a herring—(*Aside.*) if any fun should offer here, I'd make the most of it.

Crofs-Leg. Pray step in, Sir—Please to stoop, Sir, my door is low.

Crumpy. And we tall fellows—hem!

Crofs-Leg. Juggy, hold the light—(*They go in, and the door shuts.—(Within.)*) Up stairs, Sir—this way, Sir—have a care, there's an ugly turn—

Crumpy. (*Within.*) All very well! How do you do, Ma'am?—Ha! ha! ha!

Enter

Enter Abfalom and Dora.

Abfalom. The fecetious father Anselm has kept us so long, that poor Cross-Leg's supper will——

Enter Habby from Zebede's.

Habby. I think that's Abfalom's voice?

Dora. Where are you, my love?

Abfalom. So dark, I can scarce distinguish the taylor's door. Oh, here!

Habby. Abfalom!

Abfalom. That Habby?—Ha, my boy—What, my uncle's gone to bed, and you are come to sup with us?

(Joyful.)

Habby. Hush! are you married?

Abfalom. Yes.

Habby. Then all's safe—I've engaged the mate of an English tartane, that now lies in the Tygris, to take us to one of their factories, and thence for Europe by their next ships—So to lay in a little sea-store, Abfalom, you step with me to your uncle's, I've something there for you.—Dora, do you sneak into your step-father's, the Doctor's, and pick up you there what you can.

Abfalom. I thought I had made my fortune to-day;—but Crumpy seizing the Bassa's two other promises, makes it necessary to get a little more cash; but the taylor is waiting supper for us.

Habby. Never mind his supper. Come, business—plague!

Dora. But, my love, if we part now, when, where, and how, shall I meet you?

Habby. Leave all that to me—Softly!

Abfalom. My dearest! *(Kisses her hand.)*

Habby. Foolish—You'll have time enough for kissing. *(To Dora.)* Go.—Come——

[Exeunt, Dora into the Doctor's, and Abfalom and Habby into Zebede's.]

SCENE II. *Inside of Crofs-Leg's.*

Turkish boy brings on a table, lays cloth, &c. and goes off.

Enter Crofs-Leg, Crumpy and Juggy, laughing.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Juggy. That's the handsomest song, Sir, I ever heard.

Crumpy. Then you like my singing?

Crofs-Leg. Much!

Crumpy. So do I. Ha! ha! ha!

Juggy. What comical things you jokers say!

Crumpy. Jokers should say comical things.

Juggy. And you can dance—do Sir, pray——

Crumpy. Dance! pray excuse me.

Juggy. Excuse me!—Ha! ha! ha! Lord, if I don't delight in you; you're so jacobus.

Crofs-Leg. Yes, Sir; as my wife Juggy says, you're quite jacobus. Ha! ha! ha! But I'm to equip you with a suit. I'll cut a measure. Juggy, the parchment.

Crumpy. Parchment! you'll not put me into a lawsuit? Ha! ha! ha!

Crofs-Leg. Oh! you courtiers, Ha! ha! ha! Do you know, Sir, I'd try to be one myself; that's—in the small way.

Crumpy. What, like me?

Crofs-Leg. Yes, Sir; only I'm so much afraid I might have my head chopp'd off. Ha! ha! ha!

Crumpy. Oh, ho! master taylor, you've an eye to your upper button. Ha! ha! ha!

Crofs-Leg. Right, Sir. Ha! ha! ha!

Crumpy. I tell you I was all right till put wrong, by accident, when an infant. I was the prettiest, plumpest little rogue—why I was named the Blossom of Beauty, and Bud of Delight.

Juggy. Lord! how odd!

Crumpy. I was an absolute cherry on the tree.

Crofs-Leg. Then the birds have been picking at you a good deal, Sir?

Crumpy. But one unlucky day, my mother's maid,
starting

starting upon the sudden sight of her sweetheart, struck out my first two teeth with my coral; flapp'd one of the bells into this left eye, knock'd me off the nursery-table, and, breaking my back, made me — *regardez — l'effet —* (Shewing his hunch.)

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Crumpy. Ay, you may laugh; but this hunch props my fortune at court; but, Ha! ha! ha! Do you know, that, by the help of a second looking-glass, I often stand and laugh at it myself?

Juggy. Ha! ha! ha! Yes, Sir; and in the front glass, you, and your hunch peeping over, must look the picture of the ape and her brat in the fable. Ha! ha! ha!

Crumpy. Ay; but if it even griev'd me—there's a nose, what say you to that feature? (*Takes hold of it.*) So much beauty before, I reflect that with my hunch I leave all my sorrows behind me—(*All laugh.*) and then there's a leg. (*Puts it up.*)

Cross-Leg. So it is, Sir. Look, Juggy, his honour stands upon a most fine-turn'd pedestal——

Juggy. A beautiful calf!

Crumpy. For all this, I'll lay the price of my new suit of clothes, I shew as good a leg in company as this?

Cross-Leg. Oh, no, Sir! No, no; you don't!

Crumpy. (*Puts up his other.*) That's as good. Gad I've won! They're fellows, and good fellows too. Ha! ha! ha!

Juggy. Very handsome—beautiful——

(*Admiring, then turns.*)

Cross-Leg. (*Apart to Juggy.*) Did you ever see such a bandy rascal? but he's a great man, and we must flatter him.

Juggy. But I protest, husband, I will wait no longer for Absalom and Dora; our little supper will be quite spoil'd; and since you have invited this gentleman, and prevented his getting a better elsewhere, if he will condescend to partake of our homely meal——

Cross-Leg. It's certainly very bold of such lowly folks as us to expect that his highness the Bassa's chief favourite would humble himself to——

Juggy. Hold your tongue, for here's the supper.

Cross-Leg. Supper!—then I'll stop my mouth.

Enter

Enter boy, with a dish of fish, &c., which he places on the table, then goes out.

Juggy. It's as pretty a little bit—Come, pray, Sir, make free; you know, if fish gets cold——

Cross-Leg. It's a nice morsel!—*Juggy*, help the gentleman, and hold your clack.

Crumpy. Why, faith, you seem to live very comfortable here—and your morsel does look so nicely tempting——Egad, I will. *(They all sit.)*

Juggy. Do, pray, Sir; we had this prepar'd for a young couple.

Cross-Leg. Ay; by their stay father Anselm has brought them in to sup with his brethren in their refectory;—those holy fathers, Sir, love to live well.

Crumpy. If it's holy to live well, this is the most pious dish I ever tasted. *(Eating.)*

Juggy. Then do, Sir, pray eat heartily.

Cross-Leg. *Juggy*, fill a glass—Sir,——

(Juggy fills, and offers a glass to Crumpy.)

Crumpy. Why, right; fish should swim three times; water, sauce, and wine. *(All laugh and drink.)* As I'm Mahometan I'm forbid wine; but when I'm amongst you Christians—Ha! ha! ha!

Cross-Leg. Right, Sir; at Rome do as Rome does.

Juggy. *(Helping Crumpy.)* That's a neat morsel, Sir.

Crumpy. I'll taste it with attention. *(All laugh.)*

Cross-Leg. O, Sir! I don't wonder at the Bassa putting you into office, or giving you a fine pension—I'd do just the same; and I think you'd do so by me. You might get a body a skirt of something pretty at court though.

Juggy. Will you never ha'done with your bodies and skirts?—Always shewing the taylor!

Cross-Leg. *(Apart to Juggy.)* I won't—My wife, Sir, is as sharp as a needle; but, Sir, as I was saying, what a place would I give such a witty gentleman as you, was I a Beglarbeg, or a Walachian despot; I'd give you the finest place——

Crumpy. I believe you are a Holland Stadtholder, for you've given me a very fine Dutch plaice; *(All laugh.)* but I must try to kick up some frolic here to-night, to make a joke for the Bassa; that bill *(Slipping a paper into*
Cross-

Cross-Leg's pocket.) sets the taylor and Zebede by the ears, that's some mischief. (*Aside.*)

Cross-Leg. Aye, now you talk of us Christians, Mr. Crumphy, as you are such a great man at court, if you'd only use your interest to get this cruel new law against us repeal'd—

Crumphy. New law, what! Oh! true, the proclamation. Oh! oh! now I have it. (*Aside.*)

Fuggy. Sir, that's what made my good man at first so much afraid of asking you in.

Cross-Leg. For, Sir, if you should, which is impossible, be affronted, or receive the smallest hurt under this poor Christian roof, what would become of me and my dear orthodox spoufy?

Crumphy. Eh! this promises a joke. (*Aside.*)

Cross-Leg. This fish is very sweet, but it has a great many bones!

Crumphy. Bones! a good hint. (*Aside.*)—And so you were afraid if any thing should happen to me in your house, 'twould bring you into the clutches of the Cadi, and his bailiffs and terrible catchpoles. (*Eats greedily.*)

Fuggy. That we were, Sir.

Crumphy. As you say, this fish is very sweet, but it has a damn'd deal of bones indeed; and as I have a curs'd narrow swallow—Egad! I must take care—

Fuggy. Pray do, Sir; but don't spoil your meal.

Cross-Leg. I was saying, Sir, this severity to us is rather hard; for, was I the Bassa of Bagdad—(Crumphy eating greedily, throws himself into violent contortions, stares and gapes.)

Fuggy. You see how you get yourself laugh'd at, with your Beglarbegg and Bashaw, you noodle—(To Cross-Leg.)

Cross-Leg. Now, Sir, am I a noodle?

Crumphy. Cluck!—Cluck!—

(*Grimaces, and points to his throat.*)

Cross-Leg. Ay, Sir, laugh; for, ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at it myself, ha! ha! ha! and yet, Sir, if you look into history, as unlikely things have happen'd.

Fuggy. I vow, husband, your folly makes the gentleman laugh so, that he can't eat—

Cross-Leg. Why, Sir, now recollect pray, wasn't the Grand

Grand Vizier to Mahomet the Second a cobbler?—And the great Prince Menzikoff was a pastry-cook.

Crumpy. (Grimacing.)

Juggy. Entertaining gentlemen with cobblers and pastry-cooks.

Crumpy. Cluck! Cluck!—(*Grimaces.*)

Cross-Leg. Ha! ha! ha! Well, Sir, to be sure it was a good joke, ha! ha! ha! and I'm glad it makes you so merry; but if I'm not allow'd to be a Bashaw, don't let us have our fish cold. (*Crumpy grimaces.*)

Juggy. Why, husband, you're so very ridiculous, that I vow to heaven, if you haven't set the gentleman into convulsions, laughing at you! Do pray, Sir, eat your supper, and never mind him. (*Crumpy grimaces.*)

Cross-Leg. Oh! well, Sir, with submission to your great wit and grand quality—yet for a man to be laugh'd at, at one's own table, tho' one's poor!—

Juggy. Why sure the gentleman can't speak! (*looking at Crumpy with terror.*) I've heard say, a fit of laughing is as bad as a fit of crying—Eh!—Oh, Lord! husband, something's the matter! Do, Sir, take a glass of wine?

Cross-Leg. No, then I will—Sir, your health; (*Drinks.*) which of us now is the laugh against? Ha! ha! ha!

Juggy. (Alarmed.) Mercy!—(*Crumpy points to his throat.*) the fish!—a bone stuck in his throat—hit him on the back. (*She hits him.*)

Cross-Leg. Zounds! wife, you'll knock his hump off, and then he'll lose his place at court. (*Filling wine.*)

Juggy. Will you let the bottle alone, and do something—

Cross-Leg. Oh! very well! but I thought I could not do better—

Juggy. Dear Sir, have you finish'd your supper?

(*Crumpy groans.*)

Cross-Leg. No; but his supper has finish'd him!

Juggy. Yes, he's choak'd!

Cross-Leg. In our house!—a Mahometan!—then we shall be choak'd!

Juggy. Oh dear! good Sir,—if you can't speak, do tell us?

Cross-Leg. Wife, be quiet; (*Puts his ear to Crumpy.*) he's quiet!—not only a Mussulman, but the Bassa's prime

favourite! — if he's found dead in our house, you and I are thrown over a cross stick, and hang'd like a pair of breeches.

Juggy. He's dead!

Cross-Leg. As Adam, the first taylor.

Juggy. Ah! (*Screams.*)

Cross-Leg. The devil! — have you a mind to bring the Janizary's patrol upon us!

Juggy. This comes of your peeping in the streets at night — you can't sit to your supper without music, and be curs'd to your fine ears!

Cross-Leg. I'll try some wine down his gullet.

Juggy. We were happy and well, and you cou'dn't quietly wait for Absalom and Dora, but you must bring your great turbans, and your Crumpys and Humpys in upon us.

Cross-Leg. I think still there's life — Absalom's a barber; if he was come, he should bleed him! — Stay, I'll cut open a vein with my shears.

Juggy. Do.

Crumpy. (*Groans.*)

Cross-Leg. Was that you, Juggy?

Juggy. No, you devil! 'twas the man you kill'd — you wou'd ask a Turk to eat fish of a Friday, and then talk of bleeding him with your shears.

Cross-Leg. Zounds! I'd bleed him with a pick-axe, if it could bring him to life. (*Crumpy makes a noise.*)

Juggy. Did you hear? Tim, suppose you try to thrust the bone done with a horn spoon.

Cross-Leg. No; I'll pull it up with these nut-crackers — but hold, we may squeeze out the little life he has left — Juggy, my dear, do you step down stairs, and open the street door softly — Doctor Quinquina's house is not six doors off: — if his soul has not got out of hearing, the Doctor may whistle it back again: — listen! is the street clear?

Juggy. Yes; there's a moon tho'.

Cross-Leg. Our side of the way, to the Doctor's, is all in the shadow; I'll take Crumpy on my back. (*Takes him up.*) Come along, you most ugly son of a broken back! — I wish my back had been broke before I had ask'd you up my stairs.

Juggy.

Juggy. A pretty thing, that honest women must go to market to buy fish for you to choak yourself with; you most abominable fright! (*Shakes him by the whisker, one comes off in her hand.*)

Cross-Leg. Zounds! Have you pluck'd off his eyebrow? By the Lord she'll pull him to pieces before I can get him off my back! [*Exit Juggy.*]

This little Turk is not as big as half a Christian, and yet he is as heavy as two popes. Oh, dear!

[*Exit with Crumpy.*]

SCENE III. *The Street before Cross-Leg's House.*

Moon light.

Enter Juggy at the door.

Juggy. Nobody in the way; and if there should, what will become of us? Will you make haste, you Tim Cross-Leg!

Enter Cross-Leg, stumbling, with Crumpy on his back.

Cross-Leg. Now, Juggy, you will leave your pattens in the entry.

Juggy. Come, quick!

Cross-Leg. Any one in the street?—If the patrol catches us!

Juggy. Stop! Is not that a watchman's staff sticking out?

Cross-Leg. Yes; keep back—(*frightened.*) Oh! no; it's only a barber's pole.

Juggy. Do you think there's any life?

Cross-Leg. Hold your tongue.—Give just one knock at the Doctor's door. (*She knocks a great deal.*)—What the devil! do you want to alarm the town?

Juggy. Lord, how I tremble! I've given five knocks instead of one!

Cross-Leg. If this same doctor cures him, why then he'll be well—may be—and if he kills him, it's only another death added to the Doctor's list; and I shift the danger off my shoulders—(*It darkens.*) that cloud comes across the moon rarely.

Dominique. (Within.) Who's there? *(They start.)*

Cross-Leg. It's only Dominique, the doctor's man;—wife, do you answer?

Juggy. Can't you?

Cross-Leg. Answer, I tell you.

Juggy. Indeed I shan't.

Cross-Leg. And I'm sure I won't then.

Dominique. Who's there? *(Very loud.)*

Both. It's I! *(Much terrify'd.)*

Dominique. And who are you knocking at people's doors at night? Go along, or I'll call the patrol.

Cross-Leg. Oh, Lord!

Juggy. I tell you, Tim Cross-Leg, fling Mr. Crumpy down, and let us run away!

The door opens suddenly, Doctor Quinquina and Dominique rush out..

Doctor. Qui est la, Who is dat? You, Dominique, stand here. I say, who are you? It's so dark I cannot know any man's face!

Cross-Leg. I'm glad of that; I'll darken my voice too.

Doctor. Speak what you want, or I'll knock your visage. *(Laying hold of Dominique.)*

Dominique. Lord, Sir, it is I! Here is the man.

(Presents Juggy.)

Juggy. Here, Sir; here is the man.

(Points to Cross-Leg.)

Cross-Leg. An't please you, master Doctor, I and my mother here——

Juggy. Mother—Sirrah! upon my word. *(Apart.)*

Cross-Leg. She's a midwife, Sir, and having been call'd up to a poor woman that was suddenly taken ill, I thought I'd see her safe—so coming along, she desired me—Billy, says she, what is that leaning against that there postess? I directly went to look—for I'm a very dutiful boy—an't I, mammy?

Doctor. Diable!—Vat you call me out in de cold street chattering about you and your mammy? *[Going in enrag'd.]*

Cross-Leg. But, Sir, I've brought you a patient—and he brings you a fee.

Doctor. You are de patient vid de fee; dat is quite anoder ting!

Cross-Leg.

Cross-Leg. Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman—
(*Points to Crumpy.*)

Doctor. Sacre Dieu! vat is dat?
(*Looks close up at Crumpy and starts.*)

Juggy. Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman we saw leaning;
he seem'd to have been taken ill——

Cross-Leg. And knowing you to be a doctor——

Doctor. C'est vrai—dat all de town knows—I'm a very
great doctor——

Cross-Leg. Finding him so bad, we brought him to you,
in hopes——

Doctor. Ventre Bleu! you tink I am to take into my
house all de bad vagabond you pick out of the street?
Allez—bring him to the vatch-house for to-night, and in
de morning dey will send him to de hospital—take de
man from my door!

Juggy. Lord, Sir, he's no man, but a gentleman.

Cross-Leg. Noble Sir, only look close at him; his fine
clothes prove he's some very great personage.

Doctor. Eh! bygar his coat do shine vid gold!
(*Looking at Crumpy.*)

Cross-Leg. Yes, Sir, if the lining agrees with the out-
side, he may turn out a good patient!

Doctor. I vil never turn out a good patient; bring de
gentleman in, I vil cure him in half of tree minutes.

Cross-Leg. Move him gently, there—take care of his
leg, Juggy.

Doctor. Oui, take care of his jug, legge!—(*Goes in
and speaks.*) You, Dominique, assist to help the gentle-
man up to my laboratory.

(*Cross-Leg and Juggy put Crumpy in, and shut the door.*)

Cross-Leg. Good doctor, there you have him; and now,
kill or cure him as you can—Come, Juggy.

Juggy. Run for it. (*Drums and Turkish march without.*)

Patrol. (*Without.*) The twelfth hour; all's well.

Juggy. Get in! (*They go in.*)

Cross-Leg. (*Peeping out of the door.*) All's well!
(*Cross-Leg shuts the door.*)

SCENE IV. Doctor's Study, with Books, Phials, and anatomical Subjects.

Enter Dora.

Dora. Lud! I've got into step-father's study, surrounded by his horrid skeletons—Near one! then no chance of the street door being open'd again to-night—How shall I get out!—perhaps my Absalom and Habby are waiting for me. (*Listens.*) The Doctor's up! sure somebody's come in below—since I have got my jewels—(*Shows a casket.*) I must only watch patiently for the first opening of the hall door.

Doctor. (*Without.*) Bring him up.

Dora. Oh, Lord!—they've been robbing the church-yard!

Doctor. (*Without.*) Help my patient up here.

Dora. No; it's not a dead man!

Doctor. Quick, you Dominique, then lock the street door.

Dora. Then I must be quick and first get out, if I can.

[*Stands behind the door.*]

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. Help the gentleman up to my laboratory — (*Very busy.*) Here! place him in my own easy grand chaise—(*Places an elbow chair.*) We will see what we cannot do for him. Come, Depechez vous, Dominique.

Enter Dominique. (*Doctor turns suddenly and lays hold of him.*)

Doctor. Sit you down, Sir. (*Thrusts Dominique into the chair, and feels his pulse without looking at him.*) Ah! you're much malade! very bad!

Dominique. Not I, Sir! I'm very well.

Doctor. Diable! What, Dominique! Get you out of my grand chaise—(*Dominique rises.*) What you mean? Where is the sick gentleman, my patient?

Dominique. Patiently waiting below, Sir.

Doctor.

Doctor. And vy you and de midwife no bring him up, Sire!

Dominique. Lord, Sir! the midwife and her son Billy are gone—they flung the gentleman into the hall, slap'd the door, and run away.

Dora. (*Aside.*) Then the door's not lock'd yet!

Doctor. Dey are rogues! — dey have first pick'd his pocket—if so, he can't pay me my fee; but he seems noblesse from his gold coat, so I will cure him at a venture—Sir, vil you please to walk up? (*Calls.*) He's weak—Dominique, you go assist him—(*Exit Dominique.*) I vil hold de light for you myself;—I am not too proud for dat. (*Takes a candle and exit.*)

Dora. Now is my time to get out before the door is fasten'd for the night.

Doctor. (*Without.*) Dominique, bring the gentilhomme up gently. You see you must carry him—don't knock his head vid the bannisters—he is very weak—ah! pouvre!—very well!—bien!—softly!—up vid him—ah, hah! (*Doctor walks in backwards with the candle, and still looking towards the door.*) Dere, now he is safe, and vel up—set him on his leg on de landing—Comment vous potez vous, Monsieur? (*Bowing at the door.*) Ay, he cannot talk, he is fo weak;—lift him up, and bring him in—set him gently—

Dominique. (*Without.*) Lord, if he has'nt a hunch!

Doctor. Ciel!—'tis Mr. Crumpy, the Bassa's favourite little Hunchback Joker!—Mon dieu! if I cure him, it will make my fortune at court.—Tol! tol! tol! (*Sings and capers.*) take care you, Dominique, don't hurt his hump!—How do you do, Sir?

(*Making a bow towards the door.*)

Dora. Now for it —

(*She blows out the candle in the Doctor's hand, and exit hastily.—A noise heard of tumbling down stairs.*)

Dominique. (*Without.*) Oh, Lord!

Enter Dominique, frighten'd.

Doctor. Sacre Dieu!—Vat is dat?

Dominique. Huh! don't make a noise, Sir! who or whatever that is, it has tumbled the sick gentleman from

the top of the stairs to the bottom—Yes, it has certainly kill'd him!

Doctor. Kill'd de man dead!—Ah! malheureux, den I've lost my fee! We must instantly send his dead body to the court. (*Going.*)

Dominique. Hold, Sir—Do you forget the proclamation against the Christians?—so severe, that they're getting out of the city as fast as they can carry off their effects. Why, Sir, if his dead body is found here——

Doctor. C'est vrai, 'twill be said I did kill him! I shall be hang'd, and my head will undergo amputation—I am miserable!—but vat was dat, that did do dis?

Dominique. Lord, Sir! no time for enquiry now—the only thing to think of now is to save our lives, by getting rid of Mr. Crumphy's foul case.

Doctor. En verite, 'twould vex me to be hang'd for killing such an ugly coquin; if it was even me dat did kill him, it would be some comfort—ha! ha!—I have conceive grand thoughts. (*Brightens up.*) Dominique, we must get dis Monsieur Crumphy out of my house, and I have think of de way to put him into somebody else's house. Get me a rope, dat is all I vant, and den run up stairs and open de sky-light window dat goes out to de leads a-top of my house—

Dominique. Suppose, Sir, we feel his pulse?

Doctor. Feel a dead man's pulse! Ah, Hébeté!—Quick, do my command—(*Going.*) Stop! (*He turns.*) I will go up myself and open de sky-light window, while you get de rope.

Dominique. I don't know where to find a rope.

Doctor. Den if you don't, de hangman vil find a rope for you and me—allez, depechez vous.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. *A Room at the Top of Zebede's House, a Table, Accompt Books, Chests, strong Boxes, &c.*

Enter Habby.

Habby. So, Absalom and Dora, with their booty from uncle and step-father, I have left safe on board the English sloop—

sloop—my coming back takes all suspicion from me ; and I'll pick up something for myself too, and then for Europe with the youngers — Egad, old master Zebede, we have already made a rare haul upon your chests and bags here, that will teach you to beat your clerks as you've done me.

Zebede. (Without.) Up another story.

Habby. Zounds! here he comes to see what I've done to his books.

Enter Zebede and Crofs-Leg.

Zebede. Aye, this garret is my compting-houfe, ha! ha! ha!

Crofs-Leg. Up in the clouds, like my workshop!

Zebede. Now your business?

Crofs-Leg. Private.

Zebede. Habby, go down — (*He's going.*) Oh, stop — Have you put all my accounts into confusion, to puzzle my master, the Bassa, if he should look over them.

[*Apart to Habby.*

Habby. Yes, Sir; you'll find all here in a very fine confusion.

[*Exit.*

Crofs-Leg. How this draft of Crumphy's came into my pocket I don't know! except it was to pay for his supper—however, if the Jew here will but give me cash, I'll have made a good night's job of it. (*Aside.*)

Zebede. An unseasonable hour for you to call!

Crofs-Leg. I thought money never came out of season, with a Jew; discount that bill. (*Gives it.*)

Zebede. I have no objection—that is, for the premium—Why this is payable to Mr. Crumphy! Oh, he has sent you for the monies?

Crofs-Leg. Yes—I'm plaguy bad at a lie; I wish my wife had come. (*Aside.*)

Zebede. But where is Little Hunchback himself?

Crofs-Leg. (Confus'd.) He's—I—I—suppose he's at home—By this the Doctor has made anotomy of him. (*Aside.*)

Zebede. Eh! (*Examining the bill.*)

Crofs-Leg. I'm all on the tenters! But even if Crumphy's death should be found out, I shall now have money to

carry me to Europe with the other Christians, that are getting from the Bassa's persecution. (*Aside.*)

Zebede. 'Tis a good bill, but I suspect not come honestly by; and I cou'd stop you and it; but as you are a neighbour I will pay you the whole money, if you give me half.

Cross-Leg. (*Aside.*) I'm found out—why man—did you think I'd wrong—(*Embarras'd.*)

Zebede. Hush! Hunchback is a damn'd little impudent scoundrel—it's nothing to me if any body has robb'd, or even cut his windwipe.

Cross-Leg. I choak him! or know any thing at all of his death—Oh, Lord! what do you go to say that for? (*Terrify'd.*)

Zebede. (*Calmly.*) Why, is he dead?

Cross-Leg. Why, if he—how should I know whether he's dead or alive? You've a bad conscience, Mr. Zebede, that's what makes you so frighten'd as you are.

(*Endeavouring to conceal his perturbation.*)

Zebede. Me!—why should I be frighten'd?

Cross-Leg. And why should I, if you go to that?

Zebede. Why, what the devil are you at?—one wou'd think you had been concern'd in—

Cross-Leg. Every body knows that I'm a man—that despises all that kind of—what sort of—unlucky dismal looking place to bring a man into.

Zebede. Dismal!—(*Looks round.*) Be quiet, you're enough to make one afraid, indeed, (*With fear.*)

Cross-Leg. Oh, Lord! (*Aside.*) (*A brick falls down the chimney.*) What do you do that for?—None of your tricks.

Zebede. Gad, I'm in no humour for tricks! (*Frighten'd.*)

Cross-Leg. Mr. Crumpy may be dead for what I know; but if he thinks I had any hand in it, I'd tell him he lyed—aye, to his very whiskers.

(*Crumpy is let down the chimney.*)

Zebede. What's that! (*Looking at Crumpy.*)

(*Cross-Leg sneaks off.*)

Zebede. (*Falls on his face.*) Are you the devil, or the cat?—but what could bring pufs in a pair of gold breeches—it is certainly the—Oh! Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor?—Oh! don't stare so with your big

bull's eyes, and your wide mouth like a maiden jay
(Crumpy stoops his body.) Oh! you are very polite—Eh!
 he looks—if it should be a live man he's a robber! I'll
 drag this great chest of plate and dollars out of this room
 —I wish I had Habby here to help me, it's so heavy
(Lays hold of the chest with both hands, and putting his strength to it as if expecting great weight, suddenly falling on his back, he pulls it over him.) Oh! death of Israel!—
 the chest is so light it must be quite empty! *(Crumpy bows.)* What, you know that, you damn'd thief *(Rises hastily, opens the lid of the chest, and looks in it.)* Yes,
 my money and plate is all gone, and you've come down
 my chimney for more, you drop gibbet!—but I will de-
 fend my property, if you were Bel and the Dragon *(Strikes Crumpy, who falls.)* you banditti!—bandeliro!—you
 Arab, plunderer of caravans; come before the Cadi,
 speak—Eh!—he's dead!—bless me!—if it should be I
 that has kill'd him—a hunch! save me, if it isn't Mr.
 Crumpy himself only come down my chimney to play his
 jests upon me—or if it should be he that did rob my chest,
 the Bassa will never believe me—he's dead!—Oh! heavens!
 now I recollect the proclamation against the Jews! If this
 is found out, it is certain death for me; and as I'm already
 in disgrace—nobody saw me strike him—few people in the
 streets, and so near morning, the watch are gone off their
 stands—you nasty little beast!—you was my plague when
 alive, and now you must throw your death upon me with
 your gambols *(Feels Crumpy.)* he is yet warm—but once
 he's out of my house, let him die or live! Come on my
 back, and the devil take your hump.

[Exit, with Crumpy on his back.]

SCENE VI. *The street. (Day break.)*

(Zebede discovered placing Crumpy up against a wall.)

Enter Crank and Cabin-Boy. (Crank elevated with wine.)

Crank. (Sings.) “ God save great George our King”
 —the Christian passengers are waiting in my sloop—
 they'll find brandy enough in my lockers to amuse them
 —tell them we will fall down the pool this tide.

*[Exit Boy.
 These*

These pippin-squeezers to break up company, we never begin to cotton together and be jolly till it comes to the little hours (*Sings.*) tol! lol! lol!

“How can we depart,

“When friendship has grappled each man by the heart.”

Zebede. There, stand or tumble down for Zebede—good morning to you, Mr. Crumpy—(*Going.*)

Crank. Holloa!—stop!

Zebede. Yes! there he stops for you. [*Exit Zebede.*

Crank. Take one bottle with me—you won’t—a pint—a gill—then you’re a sneaking rascal!—so that’s your Bagdad Scanderoon manners. I wish I was back again in Old England—What a damn’d country this is, that I can’t get one honest fellow to take a bottle with me!

Crumpy. Cluck!—Cluck!—

Crank. Who’s that? (*Turns and looks at Crumpy.*)—a very capital Turk, upon my honour! How do you do, Sir? (*Bow.*) You might make a leg, I don’t expect you’ll take off your hat, because you have none—will you do me the favour to take a glass with me, or I must turn into my hammock—Eh! what d’ye say?—Oh! I know you’re not allow’d wine—none of your winking!—over the way they have the nicest liquor—how he licks his lips (*Aside.*) but come along—Eh! you may give a civil answer though—damme! who minds your grinning or grunting? Very proud—but the Grand Turk himself needn’t be ashamed to talk to a Briton. Heark-yee, my lad, if you intend to affront me, damme if I don’t lend you a dowse o’ the chops (*Strikes him down.*) rise and stand up to me, an Englishman scorns to strike a fall’n enemy.

Enter Cadi and Janizaries.

Cadi. Seize him!

Crank. Will you drink a bottle with me?

Cadi. Yonder’s his Highness the Bassa himself coming from the mosque.

Enter the Bassa (Attended.)

Babouc, Zebede, Doctor, Cross-Leg and Juggy, followed by a crowd, &c.

Bassa. The matter here?

Cadi.

Cadi. Please your Highness this Christian has kill'd a Mussulman!

Bassa. Heavens!—it's Hunchback (*Looks down on him attentively, and with great concern.*)

Cross-Leg. How I tremble!—if he finds out 'twas I—Oh! cruel man (*To Crank.*) How could you be so wicked as to take his life?

Fuggy. (*Apart to Cross-Leg.*) Don't go near the body, or it will bleed afresh!

Doctor. Nobody suspect 'twas I did kill him. I am so frighten'd (*Aside.*)

Zebede. I have got his murder off my shoulders mighty lucky! (*Aside.*) What a wicked man you must be to kill my dear little friend!

Bassa. What proof, that this is the murderer?

Crank. Please your worship—Mr.—my Lord Mayor—I confess I did give this pretty little gentleman a dowse, but if it did kill 'twas in my own defence.

Bassa. How?

Crank. I can't drink alone—he wou'dn't drink with me—I should die without drinking—so let your jury of twelve bring it in manslaughter.

Bassa. (*Apart to Babouc*) I've thought of a method to come at the truth of this matter. Whoever kill'd him, instead of punishment shall have a reward. This buffoon was once my favourite, but growing most intolerably stupid, I've long wish'd him out of my way. Give the Briton a purse of a thousand tomilees.

Crank. If I've kill'd a man I cou'd weep for it; but the price of blood shall never stain this hand (*Throws the purse down on the ground.*)

Zebede. I cou'd cry myself for poor Crumpy—but give me the purse, for finding you wanted to get rid of him, to oblige your Highness, 'twas I that kill'd him.

Doctor. You! Begar it was I dat did de murder him, to please you, my Lord, vid von grande kick of my fist I did give him de fine knock, a tumble down my tree pair of stair; and den I did drop his body down your chimney—so give de money—

Cross-Leg. To me; (*Holds out his hand.*) for with a fish bone, at my house, I gave him the fatal Cluck!—Cluck!

(*Mimicks.*)

(*Mimicks.*)—and that I might be sure of his being kill'd, I brought him to the Doctor's.

Juggy. Aye; but who went to the market to buy that fish? My Lord, on the word of a woman, 'twas I that put the very bone on his plate that stuck in his throttle!—

Bassa. So the reward has extorted a confession I wanted, and convicted you all of intentional murder from your own lips—Guards seize them—In reality his death grieves me, and the man that extracts the bone, and restore's the life of my poor favourite, shall have the purse I promis'd.

Crumpy. Then that man am I (*Puts his hand to his mouth and takes out the bone.*) lay the cash here (*Holds out his other hand, springs up, sings and capers.*)

Bassa. What is this! (*Amaz'd.*)

Crumpy. A frolick; ha! ha! ha!—I've suffer'd this delicate little body of mine to be lug'd, thumpt, jumbled and tumbled all night, only to make a laugh for you this morning—and if you don't laugh, egad, you may be cram'd into chimnies, and kick'd down stairs yourself in future for Crumpy!

Zebede. What!

Doctor. Comment!

Cross-Leg. Juggy!—(*Crumpy grimaces to them as he appear'd when choak'd.*)

Bassa. Why, by Mahomet, it has been a laughable night's frolick indeed!—but all, but the honest Englishman, whose truth was above hope of reward or fear of punishment, shall die.

Crumpy. I Sieur Crumpy, Lord Chief Justice Joker, swear upon my hunch and honour, that nobody shall die, except Zebede the Jew, Quinquina the Doctor, Cross-Leg the Taylor, and Dame Juggy his orthodox spoufy.

Enter Officer and Guards, with Absalom, Dora, and other Christians prisoners.

Officer. My Lord, we took these suspected Christians, with those rich goods, on board.

(*Shewing bales, caskets, &c.*)

Crank. My sloop, a breach of the peace with England, my Lord!

Crumpy.

Crumpy. A truce!

Bassa. (*To Absalom*) What, my preserver flying from my favour!

Absalom. I fear'd, Sir, I should forfeit that, by turning Christian; and, converted by Dora, here I—

Zebede. (*Looks at the caskets.*) You began your Christianity by robbing your uncle—justice, my Lord, on this!

Crumpy. Stop; well remembered!—the barber and I here have yet two promises to claim; one is, that you'll give the purse to the generous Englishman, to give to me when I refuse next to drink with him—the other, that you'll repeal the law against the Christians—and the other—

Bassa. What three?

Crumpy. Be quiet—this is the best of all—that you'll hang Zebede and the Doctor, if they don't give their consent and capital fortunes to this worthy young couple.

Bassa. Presuming on my friend the Vizier's favour, I'll grant them.

Crumpy. I grant you shou'd—Christians, Turks, Jews, my seeming death has prov'd my kind master wou'd mourn my worthless life! and when I cease to wish my Prince may live long and merrily, may I be choak'd with a whalebone.

All noble chops in princely Bagdad,
Have often my poor frolicks wag'd at;
Still your's the laugh, and mine the thump,
So you're still pleas'd with Little Crump.

THE
TEMPEST;
OR,
THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

WRITTEN BY
SHAKESPEARE;
WITH ADDITIONS FROM DRYDEN;

AS COMPILED BY
J. P. KEMBLE.

AND FIRST ACTED
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
OCTOBER 13TH, 1789.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Prospero, Mr. BENSLEY.
Alonzo, Mr. PACKER,
Anthonio, Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Gonzalo, Mr. AICKIN.
Stephano, Mr. MOODY.
Trincalo, Mr. BADDELEY.
Caliban, Mr. WILLIAMES.
Hippolito, Mrs. GOODALL.

WOMEN.

Miranda, Mrs. CROUCH.
Dorinda, Miss FARREN.
Ariel, Miss ROMANZINI.

OTHER SPIRITS.

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| Mr. DIGNUM, | Miss HAGLEY. |
| Mr. DANBY, | Mrs. FOX. |
| Mr. FAWCETT, | Miss BARNES. |
| Mr. WILSON, | Miss STAGELDOIR. |
| Mr. MADDOCKS, | Mrs. SHAW. |
| Mr. ALFRED, | Mrs. BUTLER. |

THE MASQUE OF NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE.

Neptune, Mr. SEDGWICK.
Amphitrite, Mrs. EDWARDS.



THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A rocky Part of the Island.*

Enter Prospero, meeting Miranda.

Prospero.

MIRANDA, where's your sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed rock
On the huge beat of waters.—
It is a dreadful object!

Prof. Be collected;
I shall do nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister.
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Naught knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know,
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time I should inform thee farther.—
The fated wreck of that fame bark,
I shall, with such provision of mine art,
So safely order,
That not so much perdition as a hair
Shall 'tide to any creature in our vessel.—
Attend, for thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition—
Concluding—"stay,—not yet"—

Prof.

Prof. The hour's now come ;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :
 Obey, and be attentive.—Can'st thou remember
 A time before we came unto this isle ?
 I do not think thou can'st, for then thou wast not
 Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Prof. By what ? By any other house or person ?
 Of any thing the image, tell me, that
 Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off ;
 And rather like a dream, than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants : had I not
 Four or five women once, that tended me ?

Prof. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda.
 Fifteen years since, my child, but fifteen years,
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
 A Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father ?

Prof. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter, and thy sister too ;
 And thy father was the Duke of Milan,
 Thou his heir — a Princess — no worse issu'd.

Mir. O the Heav'ns !
 What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
 Or blessed was't we did ?

Prof. Both, both, my girl ;
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
 But blessedly help'd hither.

Mir. Oh ! my heart bleeds ;
 To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance !—please you further.

Prof. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Anthonio, —
 I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
 Be so perfidious — he whom, next thyself,
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The manage of my state, being myself transported,
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
 Dost thou attend me ?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. I pray thee, mark me, then.
 He being thus lorded, needs will be

Absolute

Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Whereon,

A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd me thence
With thy young sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!

Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prof. Well demanded, wench;

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

Prof. Thou, and thy sister, were two cherubims,
That did preserve me, for ye did smile,
Infused with a fortitude from Heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Prof. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,

Which

Which since have steaded much : so, of his gentleness
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Prof. Now I arise; attend,
And hear the last of our sea sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For this purpos'd storm.

Prof. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought on these seas: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know, thou canst not choofe.

(*Miranda sleeps.*)

(*Aside.*)

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the Fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Prof. Hast thou, Spirit,
Prepar'd to point the Tempest as I bade thee?

Ariel. To every article.

Prof. What is the time o'the day?

Ariel. Past the mid season.

Prof.

Prof. The time twixt fix and now
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ariel. Is there more toil? — Since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Prof. How now, Moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Prof. Before the time be out? — No more.

Ariel. I pray thee :

Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Prof. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ariel. No.

Prof. Thou dost ; and thinkst it much to tread the
foze

Of the salt deep ;
'To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;
To do me business in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prof. Thou ly'st, malignant thing ! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Prof. Thou hast ; where was she born ? — Speak ; tell
me.

Ariel. Sir, in Argier.

Prof. Oh, was she so ? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgetst.
This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors : thou, my slave,
As thou reportst thyself, was then her servant :
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

And

And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years ; within which space she died,
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans,
 As fast as mill-wheels strike : then was this island,
 (Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ariel. Yes ; Caliban her son.

Prof. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best knowst
 What torments I did find thee in : thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo ; it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

Prof. If thou more murmurst, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel. Pardon, master :

I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my sprit'ing gently.

Prof. Do so ; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble master !

What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

Prof. Go ; and with Grineldo, spirit of earth,
 And others under thy command, let loose the tempest ;
 And then disperse the stranded wanderers
 Through the isle.

Ariel. Master, it shall be done.

SONG. *Ariel.*

Oh, bid thy faithful Ariel fly
 To the farthest Indies sky :
 And then, at thy fresh command,
 I'll traverse o'er the silver sand.

I'll climb the mountains;—plunge the deep;
I, like mortals, never sleep.

Whate'er it be, not with ill will;

But, merrily, merrily, merrily!

[Exit.

Prof. Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Prof. Shake it off: come on:
I'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.

Prof. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.

[Exit Miranda.

What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (Within.) There's wood enough within.

Prof. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee:

Come, thou tortoise!

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you! a fou'-weather blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Prof. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
The island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,

Vol. I.

L

Thou

Thou stroakst me, and mad'st much of me; wou'dst
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
And here you stay in this hard rock, whiles
You keep from me the rest of the island.

Prof. Thou most lying slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being guilty of all ill; I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Prof. Hag-feed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other busines. Shrugst thou, malice?
If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his act is of such power,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Prof. So, slave, hence! [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Miranda, meeting Dorinda.

Dor. O, sister! sister! what have I beheld!

Mir. What is it moves you fo?

Dor. From yonder rock,
As I my eyes cast down upon the seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd; at first I thought the war

Had been between themselves, but straight I spy'd
A strange huge creature.

Mir. Oh you mean the ship.

Dor. Is't not a creature then? It seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns above,
All ty'd with ribbands ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.

Mir. But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great creature there were other creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing
Which you have heard my father call a man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, sister?

Mir. No, sure; you see my father is a man,
And yet he does us good.

Dor. Methinks it would be finer, sister,
If we had two young fathers.

Mir. No, sister, no; if they were young,
My father said, that we must call them brothers.

Dor. Pray how does it come that we two are not
brothers then?

And how did he come to be our father too?

Mir. I believe he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the ground.

Dor. Why didn't he find more of us? pray, sister,
Let you and I look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is
The hour wherein my father's charms will work,
Which seizes all who are in open air:
The effect of this great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea Shore. A Storm.**A Ship in the Midst of the Tempest**Ariel with Spirits assisting the Storm.*

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

ARISE! ye spirits of the storm!

Appal the guilty eye;

Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,

Ye fated lightnings fly:

Dart thro' the tempest of the deep,

And rocks and seas confound.

Hark! how the vengeful thunders roll!

Amazement flames around.

Behold! the fate-devoted bark,

Dash'd on the trembling shore:

Mercy!—the sinking wretches cry—

Mercy!—they're heard no more.

*[The ship sinks. Ariel and spirits disappear.]*SCENE II. *A Barren Heath.**Enter Caliban with a Burden of Wood. (Thunder.)*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
 By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
 Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'the mire,
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 For every trifle they are set upon me:
 Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me;
 And after, bite me; then like hedge hogs, which

Lie

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I
 All wounded with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness:—lo! now! lo!
 Here comes a spirit of his; and, to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

Enter Trincalo.

Trin. There's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'the wind: yon' same black cloud, yon' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yon' same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pail-fuls.—What have we here? A man or fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor John. A strange fish!—Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.—Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth!—I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffered by a thunderbolt.—Alas! the storm is come again; my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing, with a Bottle in his Hand.

I shall no more to sea, to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a-shore——

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well,
 here's my comfort. *[Drinks, then sings.]*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us ear'd for Kate:

L 3

For

For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, go hang:
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune, too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Step. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drank wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils! Oh! defend me—

Step. Four legs and two voices? a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will

will help his ague; come: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano—

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trincalo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trincalo.

Step. If thou be'st Trincalo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trincalo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trincalo, indeed: how cam'st thou to the siege of this mooncalf; can he vent Trincaloes!

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Step. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Step. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither; I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Step. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th'moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th'Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pray thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pray thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmazet: I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step. I pray thee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trincalo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Hear, bear my bottle, fellow Trincalo, we'll fill it by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Step. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Three Vistas, terminating each in a Cave.*

Enter Prospero.

Prof. 'Tis not yet fit to let my daughters know,

I kept the infant Duke of Mantua

So near them in this isle,

Whose father dying, bequeath'd him to my care;

Till my false brother, (when he usurp'd my Dukedom)

Expos'd him to that fate he meant for me.

Hippolito!—By calculation of his birth, I saw

Death threat'ning him, if till some time were past,

He should behold the face of any woman:

And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolito!

Enter

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prof. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thyself canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse me not for thy restraint.

Hip. I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prof. O gentle youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black star threatens thee, and Death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature
Liv'd within this isle, but those which man was lord of;
Why then should I fear?

Prof. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee.

Hip. What are those creatures, Sir?

Prof. Those dangerous enemies of men, call'd women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are women like?

Prof. Imagine something between young men and angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the nighthingale's,
They are all enchantment; those who once behold them
Are made their slaves for ever.
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em straight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.

Prof. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir. *[Exit Hip.]*

Prof. So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder rock, where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own cell,
Because the shipwreck happen'd near his mansion.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

How, my daughters!
I thought I had instructed them enough:
Children, retire; why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Prof. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.

Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?

Prof. All that you can imagine ill is there.

The curled lion, and the rugged bear,
Are not so dreadful as that man.

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prof. Ay, child! but I

Am a tame man; old men are tame by nature,
But all the danger lies in a wild young man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the woods?

Prof. No, they are wild within doors, in chambers,
And in closets.

Dor. But, father, I would stroke 'em and make 'em
gentle; then sure they would not hurt me.

Prof. You must not trust them, child.

But I must in; for now my spells require my presence:
Be you, Miranda, your sister's guardian. [Exit.]

Dor. Come, sister, shall we walk the other way?
The man will catch us else: we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, sister, though he have; yet look about
you,
And we shall spy him ere he come too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.

I'll go softly; but if you see him first, be quick, and
beckon me away. [Exit.]

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too: I find
it in my nature, because my father has forbidden me.

[Exit.]

Enter Hippolito, reading.

Hip. Prospero has often said, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
I'll ask that question when I see him next.

Enter

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O sifter, there it is ; it walks about
Like one of us.

Mir. Ay, just so, and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me : yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

Mir. Hark ! it talks ; sure this is not it my father
meant,

For this is just like one of us.

Dor. I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was ; see, see, it turns this way.

Heav'n ! what a pretty thing it is !

Mir. I'll go nearer it.

Dor. Oh ! no, 'tis dangerous, sifter ! I'll go to it.

Mir. I would not for the world that you should ven-
ture.

My father charged me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame man, sifter ;
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Prof. (Within.) Miranda, child, where are you ?

Mir. Do you not hear my father call ? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he call'd, not me ; I will but say my
Prayers, and follow you immediately.

Prof. (Within.) Miranda !

Mir. Well, sifter, you'll repent it.

[*Exit.*

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have t'other peep.

Hip. What thing is that ? Sure 'tis some infant of the
fun.

[*Seeing her.*

My sight is dazzled. —

I'll go nearer to it —

May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun ? Speak, what art thou,
Shining vision ?

Dor. Alas, I know not ; but I'm told I am
A woman ; do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my eyes out.

Won't you hurt me, fair thing ; for I was told
A woman was my enemy.

Dor. I never knew

What 'twas to be an enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that which looks like you ;

Though I fear you are a man,
That dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd.
Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. In truth, I was inform'd I am a man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other creature.

Dor. See, it cries.—No, no, you do not fright me.

Prof. (*Within.*) Dorinda!

Dor. My father calls again: ah! I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too; but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be,
Yet I no death but in our parting see.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Prospero.

Prof. I hope I have confirm'd Miranda's duty.
All my designs are gath'ring to a head.—
What, Ariel! my servant, Ariel! where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What would my potent master? Here I am.

Prof. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, the wild tempest

Did worthily awake. But tell me, spirit,
How fares the King my brother, and his friends?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the lime grove, which weather-fends your cell.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
And yonder now you may behold him, Sir.

Prof. My brave spirit! haste to conduct him hither.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Enter Dorinda.

Oh, come you here:—you've seen a man to-day,
Against my strict command.

Dor. Who, I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prof. Come, come, be clear.

Dor. Pray, be not angry, and I'll tell you, Sir.

Ha!

Ha! ha! you are mistaken in him;—
He did me no great hurt.

Prof. But he may do you more hereafter, girl.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.

Prof. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, say not so. I promis'd him
To see him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I should never break my promise.

Prof. You are too fond, and I should chide you for't.

Dor. Then send me to that creature to be punish'd.

Prof. Poor child! thy passion, like a lazy ague,
Has seiz'd thy blood; instead of striving, thou humourst
And feedst thy languishing disease: Thou fightst
The battles of thy enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir!

He hath no claws, nor teeth, nor horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a callow bird,
Just straggled from the nest: Pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him again.

Prof. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear yourself reserv'dly to him,
And keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard!

Prof. It is the way to make him love you more.

Dor. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Prof. Fear not; go in, and send your sister hither.
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever. [Exit.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *A wild Part of the Island.*

Enter Ariel and Spirits, invisibly, followed by Ferdinand.

SONG. *Ariel.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;

Curtsey'd

THE TEMPEST.

Curtsey'd when you have, and kiss'd;
 The wild waves whist;
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And sweet sprights the burden bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark!
 The watch-dogs bark.
 Hark! hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer.

Ferd. Where should this music be? I'th' air, or earth?
 It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
 Some god i'th' island: sitting on a bank,
 Weeping against the King, my father's wreck,
 This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion
 With its sweet airs. Thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather;
 But 'tis gone. (*A flourish.*) No, it begins again.

SONG. *Spirit.*

Full fathom five thy father lies,
 Of his bones is coral made:
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that does fade,
 But does suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange:

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
 Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong bell.

Ferd. This ditty does remember my drown'd father.
 This is no mortal business, nor a sound
 Which the earth owns —

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
 Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong bell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A shady Part of the Island.*

Enter Ariel and Ferdinand on one side, and Prospero and Miranda on the other.

Prospero.

LOOK, Miranda: say, what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is't, a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But is't a spirit?

Ferd. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this island:
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, Oh, you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Ferd. Oh, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Prof. Soft, Sir; one word—
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
(*Aside.*)

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: — thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Ferd. No, as I'm a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple,
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Prof. Follow me —
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,

I'll

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together ;
 Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
 The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
 Wherein the acron cradled. Follow.

Ferd. No,
 I will resist such entertainment, till
 Mine enemy has more pow'r.

(He draws, and is charm'd from moving.)

Mir. O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him ; for
 He's gentle, and not fearful.

Prof. What, I say,
 My foot my tutor ? Put thy sword up, traitor,
 Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike ; thy conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
 And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father. *[Kneels.]*

Prof. Hence ; hang not on my garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity !
 I'll be his surety.

Prof. Silence : one word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
 Come on, obey ;
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
 And have no vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are ;
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison, once a day,
 Behold this maid : all corners else o'th' earth,
 Let liberty make use of ; space enough
 Have I, in such a prison.

Prof. It works : come on.
 (Thou hast done well, fine Ariel) follow me.
 Hark what thou else shalt do me.

[Talks apart to Ariel.]

Mir. Be of comfort ;
 My father's of a better nature, Sir, —
Than

Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel. To th' syllable.

Prof. Come, follow : speak not for him.

[*Exit.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trincalo.

Step. Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we will drink
water, not a drop before ; therefore bear up, and board
'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! they
say there's but five upon this isle ; we are three of them ;
if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Step. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee ; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave
monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off
and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Step. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither : but you'll lie like dogs, and
yet say nothing, neither.

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st
a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? let me lick thy shoe ; —
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster. Why, thou
deboish'd fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that
hath drunk so much sack as I, to-day ? wilt thou tell a
monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me : wilt thou let him, my
lord ?

Trin.

Trin. Lord, quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. Trincalo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Step. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trincalo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Step. Trincalo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more;—proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,) I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this! thou scurvy patch; I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take this bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Step. Trincalo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing;—I'll go further off.

Step. Dost thou not say, he ly'd?

Ariel. Thou liest.

Step.

Step. Do I so? take you that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits, and hearing too! A plague o'your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha! ha! ha!

Step. Now, forward with your tale;—pry'thee, stand further off.

Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I'th' afternoon, to sleep; there thou mayst brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log, Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weazand with thy knife.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man: and I will be king: Dost thou like the plot, Trincalo?

Trin. Excellent! Thou shalt be king, and I will be viceroy over thee.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Step. Aye, on my honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my master. [*Exit.*

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, Trincalo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em: skout 'em, and flout 'em.

Cal. That's not the tune. [*Music heard in the air.*

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of nobody.

Step. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list. [*Music again.*

Trin. Oh, forgive me my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us! [*Music again.*

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step.

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
[*Music again.*]

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I
shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be, by and by: I remember the story.
[*Music again.*]

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
after do our work. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Three Vistas and Caves.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prof. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
But yet take heed; let prudence be your guide;
You must not stay, your visit must be short.
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Prof. Be earnest to unite their very souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prof. This may secure Hippolito,
From that dark danger which my heart forbodes:
For friendship does provide a double strength
To oppose the assaults of fortune. See,
He comes. — Remember. [Exit.]

SONG. *Miranda.*

To see thee, so gentle a creature, distressed,
With tears fills mine eyes, and with sorrow my breast.
Oh, wou'd I, possess'd of my father the art,
Or had I his power, or he had my heart!
With tears I'll beseech him, with sighs I'll assail —
Can the sigh of my soul with my father e'er fail?

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

Burnt

Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile :
 Pray, set it down, and rest you ; when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you ; my father
 Is hard at study ; pray now rest yourself ;
 He's safe for these three hours.

Ferd. Oh ! most dear mistress,
 The sun will set, before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while.

Ferd. No, precious creature,
 I'd rather crack my sinews,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mir. Why I should do it
 With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
 And yours it is against.
 You look wearily.

Ferd. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
 (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
 What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda. O my father,
 I've broke your heart to say so.

Ferd. Admir'd Miranda,
 Hear my soul speak !
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service, there resides
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake,
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Ferd. Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world, —
 I love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool,
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

Ferd. Wherefore weep you !

Mir. At mine unworthiness.
 Hence, bashful cunning,
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
 If not, I'll die a maid : to be your fellow

You

You may deny me : but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Ferd. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever. [Kneeling.

Mir. My husband then?

Ferd. Aye, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in it.

DUET. *Ferdinand and Miranda.*

What new delights invade my bosom ;

In every vein what rapture plays ;

What new delights invade my bosom

Whilst on thee I fondly gaze.

Oh ! thou art source of all my pleasure,

Treasure of my soul art thou.

Without measure,

Am'rous pleasure

Crowns my nights and wings my days.

Mir. Now I have a suit to you.

And that shall be th' only trial of your love to me.

Ferd. You've said enough never to be deny'd,
Were it my life.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for
His own, deserves all the respect which you
Can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your father : when he gave you
being,

He then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. You are too kind : but 'tis not he I mean.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love ?
And love him for your sake.

Mir. Yes ; such a one,

Who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape,

(If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,

I think can scarce be equall'd.

Come, you must love him for my sake : you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own ?
Since you wou'd have me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake ?

Yet

Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of youth and beauty.

Ferd. O poison to my hopes! [*Aside.*

Mir. Hark! hark! I hear my father's step, farewell!
I must retire; I fear I've staid too long.— [*Exit.*

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough.
O jealousy! O love! how you distract me!

Enter Hippolito.

Sir, well encounter'd, you are the happy man!
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'er it be, I
long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a friend you should make haste; I ne'er
Ask'd any thing of you before.

Ferd. But I am your friend;
And I request that you would not love her.

Hip. You say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you
A secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within myself; they are all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir;
I know I'm made for twenty hundred women.
(I mean if there so many be i'th' world)
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of arms.

Hip. By force of arms?

My arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid force: pray do not see her.
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my inclinations are

To

To love all women: and I have been taught,
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your woman.

Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of friendship,
Provide yourself a sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus,
And aim at me, and I at you,
Till one of us fall dead.

Hip. But we have no swords growing in our world.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?

Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance!—You must defend your
life,

And so must I. But since you have no sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my cave

[Gives him his sword.]

I found another;

When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet,
And when they're dead, their women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not
To take your life, but, if you please, we'll fight
On these conditions; he who first draws blood,
Or who can take the other's weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Alonzo, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Gon. 'Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy, for our escape;

Then

Then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with
Our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace.

Anth. Methinks our garments are as fresh,
As when first we put them on in Africk,
At the marriage of the King's fair daughter,
Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ear,
Against the stomach of my sense; wou'd I
Had never marry'd my daughter there;
For coming thence, my son is lost.

Anth. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone;
And you and I, Anthonio, were those
Who caus'd his death.

Anth. How could we help it?

Alon. Then, then we should have help'd it,
When thou betray'dst thy brother Prospero,
And gavest Mantua's infant sovereign
To my power: then lost we Ferdinand;
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.

[Solemn and strange music.]

What harmony is this?—my good friends, hark!

[Two Spirits rise with a Table spread.]

Gon. A table, as I live!—set out and furnished
With all variety of meats and fruits.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, Heav'n!—what are these?

[The Spirits disappear.]

Anth. They vanish'd strangely.

Gon. No matter,
Since they have left their viands behind:
Wil't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Well, Sir, I will:
I am hungry. The devil may fright me,
But he shall not starve me.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed; although my last,
No matter, since I feel the best is past.

[Table vanishes—a strange noise.]

It is as I suspected—see, 'tis vanish'd!—
Shall we be always haunted with these fiends?—

Anth. This isle's enchanted ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of ghosts lamenting.

Alon. Good Heav'n deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence! Lead from this spot

Enter Furies, who surround them.

DUET BY FURIES.

Where does the black fiend ambition reside?
With the mischievous devil of pride;
In the lowest and darkest cavern of hell,
Both pride and ambition do dwell.
Who are the chief leaders of the damned host?
Proud monarchs, who tyrannize most.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

—In hell, in hell in flames they shall reign,
And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE. Prospero's Study.

Prospero starting up.

I HAD forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confed'rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Ariel!
My industrious servant! Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?
Prof. Spirit,

We

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ariel. Ay, my commander.

Prof. Where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking.
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground,
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project.
At last I left them

I'th'filthy mantled pool, beyond your cell.

Prof. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

Go call the Spirits,
O'er whom I gave thee power; quick to this place,
And let them bring the trumpery in my house,
For sake to catch these thieves.

Ariel. Presently?

Prof. Ay, with a twink!

SONG. *Ariel.*

Before you can say come, and go,
And breathe twice—and cry, so—so—
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe.
Do you love me master?—ho!—

Prof. Why that's my delicate Ariel. [Exit Ariel.
Oh! this Caliban!

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:

Enter Spirits with Garments.

Come, hang them on this line.

[They hang them up, and disappear. [Exit. *Prof.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trincalo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are at his cell.

M 2

Step.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pond, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour still; Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to, Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly: All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet; see'st thou here, This is the mouth o'th' cell; no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban, For ay thy foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O Peér! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery; O King Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trincalo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first.

Step. Be you quiet, monster.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers: bear off this, and this.

[Thunder.

Enter

*Enter divers Spirits ;—Prospero and Ariel setting them on.
Caliban, Stephano, and Trincalo driven out roaring.*

Prof. Go charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews,
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o'mountain. *[Roaring within.]*

Ariel. Hark ! they roar.

Prof. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy, all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom ; for a little,
Follow, and do me service. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand and Hippolito, with their swords drawn.

Ferd. Come, Sir, our cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even : are you ready ?

Hip. As ready as yourself, Sir.

Ferd. You remember
On what conditions we must fight ? who first
Receives a wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come,
This loses time ; now for the woman, Sir.

[They fight ; Ferdinand hurts him.]

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferd. Remember our conditions.

Hip. I will not leave, till my sword hits you too.

[Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.]

Ferd. I'm loath to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aside my sword, but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of blood ; I see you stagger.
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back —
Methinks the cave turns round—I cannot find—

Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazzle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Thrusts and falls.*]

Ferd. Oh help, help, help!

Unhappy man! what have I done!

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep; but when I wake
I'll fight again. Pray stay for me.

[*Swoons.*]

Ferd. He's gone!

He's gone! Oh stay, sweet lovely youth! Help! help!

Enter Prospero.

Prof. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. Oh see, Sir! see,

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prof. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble art

Endeavour to resist the will of Heav'n!

He's gone for ever; Oh! thou cruel son

Of an inhuman father! all my designs

Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow.

No pleasure now is left me but revenge..

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence —

Prof. Peace, peace.

Can thy excuses give me back his life?

What, Ariel! Sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here at thy beck, my Lord.

Prof. Ay, now thou com'st,

When Fate is past, and not to be recall'd.

Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature,

For as thou art thyself, thou canst not but

Be glad to see young Virtue nipt i'th' blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad.

Prof. Why didst thou not prevent, at least foretell,
This fatal action, then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,

I meant to do it, but I was forbidden

By the ill Genius of Hippolito.

Who

THE TEMPEST.

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Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the sea,
Far from the lightsome regions of the air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prof. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of Mount Hecla;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blue smoke.
At ev'ry hick-up of the belching mountain
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prof. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee,
Shalt thou e'er find from me: Hence! fly with speed,
Unbind the charms which hold this murderer's father,
And bring him, with my brother, straight before me.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Ferd. O Heav'ns! what words were those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: sure the woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy vision.

Prof. No, murd'rer, she's like thee, of mortal mould;
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes.
Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?
The will of Heav'n's accomplish'd: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope—
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

Mir. My love! is it permitted me to see
You once again!

Prof. You come to look your last;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.
But on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, father, is not this my sister's man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not
So excellent as my Hippolito.

Prof. Alas, poor girl! thou hast no man: Look
yonder,
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him!
He lies asleep, Sir; shall I waken him?

[*She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.*]

M 4

Ferd.

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd again.

Dor. My love, my love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me; he's dumb, and cold too;
But I'll run straight, and make a fire to warm him.

[*Exit running.*]

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Anthonio, and Ariel *invisible.*

Alon. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.
But is not that my son? O Ferdinand!
Let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My father!
Is it decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal hour when this
Brave youth is lost in death, and by my hand?

Ant. Heav'n! what new wonder's this?

Gon. This isle is full of nothing else.

Prof. You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen me;
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
'That you retain no memory of Prospero?

Gon. The good old Duke of Milan!

Prof. I wonder less,
That thou, Anthonio, know'st me not, because
Thou didst long since forget I was thy brother,
Else I never had been here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alon. And wonder mine.

Prof. For you, usurping Prince, [To Alon.
Know, by my art, you were shipwreck'd on this isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that son of yours with this my daughter.

Alon. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

Prof. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with murderers made; look on that corpse.
This, whilst he liv'd, was young Hippolito,
That infant Duke of Mantua, Sir, whom you
Expos'd with me: and here I bred him up,
Till that blood-thirsty man, that Ferdinand —
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice
Calls to unsheath her sword against his guilt?

Alon.

Alon. What do you mean?

Prof. To execute Heav'n's laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossest me of my Milan.
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.

Alon. And thinkst thou I, or these, will tamely stand
To view the execution?

[Lays his hand upon his sword.]

Prof. Nay, then appear my guards—I thought no
more *[He stamps, and many spirits appear.]*

To use their aid;

But they are now the ministers of Heav'n,
Whilst I revenge this murder.

This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To fit you for your death, that cave's your prison.

Alon. Ah, Prospero! hear me speak;
You are a father;

Look upon my age, and look upon his youth.

Mir. Oh! my father——

Prof. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain —
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse?—Help, Ariel, with your fellows,
To drive 'em in; Alonzo and his son
Bestow in yonder cave, and here Gonzalo
Shall with Anthonio lodge.

[Spirits drive them in, as they are appointed.]

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire; shall he be warm'd?

Prof. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.

Dor. Dead, Sir! what's that?

Prof. His soul has left his body.

Dor. When will it come again?

Prof. Oh never, never!

He must be laid in earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lie in earth; you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come again;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prof. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your sister.
 Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
 A father's precept; you would needs see men,
 And by that sight are made for ever wretched.
 Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand
 Must die for murdering him.
 Get you to bed:
 Your disobedience has so much incens'd me,
 That I this night can leave no blessing with you.

[Exit.]

Mir. Sister, 'twas 'long of you
 That all this mischief happened.

Dor. I am sure
 My man had never gone to Heav'n so soon,
 But that yours made him go.

[Crying.]

Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em
 Should go to Heav'n without us, but it was
 His fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.

Dor. I'll not be satisfy'd: perhaps you think
 'Tis nothing to lose a man.

Mir. Yes, but there is
 Some difference betwixt my Ferdinand
 And your Hippolito.

Dor. Ay, there's your judgement.
 Yours is the oldest man I ever saw,
 Except it were my father.

Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you,
 But lodge on the bare ground, and mourn my love.
 Just at the entrance of his cave I'll lie,
 And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prospero.

YOU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heav'n.

Mir. Then let Heav'n punish him.

Prof. It will, by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Prof. I by deferring justice should incense
The deity against myself and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the Pow'rs above
Are slow in punishing, and should not you
Resemble them?

And can you be his judge and executioner?

Prof. I cannot force Gonzalo, or my brother,
Much less the father, to destroy the son;
It must be then the monster Caliban,
And he's not here; but Ariel straight shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou callst, I come
To serve thy will.

Prof. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my savage slave.

Ariel. My lord, it does not need.

Prof. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.

Prof. But to what purpose was thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty lord,
For my neglect of young Hippolito,
I went to view his body, and soon found
His soul was but retir'd, not fally'd out:
Then I collected

The best of simples underneath the moon,
 The best of balms, and to the wound apply'd
 The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.
 His only danger was his loss of blood.
 But now he's wak'd, my lord, and just this hour
 He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
 Anoint the sword which pierc'd him with this weapon
 Salve, and wrap it close from air till I have time to visit
 him again.

Prof. Thou art my faithful servant.
 It shall be done; be it your task, Miranda,
 Because your sister is not present here;
 While I go visit your dear Ferdinand,
 From whom I will a while conceal this news,
 That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
 And with a double duty, Sir: for now
 You twice have given me life. [Exit.]

Prof. Now haste, untie the spell, and to me bring
 The wretched Caliban and his companions.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *A Cave.*

Hippolito discover'd on a Couch, Dorinda by him.

Dor. How do you find yourself?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold,—

Can you not draw me nearer to the sun?

I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My love, I'll try.

I thought you never would have walk'd again;

They told me you were gone away to heaven;

Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you, till you promise me
 You will not die again.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to heav'n, unless we go to-
 gether.

But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream—a kind of breathless sleep,
When once the soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the soul?

Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning
Run smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But, dear Dorinda,
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. Oh! I can tell you joyful news of him;
My father means to make him die to-day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,
My dear Dorinda; go and beg your father
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me;
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.
[Exit Dor.]

Enter Miranda, with Hippolito's sword wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but Dorinda can surpass her!
Oh! I believe it is that angel woman,
Whom she calls sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your wound: how do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair creature, I am faint with loss of blood.
[She unwraps the sword.]

My wound shoots worse than ever.

[She wipes and anoints the sword.]

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me: sweet heav'n, how I'm reliev'd!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda.

Ferd. (To Dor.) Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

But is not that your sister with Hippolito?

Hip. My dear Dorinda with another man?

Ferd. (To Hippolito.) Sir, I am glad you are so well
recover'd.

You keep your humour still to have all women?

Hip.

Hip. Not all, Sir; you except one of the number,
Your new love there, Dorinda.

Mir. Ah Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?

Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my sister's company.

Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false yourself,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their guilt, —
I should be glad it were a mutual error.
And therefore first to clear myself from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say
I only love your sister. [To Dorinda.]

Mir. Oh blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but Ferdinand.

Dor. Nor I, heav'n knows, but my Hippolito.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much before
I fear'd Dorinda's constancy; but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her;
Because none else can recompense her loss.

Ferd. But see, our fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. (To Prof.) Let it no more be thought of;
Your purpose, though it were severe, was just.
In losing Ferdinand I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.

Prof. Sir, I am glad
Kind heav'n decreed it otherwise.

Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!

Hip. O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Alon. (To Ferd.) Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

Gon. I've inward wept, or should have spoke ere
this;
Look down, sweet heav'n, and on this couple drop
A blessed

A blessed crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence
Forc'd by necessity can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest brother, I have hope my blood
May plead for pardon with you ; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But heaven knows too, I would not.

Prof. All past crimes
I bury in the joy of this blest day.

Alon. And, that I may not be behind in justice,
To this young prince I render back his dukedom,
And as the Duke of Mantua thus salute him.

Hip. What is it that you render back ?— methinks
You give me nothing.

Prof. You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.

Hip. And shall these people be all men and women ?

Gon. Yes, and shall call you lord.

And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my Dorinda for your wife ;
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one ? shall I grow to her ?

Prof. By saying holy words you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My father means to conjure us together.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. I have sent Caliban to trim your cell,
And brought the drunken wanderers to their ship ;
Was it well done, my lord ?

Prof. Rarely, my dainty Ariel : I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

SONG. *Ariel.*

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I crouch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.

Merrily,

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[Exit.

Prof. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell ; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship ; and so to Naples :
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd.
And thence retire me to my Milan ; where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Prof. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off ;
And when I have requir'd one airy vision,
Which e'en now I do—I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth ;
And, deeper than ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.
Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, rise !
Come, all you Nereids, all you Tritons, come !
And teach your faucy elements to obey :
For you have princes now to entertain,
And virgin beauties, with fresh youthful lovers.



SCENE

SCENE III. *The Sea.**The Masque of Neptune and Amphitrite.**Neptune and Amphitrite in their Chariot drawn by Sea
Horses, and attended by Nereids, Tritons, &c.**Eolus and the Winds.*DUET. *Neptune and Amphitrite.*

Halcyon days, now storms are ending,
 You shall find whene'er you sail;
 Tritons all the while attending,
 With a kind and gentle gale.

CHORUS OF TRITONS, NEREIDS, &c.

Tritons all the while attending
 With a kind and gentle gale.

[*Neptune, Amphitrite, and Attendants disappear.*]

Prof. You look, methinks, in a mov'd sort,
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, Sirs ;
 Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind. —
 Approach ! be visible, my long-lov'd Ariel.

Enter Ariel and Spirits.

I thank thy service : now to the elements ;
 Be free, and fare thou well ! — My work is done.

[*Breaks his Wand.**Ariel.*

Ariel. Ay, master:
 Yet, when thou art gone, I and my fellows,
 Mindful of thy goodness, will thank thee with
 Our wonted song.

QUARTETTO AND CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:
 There I crouch, when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sunset, merrily,

CHORUS.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HON. LIEUTENANT-
GENERAL BURGOYNE,

AND SPOKEN BY MISS FARRER.

STAY!—let the magic scene remain a while;
We have not done with the Enchanted Isle——
Enchantment rests on your benignant smile.
Ladies, I come, by Prospero's command,
And vested with this fragment of his wand,
To help your searches for that two-legg'd creature,
Which late Dorinda felt the search of nature.

With all her peeping, two alone were found,
And even those were on forbidden ground;
Here, where we range at large, do they abound?
Arm'd with this pow'r, we'll scrutinize the kind;
It is not form which makes the man, but mind.
Then even here perhaps the dearth prevails;—
We may lack men, though overrun with males.

First, for the middle class, where, 'tis confess'd,
Of manly life we're apt to find the best.
Yet John sometimes his shape and sex degrades,
And stoops to rob his sisters of their trades.
Six feet in height, with sinews of an ox,
Shoulders to carry coals, and fists to box,—
Behold—O Shame!—a thing of whip and hem—
A He-Miss Milliner—"Your orders, Me'm?—
"Rouge, lipsalve, chicken gloves, perfumery,
"Hair cushions, gauzes, buffles?—He! he! he!"—

Turn we from him to breed of higher bearing,
Still Falstaff's men, all radish and cheese-paring!—
Oh! could he sketch some figures that one sees—
Tied up with strings at shoes and strings at knees!—

*So thick the neck-cloth, and the neck so thin !
 He'd swear they bore a poultice for the chin :—
 And lest the cold the adjacent ears should harm,
 See half a foot of cape to keep 'em warm ;
 While the stiff edge, for better purpose made,
 Rubs off the whiskers it was form'd to shade.
 With eyes of fire that vie with snuffs in sockets,
 And hands distress'd for want of waistcoat pockets :
 The crutch of levity directs their gait ;
 And wanghee bends beneath their wangling weight.*

*But now to shift the scene from men bewitch'd
 To one with Britain's genuine sons enrich'd ;
 In laws, in arms, their country's strength and pride,
 And chosen patterns for the world beside ;
 High o'er the crowd, inform'd with patriot fire,
 Pure as the virtues that endear his fire !
 See one who leads — as mutual trials prove —
 A band of brothers to a people's love :
 One, who on station scorns to found control,
 But gains pre-eminence by worth of soul.
 These are the honours that, on reason's plan,
 Adorn the Prince, and vindicate the Man.
 While gayer passions, warm'd at nature's breast,
 Play o'er his youth — the feathers of his crest.*



ADVERTISEMENT

THE
ISLAND OF ST. MARGUERITE :

AN
OPERA,
IN TWO ACTS.

AND FIRST PERFORMED
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1789.

THE

THE

ISLAND OF ST. MARGUERITE

AN

OPERA

IN TWO ACTS

AND FIRST REPRESENTED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DUNKERQUE



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of the following Piece knows that the Author considered his production as a trifle ; but a trifle which, with beautiful music and theatrical decorations, might contribute to the entertainment of the Public.— That he was not mistaken, is evident from the event.— The singular story of the man in the Iron Mask, at first confined in the Isle of St. Marguerite, was not deemed by Voltaire beneath the dignity of history ; and crowded audiences have thought it worthy of their attention.— The subject, however proper for the Stage, was not free from difficulties. The Author, as appears from his Prologue, knows the value of liberty, and, consequently, could not withhold his applause from a people struggling for a free constitution : but delicacy required that even the appearance of any thing that might be construed into an insult to a foreign country should be avoided. To steer through those opposite extremes seems to have been the design throughout the piece ; and when the pruning hand of authority proscribed certain passages, the Author submitted chearfully, though in all probability more was lost in spirit, than gained in decency, by such corrections.

The Editor will only add, that he hopes he need not apologize to the Author for the liberty he takes in presenting to the Reader Scenes, which have been received with so much favour, and which probably will continue for some time in a course of representation.

PICCADILLY,
Nov. 30th, 1789.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

THIS night we celebrate a hero's fame,
 Who liv'd—we know not where—nor what his name;
 Bourbon, Vermandois, Monmouth, and Beaufort,
 All these are in the list, and many more;
 Much paper, pens, and ink, are spent to scan
 This curious riddle—yet no mortal can;
 Perhaps, because that there was no such man—
 To fierce biographers we leave that strife,
 We answer only for his mimic life:—
 What need we care whether he liv'd in fact,
 If he but live throughout our second act?
 Yet all will guess, and each is in the right;
 Some make him prince, some peer, some brown, some
 white;
 Tho' few, I think, wou'd know him well at sight—
 No matter who he was—The Prologue's task
 Is to put on, not to pull off, the mask.—
 Then let his visage, wrapt in iron case,
 As hard, as cold, as any critic's face,
 Here oft revisit, clad in complete steel,
 To spur and whet our almost-blunted zeal,
 To guard the blessings of our public weal:
 Wisely to guard that health which wants no cure,
 Nor, fancied ills to shun, true woes ensue;
 No need for strong restoratives we feel,
 For caustic fire, or amputating steel.—
 O blessed isle, to whom, by birth, 'tis given,
 To own the choicest gifts of bounteous Heaven!
 Thou precious stone, set in the silver sea,
 Begirt with plenty, peace, and liberty!

*Thou fortress made by Nature's magic wand
To guard her children 'gainst Infection's hand—
Oh! like the sun, thy warmth and light dispense
With undiminish'd rays and influence.
Nations of freemen yet unborn shall own
Thee parent of their rights—Thou, who alone,
By storms surrounded, fix'd on Albion's rock,
With pity from on high beholdst the shock
Of jarring elements—thyself at rest,
Conscious that thou, above all nations blest,
Free from revolt alike and slavish awe,
Art doubly safe where LIBERTY IS LAW!*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

| | | |
|------------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Mask, | Mr. KELLY, | |
| Commandant, | Mr. BARRYMORE. | |
| Turnkey, | Mr. SUETT. | |
| Officer, | Mr. SEDGWICK. | |
| Thomas, | Mr. BANKS. | |
| Lawyer, | Mr. WALDRON. | |
| Characters in the Mob, | { | Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH. |
| | | Mr. JONES. |
| | | Mr. WEBBE. |
| | | Mr. FAIRBROTHER. |
| | | Mr. LYONS. |

AND

Jonas, Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.

WOMEN.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Nannette, | Miss ROMANZINI. |
| Abbess, | Mrs. EDWARDS. |
| Teresa, | Mrs. FOX. |
| Nuns, | { Miss HAGLEY. |
| | { Miss BARNES. |
| | { Miss STAGELDOIR. |

AND

Carline, Mrs. CROUCH.

THE
Island of St. Marguerite.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Convent.*

Nuns, Nannette, &c.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

JOIN the chorus, raise the song,
With one accord salute and hail
The fair maid ; oh ! may she long
Adorn our convent's holy veil.

Hither, Carline, haste, repair,
Fly to the seat of tranquil joy ;
Haste, the holy veil prepare,
And heavenly scenes that never cloy.
Join the chorus, &c.

Hence all mortal cares prophane,
Unchaste desires, and wordly love ;
Hence from Virtue's sacred reign
All love but that of heaven above.
Join the chorus, &c.

Enter Abbess.

Abbess. Thanks to you all, my loving family !
Your joy on this accession to our house

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Has prov'd your zeal for the success and honour
Of our sisterhood.

Teresa. We but perform our duty when with joy
We celebrate the entrance of a fair
And pious Nun — But may I not inquire
Who is this beauteous novice, and from whence
We boast this prize?

Abbess. A prize she is indeed,
Tho' her condition humble, for that serves
Only to shew her personal excellence
In brighter colours — Hitherto she liv'd
The adopted child of an old honest tenant,
Who holds his farm of our good patroness.

Teresa. And came she recommended by the Countess?

Abbess. Most earnestly, as one whose innocence
Was threatened by the snares of a great Lord,
Who own'd a castle near her father's cottage,
The same who is lately made the Commandant
Of all this Island of St. Marguerite —
But see, she comes.

Enter Carline.

My lovely Carline, we have some time delay'd
The final rites. You come, I trust, prepar'd
To accept the veil; we were engag'd, my child,
In celebrating your admission.

Car. I knew the cause of your festivity,
And heard the accents of your ill-tim'd joy;
I am a bad dissembler, and must own,
My heart still sickens at the sight of all
I see, and every hour still adds disgust.

Abbess. Was it for this I condescended to receive
A peasant from a farmer's humble cottage,
Who knew not her own parents?

Car. Yes, I own,
That precious secret is withheld; alas!
That mystery claims pity, not reproach.
Tho' bred 'midst rocks, obscurity my nurse,
And my companions, save old Maturin,
But one, and he now lost —

Abbess. By what mischance —

Car. The worst, as 'twas unknown; for what known ill
Can

THE ISLAND OF ST. MARGUERITE. 293

Can equal all that anxious fear invents ?
 One morn the youth who shar'd my slender fortune,
 Old Maturin's brave son, whom I, from use
 And long familiarity, call'd brother,
 (Tho' my affections glow'd with brighter flames,)
 Went to the daily chase.—But, oh! the night,
 The watchful night, nor all the tedious days,
 Have since restor'd him.

SONG. *Carline.*

To thy woods, dear Auvergne, then adieu !
 And adieu to the sound of thy rocks,
 And adieu to the youth whom in childhood I knew,
 Who in dreams my fond fancy still mocks.

Forget my fond hopes and my love ?
 Forget the dear cause of my pain ?
 My strain shall invoke him wherever I rove,
 And my voice shall be heard to complain.

Abbess. Such dismal airs, my Carline, will not mend
 Your spirits, love; a little privacy
 May reconcile you to your state. Cheer up,
 Banish, my dear, this melancholy mood.

[*Enter a Nun and whispers Abbess.*]

Car. Banish my grief by solitude, heigh ho!
 An excellent receipt for gaiety.

Abbess. The Commandant! that must not be! oh! no
 Of all men living, he is the last to be
 Admitted to the sight of my new charge.
 And yet how to deny—I dread his power—
 'Twere best for me not to be seen by him.

} (*Aside.*)

Nannette, on no account permit Carline
 To see the Commandant—We must be gone—
 Nannette, you and Teresa may attend
 Our refractory novice to her closet,
 And try the force of your persuasion;—

Carline, you may retire. [*Exit Abbess and Nuns.*]

Car. I must, you mean, and go
 To court affliction, penance, and feign'd woe,
 Solicit sighs till tears in earnest flow.

TRIO. Carline, Terefa, and Nannette.

Carline.

Ah! who knows from this sad prison
When I shall again return?

Nannette.

Ah! why call you this a prison
When you've sworn with zeal you burn?

Terefa.

From your promise and decision,
Carline, surely you'd not turn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Convent.*

Enter Commandant and Nannette.

Nan. Sir, I tell you again and again, that my Lady Abbess is not at home. I wonder you will persist in this manner. You will find nothing here but a house full of Nuns.

Com. And is not that sufficient, my pretty little turnkey?

Nan. Why you wou'd not, surely, force yourself into the Nuns' apartment?

Com. But indeed I wou'd;—come, come, don't try to look so cross; those good-humour'd little eyes but ill become the office of Cerberus. Have not you the key, now, of that old Gothic door?

Nan. Lord, Sir! what do you take me for?

Com. For a charming little angel, just going to open the gates of Paradise.

Nan. No such angel, I assure you; if you wait till then, you'll be heartily tired of purgatory.

Com. But, Nannette, if I were to sink a little in my demands, and only request to see one of the beauties in your Paradise, and that only a novice?

Nan. Oh, Carline, the beautiful Carline, no doubt. Not for the world, Sir; never will she come out of that door any more, believe me.

Com.

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Com. But that need not hinder my seeing her, if it were only thro' the grate—You know——

Nan. On no account—indeed I will not—she is not to be seen—I can't stay—I have not the key.

Com. (*Hanging his purse on the door.*) But suppose I shou'd have it now, hey, Nannette?

Nan. Why thro' the grate, to be sure, there's not much harm.

Com. Nannette—hey?

Nan. (*Taking the purse.*) Well, for once—You'll promise secrecy—Only thro' the grate.—I'll watch without; this will open the first door—Only thro' the grate.

[*Exit Nannette.*]

Commandant rings.

Second Door opens, and Carline appears through a Grate.

Car. Who's there? What means this bold intrusion?

Com. Thy slave, fair angel; thy deliverer.

Car. Deliverer! Alas! all hopes of my deliverance are vain.

Com. 'Tis not in nature to confine thee thus. No rose e'er shed its fragrance in the desert, no pearl its lustre in the sea, no diamond under——

Car. O Sir! this is fine language—Roses in deserts, pearls in the sea, and diamonds in caverns—fine similes, but not quite new. Now, if a Commandant of the castle shou'd be the instrument of Liberty, that wou'd be new indeed.

Com. My life is at your command.—I'll lose it or release you, if you will deign to accept my services.

Car. On condition that you build no farther presumption on my acceptance—but I fear they will be very ineffectual.

Com. Had you but some disguise ——

Car. I still have luckily retain'd the dress with which I us'd to join my brother's chase, glad like himself.

Com. Most happily conceiv'd.—Prepare yourself for flight; a moment lost may ruin all—Watch well the window of your cell; there soon you'll hear me, my sweet Angel!—Hark! I fear we may be watch'd.

Car. Away! away!

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Com. For one short moment, then, adieu! adieu!—
this, then, for safety. (*Shuts both doors.*) [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Turnkey and Thomas.

Turn. Well, Thomas, is every thing prepar'd?—are all the dainty dishes serv'd? and wines of the best qualities, to suit the palate of our noble pris'ner?

Tho. Alas! all this is to little purpose; he has no stomach for any of these delicacies—you may change them every day if you please, as often as he changes his fine linen and laced ruffles, but you'll never hit his taste.

Turn. The iron mask he wears is no incumbrance to him at his meals?

Tho. No, no; that is no impediment to his eating, unless, poor man, he takes it so grievously to heart, that he lothes his food.

Turn. He must surely be a person of great consequence—the Commandant never sits down in his presence.—But it is not safe for us to be too inquisitive; I can't, however, help observing, that in spite of all the respect with which he is treated, something hangs upon his mind that makes him more and more melancholy every day.

Tho. Tho' I have been long accustomed to dismal scenes in this place, my heart aches whenever I see him.

Turn. It is time for me to attend the Commandant: but see, our prisoner comes from his inner apartment;—we must retire. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Mask.

Mask. Was not the measure full? robb'd of my rights,
Secreted in my childhood, and debas'd;
My very name denied me; and all means
Of proving my fair lineage rendered vain:
Nay more, not only am I here confin'd,
But in this curs'd disguise; and, worst of ills,
Here I'm for ever barr'd the sight of all I love.

Enter

Enter Commandant.

Com. Sir, I attend your pleasure, and entreat
Your orders to provide for every thing
Your taste or fancy can suggest.

Mask. At your hands, Sir, I may accept
These marks of kindness and respect, but not
As an atonement for these injuries.

Com. Name but your wants; whatever luxuries
This town affords are yours.

Mask. Sir, all the luxuries of France were well
Exchang'd for one grain of that luxury,
Without which all the rest soon nauseate,
Sweet liberty, the first, best right of man.

Com. Wou'd it were in my power—but, Sir, my life's
Responsible if you are known. Therefore,
Pardon the caution which I use per force.
Thus, with your leave, farewell. *[Exit.]*

Mask. His life responsible if I'm discovered! Ha!
My own, then, surely more so—This respect;—
My splendid entertainment in this prison;—
Ill-omen'd favours!—be they what they may,
I'll risque the attempt. Thus I'll inscribe my name,
And thus to fortune trust it.— *(Writes his name*
on the plate, and throws it out of the window.)

AIR.

There my last die is thrown;
Now all my hopes are flown;
There hangs my fate.
The drowning wretch thus elings to ev'ry reed,
And from his suff'rings by death alone is freed. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *View of the Castle.*

Enter Jonas in his Boat.

SONG. *Jonas.*

Oh dear! Oh dear, no hopes for Jonas.
Alas! thou fightst in vain, poor Jonas.
Nannette's hard heart doth Jonas hate.

N 5

Ah!

Ah! thank thyself for thy fate :
 Ah! curse on thy logger pate.
 Was ever such a wretched dangler!
 Thou needst the patience of an angler,
 With rod and line to wait and wait;
 Ah! Nannette never will be thy mate—
 No, she's too cunning to bite at thy bait.
 I've learnt to spear or tickle a trout;
 But alas! in love I'm but a lout,
 An oyster cross'd in love may be;
 Ah! 'tis all in vain, I see;
 Ah! Nannette is not for me.
 Cou'd I but catch her in my net,
 I'd teach the haughty Miss Nannette
 No more to call me—thou booby :
 Ah! Jonas, Jonas, she laughs at thee,
 'Cause Jonas can't say his A B C.

Jonas. Here have I, man and boy, these fifteen years
 been fisherman; and my best customers—these Nuns—
 a pretty little fry;—heigh ho!—cou'd I but catch my
 Nannette thus. (*Throwing his net.*) Oh la! what a fine
 lass our Abbess has hook'd; I saw her thro' the window,
 peering round to find a hole to creep out, like the eels
 in my well boat.—Ods fish, what's here?—it shines like
 a dead mackarel. A silver plate! this will be a nice pre-
 sent for Nannette—Slife, I'd better not touch it; 'tis
 some bait to catch poor folks, and clap 'em up in this
 old dungeon.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Who is there? Master Jonas, what have you
 got there?

Jonas. Only a fish.

Turn. A silver plate—where did you find this, Sir?

Jonas. Here it lay in the ditch, as flat as a flounder,
 glistening all one as a dead roach in the sun.

Turn. My friend, you'll soon be dead as any roach,
 but not in the sun, for you must be my guest, and our
 black hole is not troubled much with the sun; come
 along, you thief. Holoa! [*Enter Soldiers.*

SOLO

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SOLO AND CHORUS. Jonas and Soldiers.

Soldiers.

Come, come, come away.

What do you do here?

Come, come, come away.

Jonas.

Hear poor Jonas, hear;

Hear me, Sirs, I pray.

Soldiers.

Come, come, no more delay.

Jonas.

Oh drag me not! oh stay.

Enter Commandant.

Com. What's all this noise and riot?

Turn. A thief! that's all, Sir, not worth your honour's notice, only some business for us underlings, whipping, or burning, or hanging, or such little perquisites, that's all—We found him with that plate.

Com. Give it to me.—By Heavens the very plate he is serv'd upon—And here is his name inscrib'd. Ruin, I'm lost! (*Aside.*)—Lead him to instant death—But first apply your sharpest tortures to produce confession—The question, ordinary and extraordinary.—But stay—a word with him myself.—Come hither. Has no one seen this plate but you?

Jonas. No, your honour.

Com. Know you this writing?

Jonas. Writing? Sink or swim, not I—I never learnt to read and write.

Com. So you cannot read?

Turn. Read! Faith this is the question extraordinary indeed. (*Aside.*)

Jonas. Sure your honour won't hang a man till he is dead, dead as a herring, 'cause he can't read.

Com. No, that is the thing that saves you.—You may release him, and yourselves be gone.

Turn. Well, here is a man excus'd 'cause he can't read—Now in England a man is hanged for the same

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reason—I thought a man was not entitled to his benefit of clergy unless he cou'd read.

Jonas. Why, friend Turnkey, who wou'd have thought that you were such a clerk? such a lumination of the law? Why you're as full of light as the electrical eel—But I believe your light chiefly lies in the practice of the law.

Turn. Well, while I live, no man shall catch me reading.

[*Exeunt Turnkey and Soldiers.*]

Com. Now you are in safety, tell us where you found this plate, my man.—

Jonas. Right under that small grate, so high in that round tower; I was beneath searching for eels as usual in the ditch.

Com. Your business then makes you acquainted with these premises?

Jonas. Aye, many a year.

Com. And the old convent?

Jonas. Aye, aye, every hole and corner—But just now, thro' an old casement, I spied such a Nun, 'twou'd move the pity of a shark—At first I thought her merry as a grig—she ran round and round like carp in a stew pond—then flounce she flapp'd down as dull as a stock fish.

Com. Can you conduct me to the window, friend?

Jonas. There, that's it!—but if she sees you, she'll dart away like a pike.

Com. Lucky accident! come with me for a ladder instantly.—But is she so very beautiful?

Jonas. The prettiest creature you ever saw; I doubt whether she mayn't rival Nannette.

AIR. *Jonas.*

What a skin! not a wrinkle!

Oh how her eyes twinkle!

Ods fish I believe she's as pretty as Nan;

Oh! did you but view her,

(I wish that you knew her)

You'd cry, how I pity the poor fisherman.

Her eyes darted thro' me;—

This Nun will undo me;

Yet

Yet how can I ever forget my Nannette?

No! nor the Nun neither;

So e'en give me either:—

Ah! Jonas, 'tis all fish that comes to thy net.

[*Exeunt.*]

Carline at the window in Boy's Clothes.

Car. Yes, I'll accept his offer to escape; for that implies no more—Imprison'd thus, why shou'd I hesitate to use such means as providence has furnish'd?—Hark! he comes—a stranger with him.

(*Retires from the window.*)

Enter Commandant and Jonas, with a ladder.

Jonas. There, the window is open, Sir.

Com. Now for the ladder.

Jonas. Now then for Nannette.

(*The Commandant goes up, and Jonas sings.*)

SONG. *Jonas.*

Here we go up,

And now we get in,

And now we get in,

As glib as an eel.

Oh, what rare fun to pry

Into the nunnery:

Sure never man yet won

Such a fair Nun.

Here we go up—we go—Toll de roll la radi;

Here we go up—we go—Toll de roll loll.

(*Commandant gets in at the window, pulls the ladder in after him.*)

Jonas. How! left in the lurch? Caught in my own net? well, a very gudgeon, faith!—The next time I embark in the same boat with a Commandant, may I be gorged with my own tackle—I'll stick in his gills.

[*Exit into the boat.*]

SCENE V. *Convent.**Enter Carline.*

Car. Why shou'd I dread the stings of calumny?
No! to regain my natural rights I fly,
And conscious innocence shall be my shield.

SONG. *Carline.*

Oh! joyous day, oh! happy hour!
Oh! Fortune, now I own thy power;
With joy confess thy sovereign sway,
And fly thy summons to obey:
No more we dread the convent's doom,
The fatal veil, the cloyster's gloom.

Enter Commandant

Com. My charmer dress'd, and ready for a flight?

Car. Yes; ready for a flight—or two perhaps—for I shall fly as fast from you when once I am out of this prison. (*Aside.*)

Com. Delay, my love, is dangerous; let us be gone.

Car. But whither, Sir?

Com. Leave that to me; I can provide a place in the castle where none can trace your steps.

Car. Nor I retrace my own perhaps. (*Aside.*) Is there no other way?

Com. No, none, my angel; for I am confin'd to constant residence to guard the Iron Mask.

Car. I hear so much of this Iron Mask, I must learn who it is.

Com. We lose our time.

Car. Sir, you lose yours in trying to persuade me;—not a step will I stir till you tell me.

Com. Well, well—'tis a youth kept in an iron mask. Sure you cannot care about a stranger—from, the Lord knows where—Auvergne, I think.

Car. Auvergne! O Heavens! that name alone suffices to endear the Mask. (*Aside.*)—I must behold him.

Com.

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Com. My life depends on secrecy.

Car. My stirring hence depends upon your promise.

Com. Well, then, you have it.

DUET. Commandant and Carline.

Commandant.

My love, from hour to hour,

Why will you thus delay?

My love, my Carline, why will you thus delay?

Carline.

Ah! were it in my power,

I shou'd be soon away.

Commandant.

Both love and time now favour.

Carline.

Oh! happy joyful measure.

Commandant.

Then you'll no longer waver?

Carline.

Why shou'd I? Oh, what pleasure!

Com. You'll come, then?

Car. Yes.

Com. You will not fail, then?

Car. No, I will not fail.

Com. Come, then.

Car. No.

Com. No?

Car. Yes, &c.

Commandant.

What joy! oh, what delight, oh!

Oh! what true joy I prove.

Carline. (Aside.)

Excuse a little falsehood, you

Who know the tricks of love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber in the Convent.**Enter Abbess and Nannette.**Abbess.*

WELL, Nannette, have you tried the means I thought of? Your swain, the fisherman, sees all that passes near the castle.

Nan. This morning Jonas tapp'd against the casement, so I peep'd out in hopes of having a little conversation with him about this Iron Mask.

SONG. *Nannette.*

There stood Jonas at the window
All in tears, begging, sighing, and sobbing, oh;
So, says I, who's that below;
Pray what do you want, good Fisherman?—
Dear Mrs. Nannette, indeed 'tis no sin,
Open the window, love, let poor Jonas in—
No, Master Jonas, no—no, Master Jonas, no;
No, Fisherman.

Well, quoth Jonas, then I vow,
(Marching off pouting, all in a huff, you know)
Then 'tis time to make my bow—
The sooner the better, good Fisherman—
Yet, Mrs. Nannette, one word ere you leave me;
Won't you stop; well, to-morrow I hope you'll receive
me—
No, Master Jonas, no—no, Master Jonas, no;
No, Fisherman.

Abbess. So you learnt nothing from Jonas—then I'll employ Carline to worm this secret out of the Commandant, for I would sooner allow him to see her, than remain in ignorance—If I live I will get to the bottom of it.—Have you confined Carline to her closet?

Nan. Yes, that I have, and brought away the key.

Enter Teresa.

Teresa. Oh, Madam, I bring the saddest news—

Abbeſs. What, child?

Teresa. Oh horrible, impious ſacrilege; oh, treacherous, profligate wretch!

Abbeſs. Who? what? when? where?

Teresa. Carline, Madam — Carline is gone, eſcap'd, run away!

Abbeſs. Mercy on me! Carline eſcap'd!—tell me quick, what have you learnt of her flight?

Teresa. Only that it was out of the window into the caſtle ditch; but whether with the Commandant or the Fiſherman, or how; whether ſhe flew or ran, or fall'd or ſwam, I can't tell.

Abbeſs. Come, children, let us purſue her without delay—we'll find her, if on earth—the caſtle ſhall not protect her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Inside of the Caſtle.*

Maſk diſcovered ſleeping.

Enter Commandant and Carline.

Com. I've kept my word. See there, he ſleeps.

Car. Oh, what a noble form! ſure that diſguiſe Conceals a countenance that wou'd beſpeak High birth. Poor wretch! Heaven reſt his ſoul!

Com. 'Tis the firſt reſt that I've been witneſs to, Since his confinement.

Car. Oh! what a heart have you To hold ſuch an employment.

Com. But ſee, he wakes! away! [*Exeunt.*]

Maſk. Oh, that theſe eyes had been for ever clos'd!

SONG. *Maſk.*

From diſmal dreams I wake to woe;
Scarce doth my ſight return, when lo!
Where'er mine anguiſh'd eye-balls roll,
In viſions horror haunts my ſoul.

And

And now—ah me! across the gloom
 A beam of light angelic shone;
 A lovely ray; alas, 'tis gone!
 Thus hope, sweet hope, the prison's doom,
 Delights to cheer; and fancy fair
 E'en here, e'en here, forbids despair.
 Is this my regal chair—my throne?
 This dungeon all the vast domain
 O'er which one day I hop'd to reign?
 Yet hope, sweet hope, each wretch's groan,
 Delights to cheer; and vital air
 E'en here, e'en here, forbids despair.

In this dread silent solitude I soon
 Shou'd lose all memory of this world, and sink
 In apathy; but for those charms, that grace,
 Whose inexhaustible variety
 Is food for endless contemplation.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Contemplation! sure your honour can't want that here. I'm order'd to prepare whatever your honour wants; and if 'tis contemplation, I think I have in my own patronage as much to grant by virtue of this key, as your honour can wish for.

Mask. My friend, you strangely misconceive my words, Or else, as I judge by your countenance, You are pleas'd to jest.

Turn. I am sorry, Sir, I have not the same means to judge of your pleasantry, and return the compliment—but cou'd I see the effect, I dare be sworn the muscles of your face will change, when you hear what a rare damsel you are about to see; she has so wheedled our Commandant, that he has consented to let her see your honour's mask—but that it mayn't be said that petticoats are seen in the castle, he has dress'd her up like a young huntsman. Pray don't smoke the boy.

Mask. You say she is young and fair.

Turn. Aye, food for contemplation—I'll send her—
(Shout.) but I fear these shouts will interrupt your private meditations. *[Exit.]*

Mask. 'Tis strange the General should give consent

At

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At peril of his life—and why this girl
Shou'd be so urgent to obtain this leave.
Oh, my Carline! cou'd I see thee in lieu of her!
But Oh! to see thee thus—then to disclose
Myself, wou'd forfeit thy dear life.—Hark! hark!
She comes.

(*Carline enters, and passes over the stage, looking with
curiosity and fear at the Mask.*)

Mask. Oh Heavens! Oh Heavens! what vision mocks
my sight!
'Tis gone! Oh, cruel dream, thus to delude
My longing eyes.

Re-enter Carline.

Again!—nay, then, 'tis she!

Car. Oh fear not, gentle prisoner, you see
I'm but a stripling, a poor helpless boy,
Without the power or wish to do you harm.

Mask. (Aside.) If I refrain, my heart will burst, and if
I speak, 'tis death.

Car. Why turn you from me, Sir?
Oh! let not shame cause silence; let the shame
Fall on their heads who cou'd invent, or have
The heart to use such studied cruelty.

Mask. (Aside.) Her gentle nature could not stand the
shock.

Car. Nay, then, perhaps I trespass—I'll retire.

Mask. Oh, stay, my Carline, hear thy brother's voice! *(Going.)*

Car. My brother! Ha!

DUET. Carline and Mask.

Mask.

Oh, Carline, stay, fly not away.

Carline.

Oh Heavens! Oh no, it cannot be.

Mask.

Thus may this day my woes repay.

Carline.

That form—'tis so—yes, yes, 'tis he.

Enter

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Enter Commandant.

Com. How! known to each other! and in transports too!

All hopes of her cut off—My life at stake!

His, then, must be the forfeit. (*Draws at the Mask.*)

(*Carline presents a pistol at the Commandant.*)

Com. Ha! is it thus! (*Stamps.*)

(*Enter Officer and Soldiers.*)

Seize and confine them to their several cells.

Bring forth the cage of iron for the Mask;

And for that other find the lowest vault,

Deep under ground, where neither light nor air

Can penetrate.

TRIO. Officer, Mask, and Carline.

Mask.

Torn from thee, Carline, must these eyes

So soon resign the glorious prize?

For me no joys but in thy fight!

Then welcome death, eternal night!

Carline.

Ah! must I lose thee thus, my soul!

Oh, cruel fate!—just Heaven control

The tyrant's rage—oh, yet give ear;

In mercy hear a wretch's prayer!

Officer.

No more; prepare to meet thy doom.

There, in that dungeon's deepest gloom,

Thou never more shalt see the day.

Haste, haste, begone—away, away.

[*Exeunt Officer, Mask, and Carline.*]

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Prepare, Sir, for defence—the fort is attack'd,

And all the town surrounds the ramparts.

The general cry is against your life.

Com. Haste, then—be gone;—collect the garrison;

Fall on; spare not a man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter Mob.

1st Citizen. Neighbours and friends, are you then all determin'd to release this noble pris'ner?—Speak out, my lads.

2d Citizen. Aye, aye, speak out like men, openly and handsomely.

3d Citizen. That we will! we--e--'ll get him o--out of this old castle, or not l--e--eave one stone upon another in it, I vow, if it is the la-a-a-ft word I ever s--peak.

Jonas. If you call that speaking, I hope it will be your last word indeed; I thought we shou'd have waited till doomsday for your last word.

Enter Abbess.

Abbess. What's all this disturbance? are you coming to pull my house down?

Jonas. No, no, we have other fish to fry.

Lawyer. Come, come, to business. Gentlemen of the Committee of Insurrection, I humbly move you, being clearly of opinion that the detention of the Iron Mask is illegal, that we proceed in an orderly manner to sue out his *habeas corpus*.—If we can't have his face, at least, we'll have his body.

Abbess. The Iron Mask!—Oh lud! who is he?—Aye, aye, deliver him, and I'll assist you, that I will—Well, I'm glad it's no worse; I thought you were come to release all my nuns.

Jonas. No, there's no need of us for that; they'll release themselves, never fear.

Lawyer. It will not be long, Mrs. Abbess, before your nunnery,

Yea all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the traceless passage of his wherry,
Leave not a nun behind.

Jonas. No, leave none behind.

Enter Turnkey.

Ah, my friend!

Turn.

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Turn. For Heaven's sake, Jonas, don't acknowledge me.

Jonas. What tho' I do swim at the top just now ;
What tho' a shoal of friends be at my tail,
No man shall say that Jonas e'er disown'd
His friend.

Turn. Oh ! mercy, Jonas, mercy !

Jonas. Why I be not ashamed of thee because thou
happenest to be turnkey.

All the Mob. The Turnkey ! the Turnkey ! the Turn-
key !—Hang him ! hang him ! hang him !

Man Cook. Hanging is too good for him ; make mince
meat of him.

Turn. What ! would you eat me up ?

Jonas. Rot him, a tough old porpus ; let him go ;—
he is neither fish nor flesh.

Turn. Thanks, countrymen ; I'm at your service.

Jonas. Give us, then, your keys ; we hear there is
store of good provisions in your castle. The Iron Mask,
we hear, lives upon ragouts, and pattées.

Turn. Ragouts ! aye, aye, you shall have my keys ;
but for the pattées you'll find in our old castle, much
good may do you, unless your stomachs are like ostriches ;
plenty of iron grates and bars ; or if your teeth are like
the stone-eater's, you'll find a deal of crust to crack in
our old walls.

Jonas. Depend upon it, if we shew our teeth we bite ;
come, master Turnkey, make good use of your keys,
or else you may chance to dangle like a bunch of 'em at
your own door. — (*Shout.*) — Hey dey ! I believe the
business is ready done to our hands—for here comes the
Commandant.

Enter Officer.

Officer. File off there !—Stand back, you fisherman.

Jonas. What do you think I can run backwards like
a crab ?—So proud of your red coat, you boil'd lobster.
There he comes, poor gentleman, mute as a fish.—
Friend Turnkey, won't you speak to your old master ?
see, he's coming.

Turn. I've no farther business with culprits when they
are got without my gates ; besides, I've slip'd my neck
out

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out of the collar. All's holiday with me now—What's
a key without a lock—a jailor and no jail?

[*Throws down keys and Exit.*]

Jonas. Say no more, but shove your boat off.

Enter Commandant and Gentlemen.

Com. The day is yours, but let not frantic zeal
Transport your mind from liberty to licence;
Let justice then prevail.—In justice now,
I must unfold a secret which lies hid:
Deep in the lowest cell; seek there a youth,
Pent in an iron cage—his face disguis'd
In rivets of strong steel: and in a vault,
A maid in man's attire; her name's unknown—
But for the youth—know all—His birth is royal.
Hast ere too late; pluck off that foul disguise—
Behold the features of your regal stock;
A front that speaks the lineage whence he sprang.

[*Exeunt Commandant and Gentlemen.*]

SONG. *By an Officer.*

Neighbours, friends, with bosoms glowing,
Ever panting to be free,
Generous hearts, with zeal o'erflowing,
Crown this day with liberty.

Chorus. Then join the chorus; lads, rejoice,
The day is all our own;
Hark, to the call, 'tis Freedom's voice,
And liberty we'll crown.

Thus shall we be great and glorious,
Tyranny and tortures cease;
Thus shall justice be victorious,
Freedom, harmony, and peace.

Chorus. Then join, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Ruins of the Castle.*

*The Mob bring forward Mask (unmasked) and Carline.—
Abbess, Nannette, Nuns, &c. follow from the Top.*

Mask. Thus to be blest—my natural form restor'd—
My liberty—my love! what farther gift
Cou'd Heav'n bestow on us?

[*Temple of Liberty rises from among the Ruins of the Castle.*]

Such are the joys of liberty and love!
Oh! may they ever thus triumphant prove:
Last unimpair'd thro' each succeeding age,
And fill the last recording angel's page.

FINALE.

Carline.

Thus, at length, the storm blown over,
Sun-beams bright and calms succeed:
Thus thro' dreary wilds each rover
Finds at last the flowery mead.

Nannette.

Thus, joys withheld increase the fire,
Torments often pleasures breed;
Each mortal ill, each fierce desire,
Of its cure contains the seed.

Mask.

Thus may each faithful, constant lover
From his cruel fate be freed;
Thus, when oppress'd, may he discover
His true love—his friend in need.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



